

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

April

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Ginger Rogers

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MAR -6 1939

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

WILL GINGER ROGERS AND FRED ASTAIRE IN "THE CASTLES" KILL SWING?

You'll find this among other timely features in the next issue. Not only jitter-bugs but all lovers of the light fantastic will welcome this sprightly article which has appeal for all dance-mad Americans young or old. The new Rogers-Astaire film, said to be the best this famous screen team has ever made, brings back the good old dancing days of "The Castle Walk," "The Maxixe," and other Castle hits, and by some is said to sound the death-knell of the current craze for Swing. Well, read our story and see what you think.

MY STRANGEST YEAR BY ROBERT TAYLOR HIMSELF

Here's a scoop for you! All Hollywood tried to get Bob to talk about what the past year has meant to him both personally and professionally. Only SCREENLAND could make him tell, in his own words, what he has been up against in his fight to maintain his integrity as a man while feminine film fans tried to turn him into a typical movie "great lover." It's a good story, and I wish you would watch for it—in the May issue of SCREENLAND—on sale April 5th.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

April, 1939

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 6

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Cover Portrait of Ginger Rogers

V. G. Heimbucher, President

Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher

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Sparkling with Gaiety, Romance

Stars, Musical Thrills!

ICE FOLLIES

OF 1939

starring **JOAN**

CRAWFORD

with **JAMES STEWART**

LEW AYRES • LEWIS STONE

An M-G-M Picture • Produced by Harry Rapf

Directed by Reinhold Schunzel • Screen Play by Leonard Praskins, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf

THE ICE BALLET in Technicolor is magnificent, featuring Skating Stars of the INTERNATIONAL ICE FOLLIES including BESS ERHARDT, ROY and EDDIE SHIPSTAD and OSCAR JOHNSON

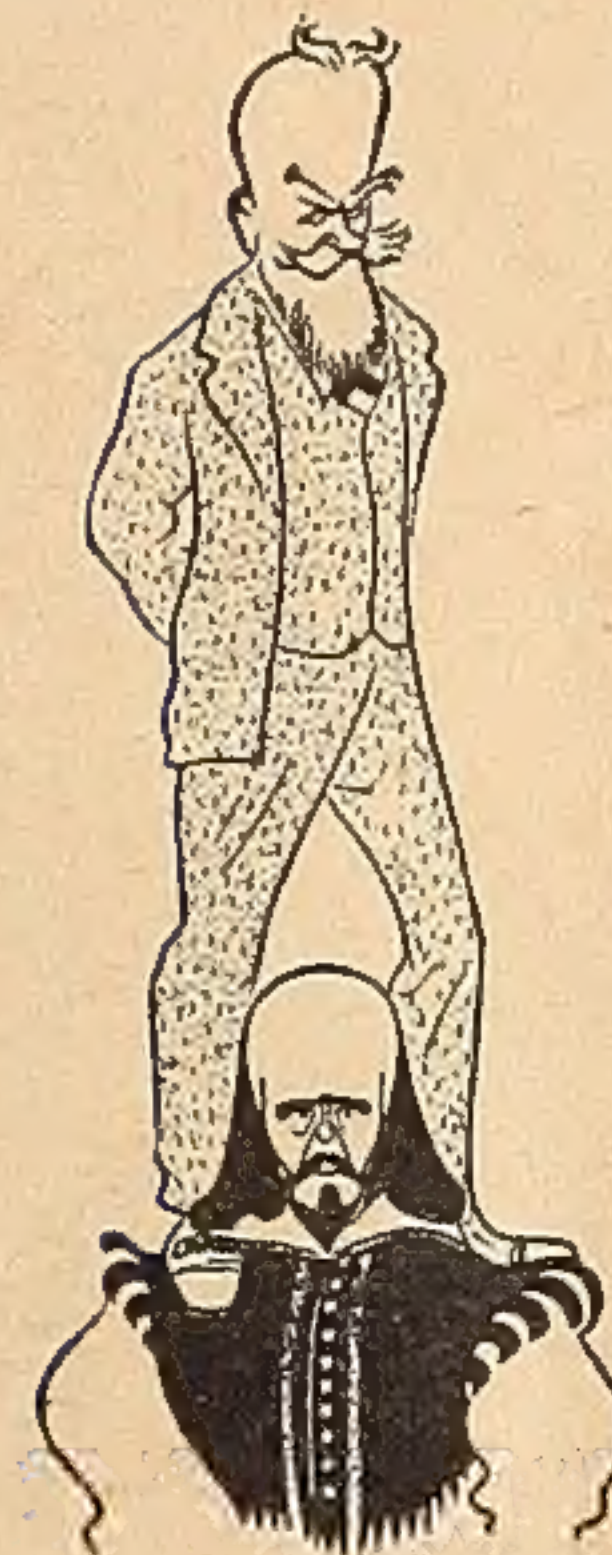


In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in American, Cosmopolitan, College Humor, McCall's, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

March comes in like a lion. (adv.)

★ ★ ★

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw standing on the shoulders of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.



★ ★

That is where Mr. Shaw says he stands. It's his way of describing the natural advantages which made him able to write his first motion picture *Pygmalion*.

★ ★

Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times.

★ ★ ★

We have written the Shavian epitaph: Author, Critic, Salesman.

★ ★ ★

The singing West, the great outdoors, the open plain—action, action and more action...

★ ★ ★

In other words, Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring", plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

★ ★ ★

Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us!

★ ★ ★

"The Wizard of Oz," now in production, will be the last word. Keep this confidential.

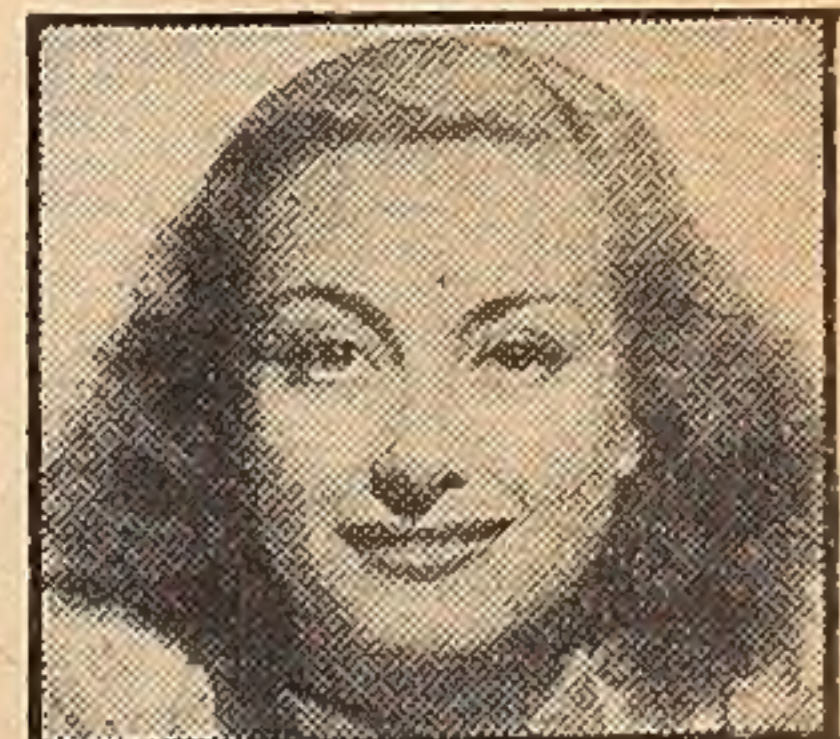
★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in "Huck Finn"? We now present Miss Joan Crawford. Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box T, Culver City, Cal.

★ ★

Yes... Lew Ayres' appearance in Joan's skating picture is just a gay interlude. He returns to the bedside manner in "Dr. Kildare's Mistake".



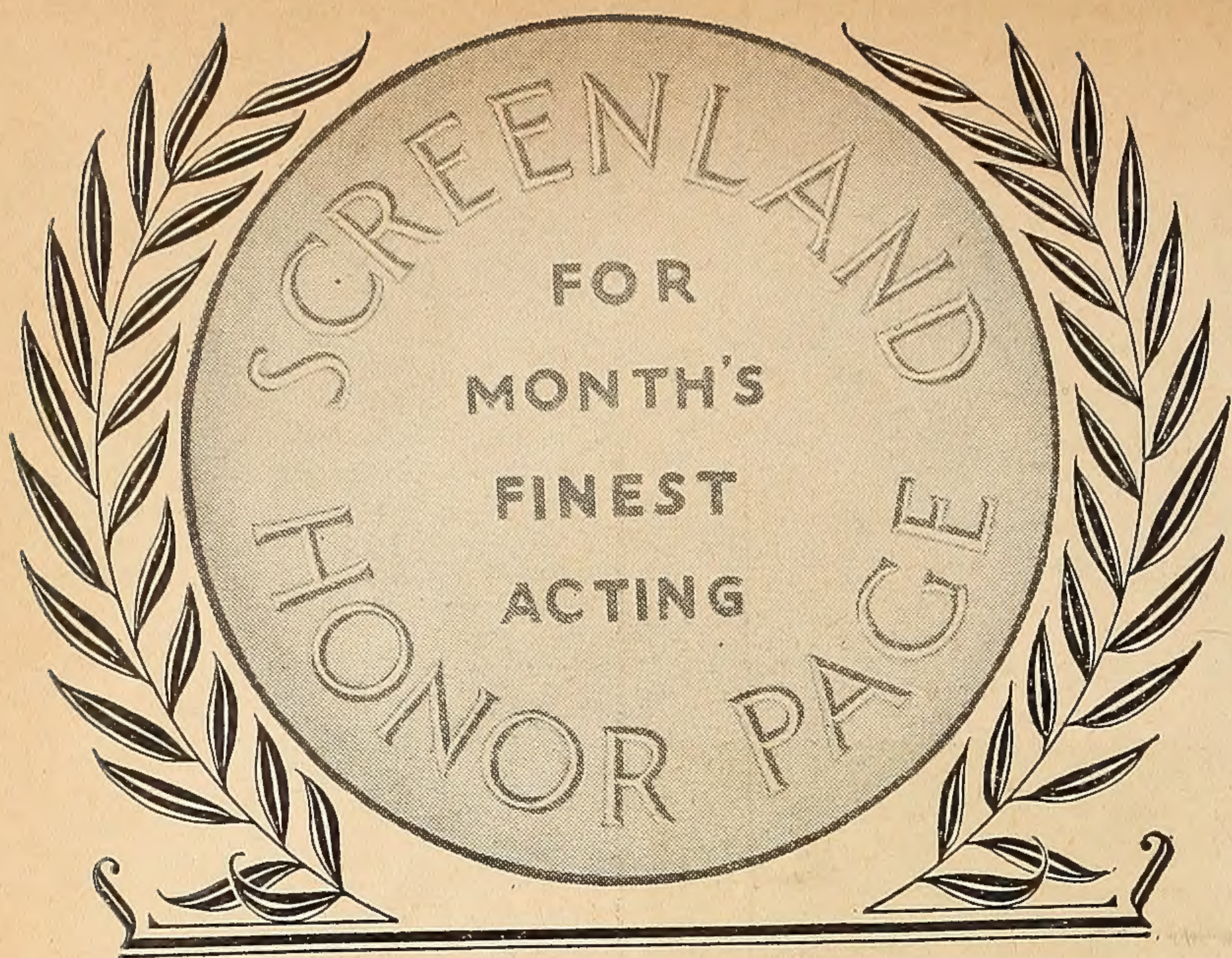
★ ★ ★

Johnny Weissmuller will soon appear in the newest "Tarzan" film.

★ ★ ★

Oo-ee-oo-ee!

-Leo



NEVER has *The Barrymore* more clearly demonstrated his consummate skill in the screen acting art than in his achievement in making a "man with a hole in his pants" so likeable, full-bodied and ingratiatingly consistent that you will long remember "The Great Man Votes." The so-called Great Tradition, even his identity as The Great Profile, are tossed aside in the interests of a portrayal of an impoverished, broken-down intellectual whose consuming love for his children is his only tie with a world with which he finds himself at odds.



To John Barrymore for his exuberant, exhilarating and cheerful characterization in "The Great Man Votes"

Eccentric, but utterly human is the man John Barrymore vitalizes with humor and richness of character in this simple, but grandly entertaining film. Pitted against the certain appeal of two such amazing youngsters as Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden, Barrymore more than holds his own in the spotlight, neither stealing, nor having stolen from him, a single scene.



over the grill! You can put a whole chicken on there and turn this little handle so it roasts all over. But we haven't had any terrific success at that yet."

"Mostly," added Rosemary, "when we have barbecues, like this one today, we serve a big steak, potatoes in their skins roasted over the grill, a salad of tomatoes, lettuce, green peppers, celery hearts, cucumber and dressing. I'll have Mother give you her own special dressing. It's wonderful!"

MRS. LANE'S SPECIAL DRESSING

First, rub bowl with garlic. Then cut little bit of garlic into the bowl, just very little. Take large wooden spoon, put in spoon $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard (Gulden's) and a teaspoon salt and put in bowl, then pour in 3 wooden spoonfuls of vinegar and mix; then add 4 tablespoons olive oil and mix well.

"If guests don't like green salad, we serve fruit salad," put in Pat, "and wind up with



Makes you hungry just to see this picture, does it? Well, why don't you give your own barbecue party, indoors or out, with the Lane girls' family recipes?

a fresh pineapple hollowed out and refilled with pineapple sherbet, made with the fresh pineapple. Oh yes, and we have one of these chop plates that we use out here," she held up a big yellow plate, "filled with carrots, turnips, green onions, red and white radishes, celery and green and ripe olives. The carrots and turnips are sliced lengthwise, and the whole lot are arranged to form a pretty pattern."

If one barbecue follows another too closely, the Lane sisters vary the menu by serving creamed potatoes instead of roasted ones, and changing the dessert and salad.

POTATOES AU GRATIN

Mix 2 cups cream sauce with 3 cups boiled and diced potatoes, place in buttered earthenware dish, sprinkle top with grated Parmesan cheese, dot with bits of butter and bake a nice brown.

"We love to eat raw potatoes with salt," said Rosemary. "Ever try it? We are always dashing into the kitchen just as the cook is getting dinner and stealing slices (Please Turn to Page 78)

GO TO SLEEP, MARY THAT PHONE WON'T RING TONIGHT



No dates for the girl with underarm odor Wise girls make sure of charm—with MUM

NO ONE called her yesterday—surely *some one* will tonight! And yet in her heart Mary fears that 'phone won't ring... tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can't help noticing that the men she knows neglect her lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilty of *underarm odor*. She forgets that *in spite of her bath*, underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps underarms sweet, your popularity safe. More women use Mum than any

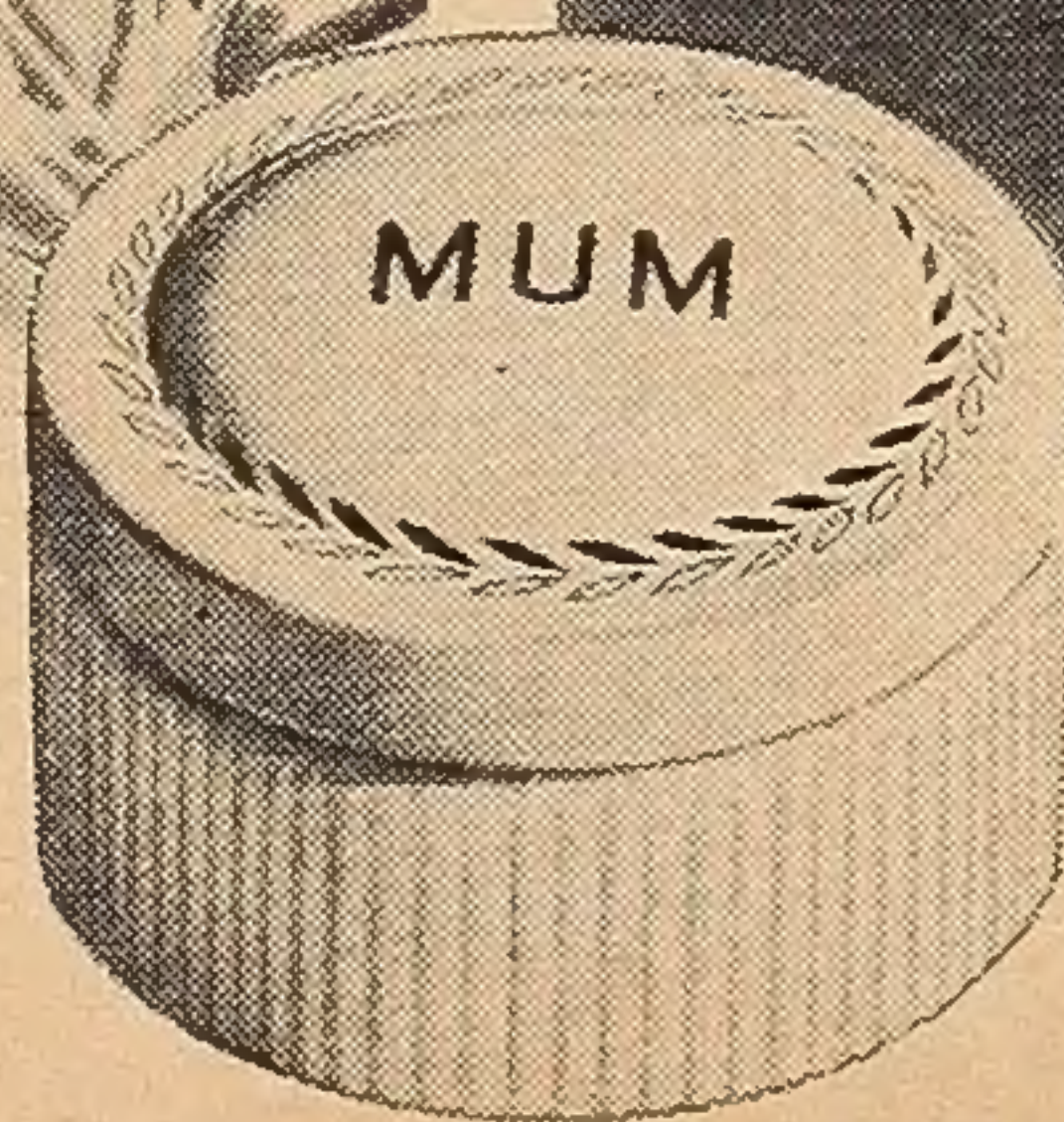
other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so safe, so utterly dependable.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it's harmless to clothing. And even after underarm shaving, notice how Mum actually soothes the skin.

MUM IS QUICK! In thirty seconds you're through. Yet this fragrant cream protects *all day*.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Give underarms *daily* care and be truly lovely, attractive.

BE SURE OF YOUR CHARM—USE MUM!



On Sanitary Napkins
Avoid danger of embarrassment! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because Mum is gentle, safe!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Bothered by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



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3. THE NEXT morning Ex-Lax acts... thoroughly and *effectively*. It works so gently that, except for the pleasant relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



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MORE ABSORBENT**

**AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER
DEPARTMENT STORES**

HOT from HOLLYWOOD



Len Weissman photo

Candid camera study of two nice kids trying to get along together—Alice Faye and her husband, Tony Martin, dancing with fears in their eyes, above.

WHEN Mary Pickford married Buddy Rogers she resolutely renounced Pickfair and took a simple house to start love afresh. The illustrious hilltop mansion was but a closed chapter. However, she has reopened it by giving up the new dream cottage and moving back to the home which is so much a part of her. She has given one big party—for the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. All her treasured linens and silver were out in full array and it was exactly like the good old days when she and Doug, Sr., ruled Hollywood society. Marion Davies came out of ranch retirement to attend. Doug, Sr., brought Mary's successor, Lady Ashley, as Hollywood still dubs her. Laurence Olivier introduced Vivien Leigh to the assembled and curious cream of the town. Buddy Rogers was handsomer than ever. He's leading his orchestra in a San Francisco night club these evenings, and hoping for a swell radio contract that will enable him to settle down in Hollywood. The jumping around the country is the only thing he dislikes about his new career as a bandmaster.

SONJA HENIE has Australia in her eyes. Just back for a new picture, this time a chiller-diller—the new tale's about murder on an ice rink. She's giving the boys and girls who formed her chorus on her recent tour jobs at the studio and they hope to form her troupe next fall when

she starts mopping up personal appearance receipts "down under." Refreshed by a three-week cruise to Rio (if Tyrone could have a headline rendezvous there the place was worth seeing!) Sonja, as usual, is beaming with superb health. If only she didn't have a torch song in her heart!

JEANETTE MACDONALD heard that an acquaintance was in a hospital for an operation. Although rushing madly to the set she stopped a minute to ask a studio worker to order flowers sent to the woman for her. She's never received any acknowledgment, no sign of a thank-you, and she wonders why she didn't attend to the matter herself. Or do some women think thanks unnecessary? She's genuinely concerned, which is an intimate insight into her real character and proof that her great success hasn't dulled her natural self.

HAVE you been giving Dannielle Darrieux a second thought? She was so good, but what's happened to her? Well, it's a sad story. She was already bound to a French contract when she got a leave to star for Universal. She expected to return to America after doing one film more in Paris. But she hasn't come back because she has found that, legally, she is obligated for four French pictures. She loved Hollywood and was so excited over her debut here. She had to hurry away before she could enjoy any of the applause, and now it may fade into a dim memory if she can't return for another year.

THE younger set is definitely growing up. Mickey Rooney goes to the Grove at least four nights a week. Jackie Cooper

PERED...

IE YOU"



I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin...and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY GIRL...and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KNEW MY SECRET... She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd *dramatize* yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a *thing* for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl *instantly*. You need a brighter, more alluring

shade . . . and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly *one* shade—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why, Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside . . . I want to talk to you . . . alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms . . . he kissed me . . . and he whispered, "Sweetheart . . . I love you . . ."

TRY ALL TEN SHADES, FREE. You, too, can find your one lucky color. Let Lady Esther send you, free and postpaid, her ten thrilling new shades of face powder. One of these shades will bring out the fresh natural color of your skin—win you sparkling "story book" charm. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your 10 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream. (44)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE



Len Weissman photo

Gay blade Errol Flynn rhumbas with his boss' wife—Mrs. Jack Warner.

*When your
Stomach
feels upset*

Turn it RIGHT SIDE UP with Alka-Seltzer

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YEARS YOUNGER

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Rocomora, her manager. She hasn't had a vacation in ages, because even when she's between pictures she has her regular Sunday night radio show for which she must rehearse.

WHY editors grow gray dept.: before the "true" story of Richard Greene's love for Arleen Whalen got on the news-stands the two principals had busted up. Dick gave Anita Louise a brief whirl—Buddy Adler had told her it was all right to step out with her leading man while he was out of town—and his latest enthusiasm is Wendy Barrie, his current heroine. They're dancing dreamily at the Coconut Grove so often. Wendy scoffs at the marriage chatter, though. She maintains she won't marry, that she is too independent and isn't domestic and has few of the perfect-wife qualifications. She's just going to be the gay bachelor gal f'rever! Her attitude, being far more palsy than emotional, has enabled her to remain on friendly terms with all of her boy-friends.

(Tyrone Power was her beau between his Gaynor and Annabella crushes.) But there's more to Wendy's story than meets the eye; she is again marrying because the one love of her life, the millionaire youth she idolized in London, didn't sweep her off her feet as she'd hoped. Indeed, she came to the Coast to forget him via a career—and the memory lingers on yet!

VICTOR McLAGLEN has been the hardest-working actor in town; he's been plunging in and out of so many films he's worked seven months straight. He wasn't able to attend the gala premiere of his last epic, so he bought three hundred seats and turned them over to the thrilled members of his lighthouse cavalry. The boys all took their wives and girlfriends and applauded Vic furiously. What McLaglen talks about most now is his eighteen-year-old son who's in prep school. The boy plans to take a freighter to Europe this summer, with Lawrence Tibbett's eighteen-year-old son Larry.

Len Weissman photo



**EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS WAITED
TO PLAY THIS ROLE!**

Deep in the heart of every actress lives the ideal role she longs to play—a role that embodies every talent she possesses. Now such a role has come to Bette Davis in “Dark Victory.” Not a “character” part, but a natural, normal woman who faces all that fate can offer—all the sweet and bitter of life—all the joy and pain of love—and comes through the dark with colors gloriously flying. Eight years she has waited to play this role. We sincerely believe it’s her greatest screen performance.

Warner Bros.

**BETTE DAVIS in
“DARK VICTORY”**

GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play by
George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch
Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.

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"Girdle of Grace"

If you think all girdles are alike...try "Real Form". Knitted of Lastex and Bemberg rayon and fashioned to fit, it combines the comfort, freedom and beauty of porous web fabric and figure restraining control. Softly boned front satin panel, mallanese crotch—it won't twist or "hike-up" and is guaranteed non-run. At all leading stores.

GIRDLES
PANTIES
in Tea Rose
and White
Sizes 26 to 38

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Write for free book, 50-50 plan.
Splendid Opportunity.
INDIANA SONG BUREAU,
Dept. N, Salem, Indiana

...AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS



Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day, according to the directions, until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets have been sold to

the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

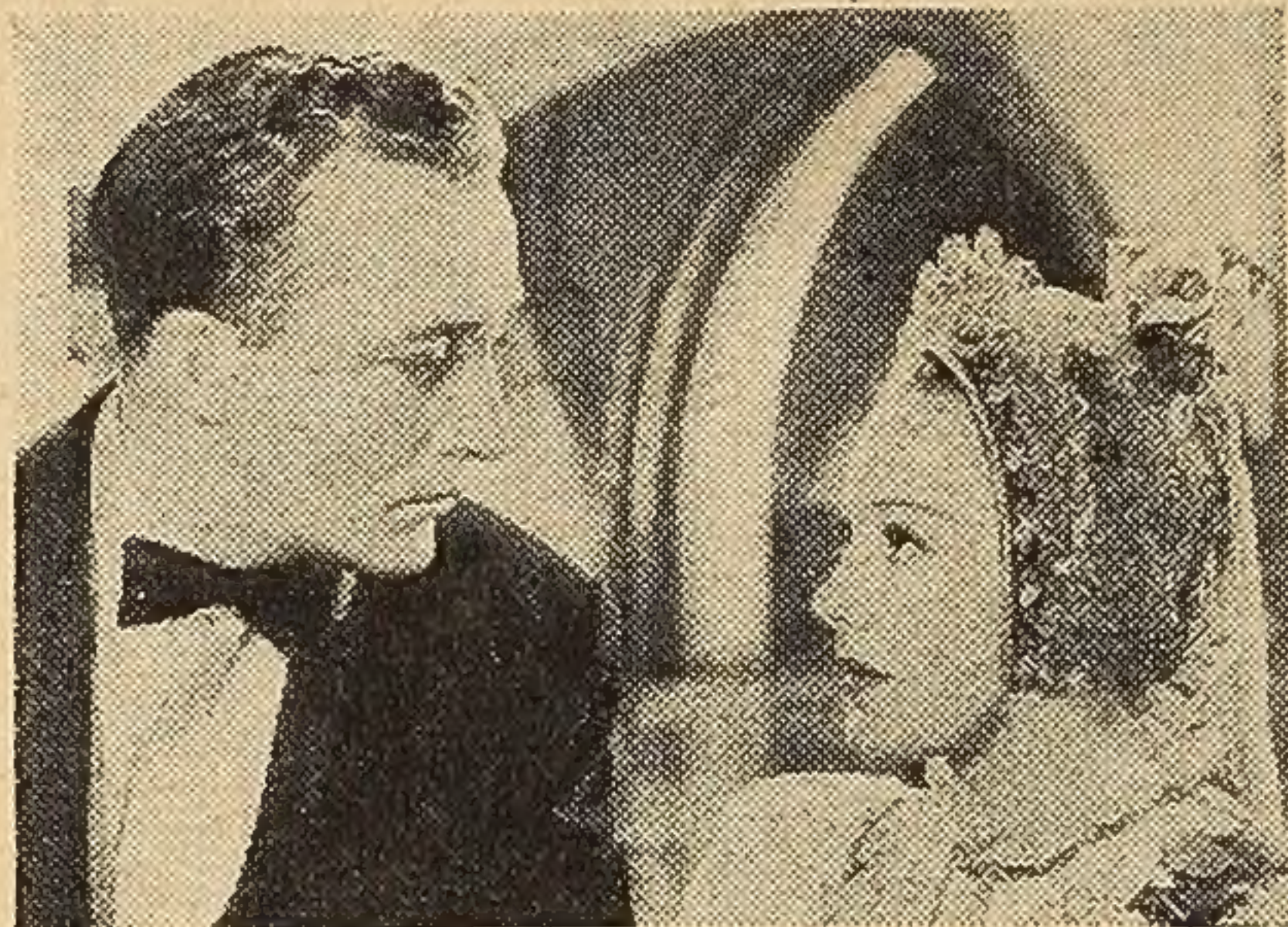
We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The complete formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Paris
Honey-
moon

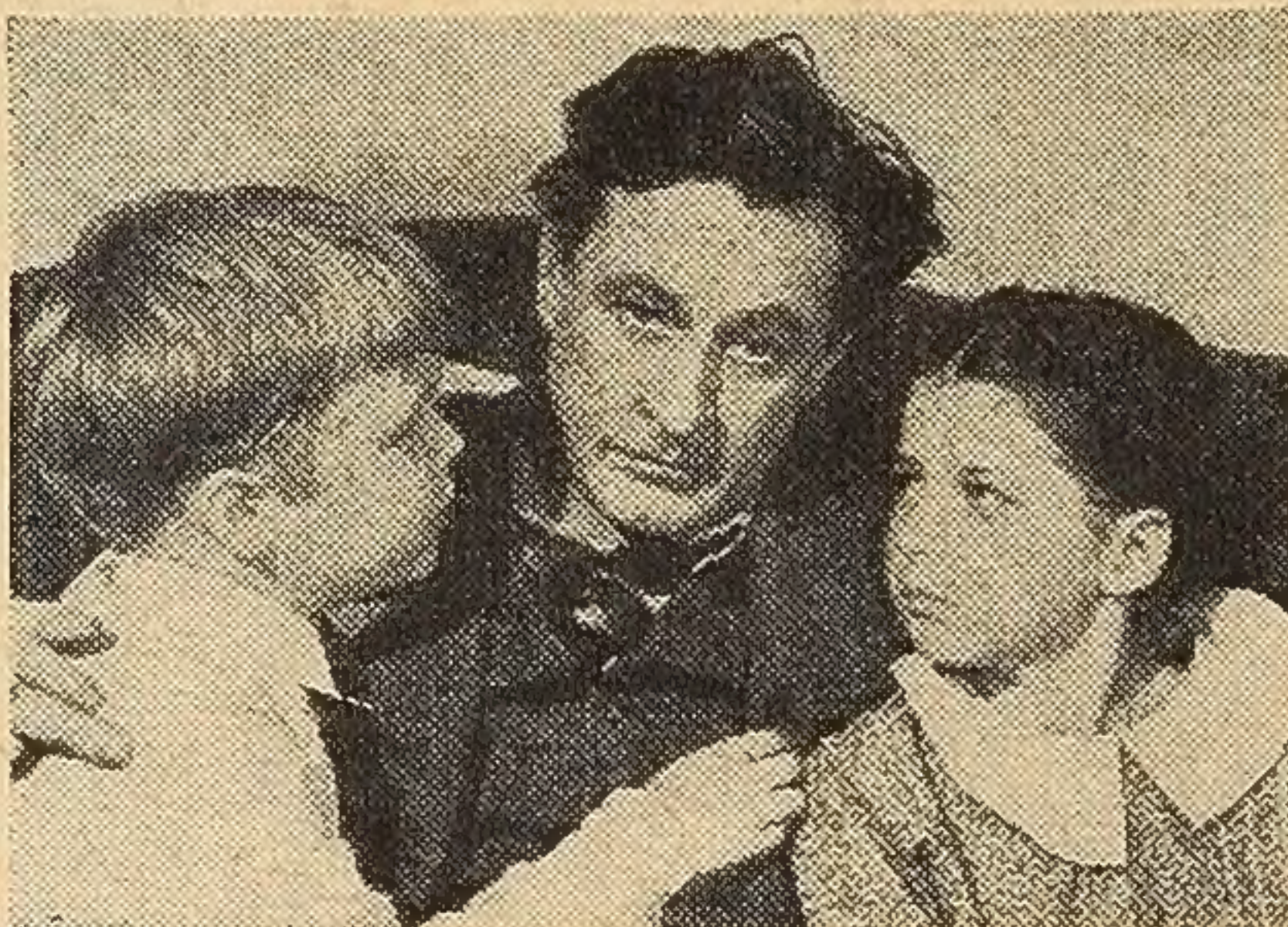
Para-
mount



Bing Beebe sings again—but you sinners need not expect as swell a show as the last Crosby picture. No, "Paris Honey-moon" is not the best Crosby by a couple of croons, but it is at least lively entertainment when the star is on the scene, and when the comedy does not descend to the most outrageous slapstick to be screened since the last Sennett shindig. The girl appeal: Franciska Gaal, Shirley Ross.

The
Great
Man
Votes

RKO-
Radio



A picture you should see, and if it is passed up in favor of something more spectacular, showy and glamorous, you are sure to be the loser. For here is genuine entertainment—a warm, appealing, thoroughly enjoyable picture that must be seen to be appreciated. John Barrymore was never better than as the shabby ex-college professor. Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden are grand as his two children.

Persons
in Hiding

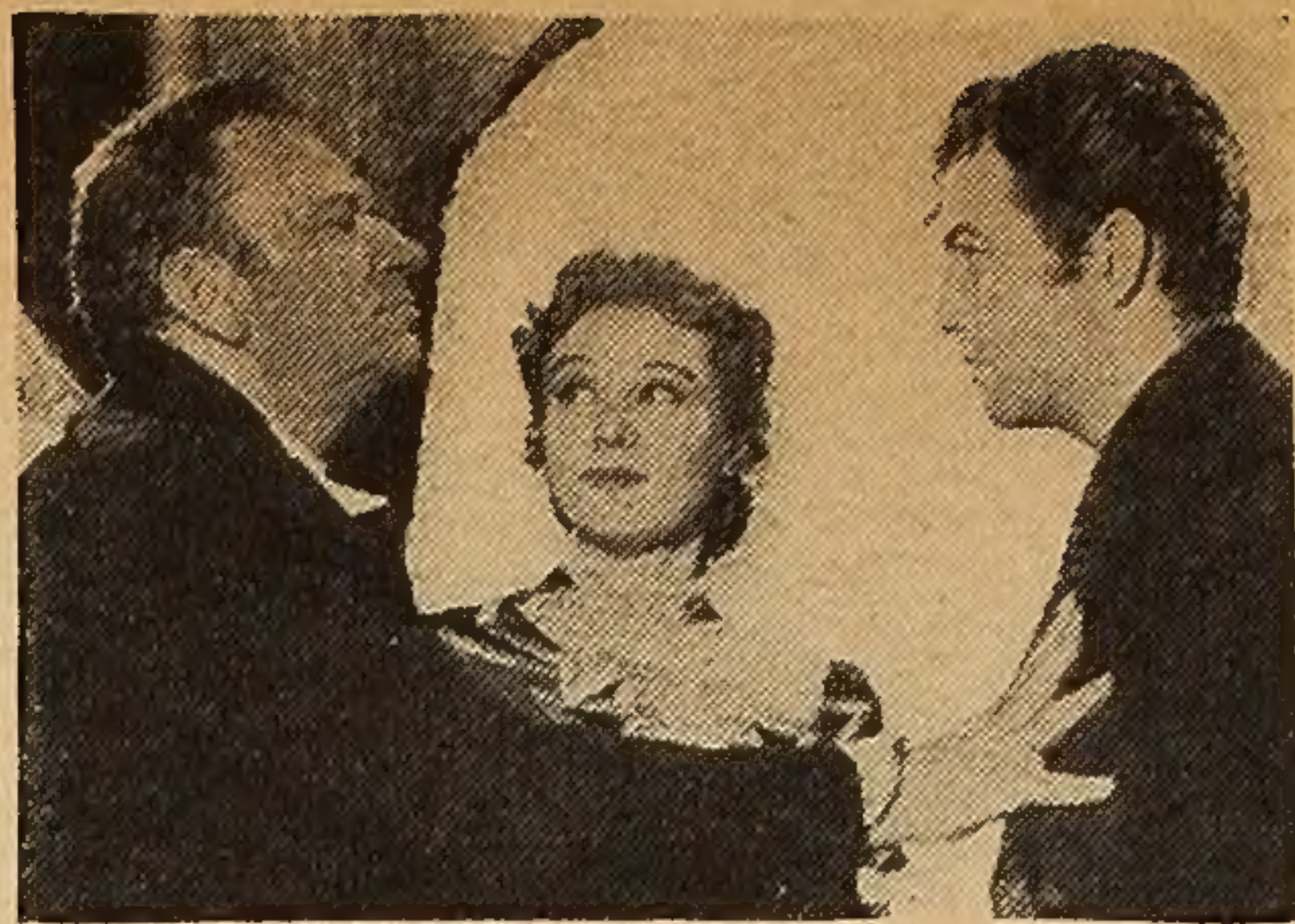
Para-
mount



One of the most ably acted gangster tales the screen has offered, and a film that holds you from start to finish, despite its familiar "crime doesn't pay" melodramatic premise. Notable among many outstanding acting achievements, which include J. Carroll Naish's portrait of a skulking bandit and Lynn Overman as a humorously calm but efficient "G-Man," is the performance of newcomer Patricia Morison. Watch her!

Stand Up
and Fight

M-G-M



And how Robert Taylor stands up to Wally Beery and fights it out in this vigorous, entertaining, well-paced melodrama. His features bloodied, but with head unbowed, Bob Taylor proves he can "take it" and registers a thoroughly commendable performance as the "tenderfoot" representative of railroad interests whose "iron horses" are resented by stage coach driver Beery—excellent. Florence Rice also scores.

The Son
of
Franken-
stein

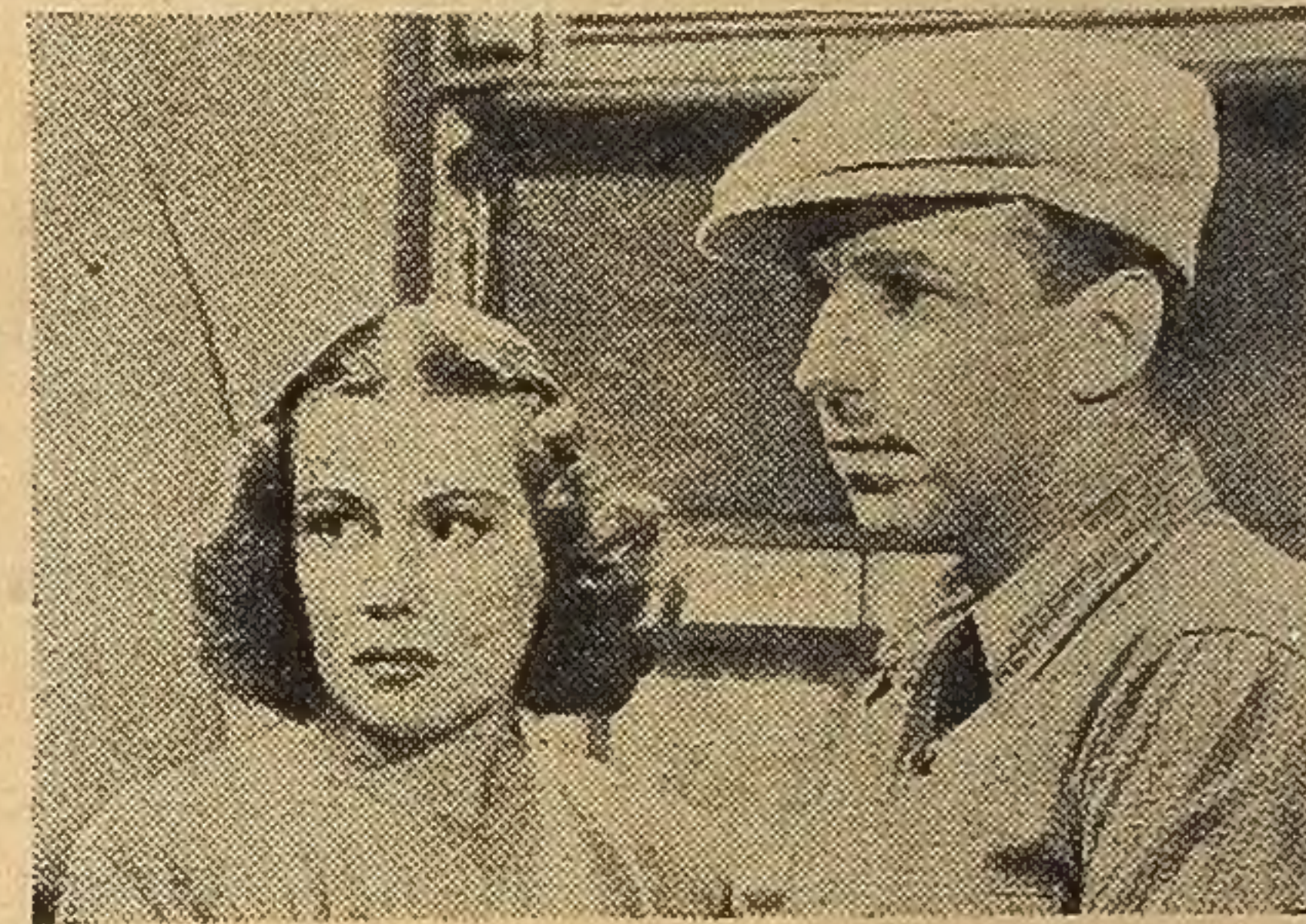
Universal



What, another "horror" cycle? Perhaps. Anyway, if it's a ghost story you're looking for, here is the biggest bundle of "boo" melodrama the films have offered. Imagine, Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Lionel Atwill at their respective best in "scare" characterizations, and you have an idea of what happens when the monster of "Frankenstein" comes back to life. Incredible, but mighty entertaining goings-on.

Ambush

Para-
mount



Given a good, though conventional melodramatic vehicle, Gladys Swarthout renders a fine account of her acting abilities in a rôle far removed from the operatic sphere in which she has attained eminence. This is out-and-out crook melodrama, with the attractive Miss Swarthout as a stenographer caught in the toils of a nefarious criminal. Lloyd Nolan in a sympathetic part—by way of change. Very good show.

Pride
of the
Navy

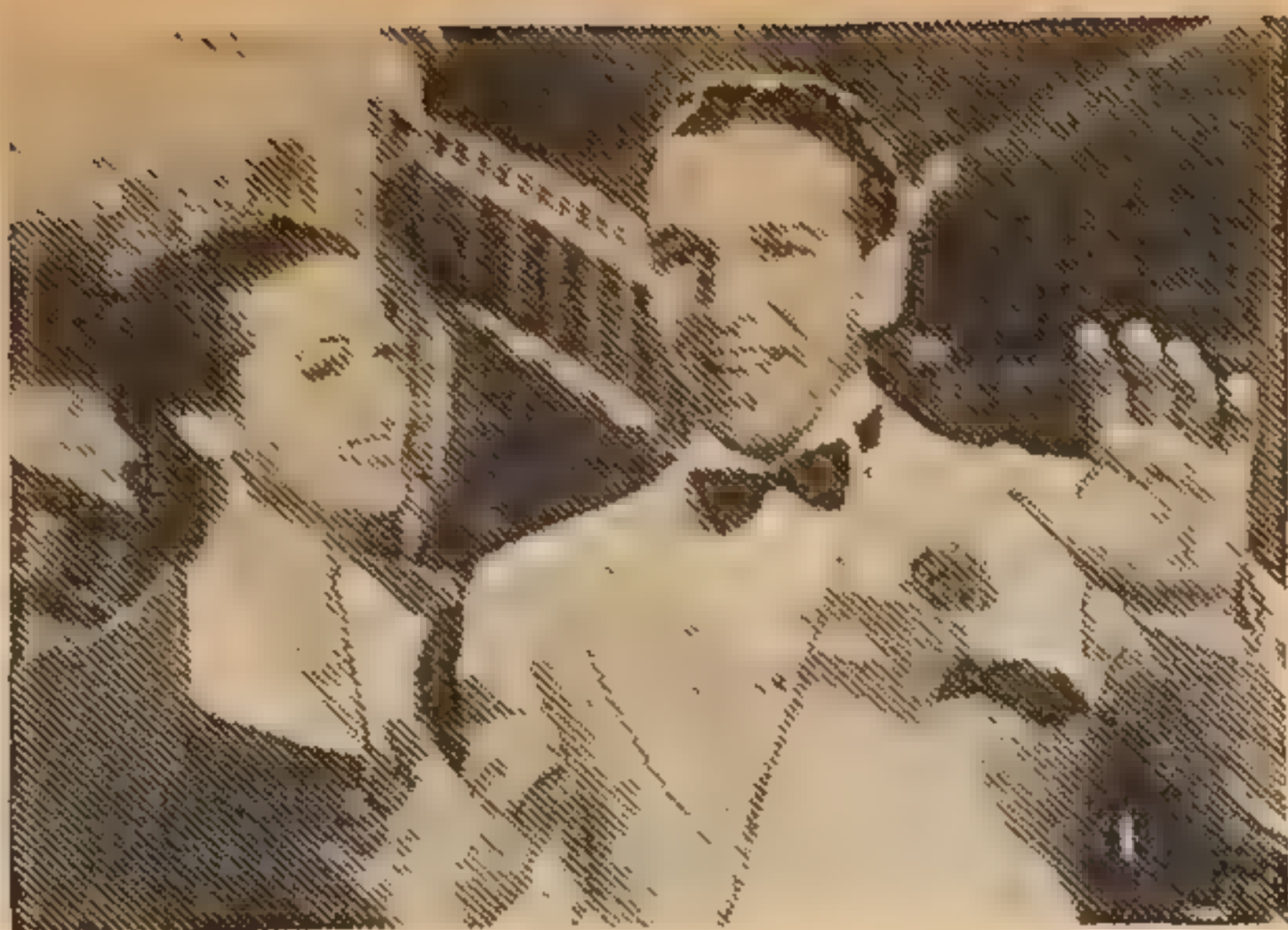
Republic



This story about the development of a new, and fictional, "splinter" torpedo boat is wisely used more as background for comedy and conventional romance than as essentially dramatic material. James Dunn and Rochelle Hudson are the principals with Gordon Oliver as the rival to Dunn in the love story, wherein James is won back to the Navy from a carefree career as a speed boat racer. Fair pastime.

St. Louis
Blues

Para-
mount



Variety show with a wealth of specialties by radio and vaudeville "names," and Dorothy Lamour as bright particular star with her songs, her magnetic presence and her romantic interludes with Lloyd Nolan, show boat captain with whom Dotty falls in love. Story is slight; it's the Lamour songs, the swing of Maxine Sullivan, dancing of Mary Parker, comedy by Cliff Nazarro and others that make it diverting.

The
Heart
of
Paris

Tri-
National
Films



Definitely one of the best films France has sent over here. Raimu, superb comedian and character actor, and Michele Morgan are the real stars of the film, but the cast as a whole is excellent. Even if you don't understand the French dialogue, the English titles are adequate to keep you interested, amused, and at times stirred to deep sympathy by this tale of a bicycle store proprietor and a girl he befriends. Noteworthy.

Mysteri-
ous
Miss X

Republic



Michael Whalen changes studios but gets the same type of rôle in which he's been cast as a bystander who gets involved in a murder mystery. Instead of a newspaper man, Whalen appears as an actor who is mistaken by local police for a Scotland Yard detective. The stress is on comedy, but over-working of incident makes it merely mechanical movie in which Whalen, Mabel Todd, Chick Chandler do their best.

One
Third
of a
Nation

Para-
mount



Commands interest as the screen version of an outstanding stage success of the WPA Theatre. Sylvia Sidney in a rôle reminiscent of, but dissimilar to, her part in "Dead End," and Leif Erikson as the rich youth whose income derives from tenements occupied by the underprivileged of a large city, are sincere and realistic, and have support from an able cast of stage players. Impressive as tense, stark drama.



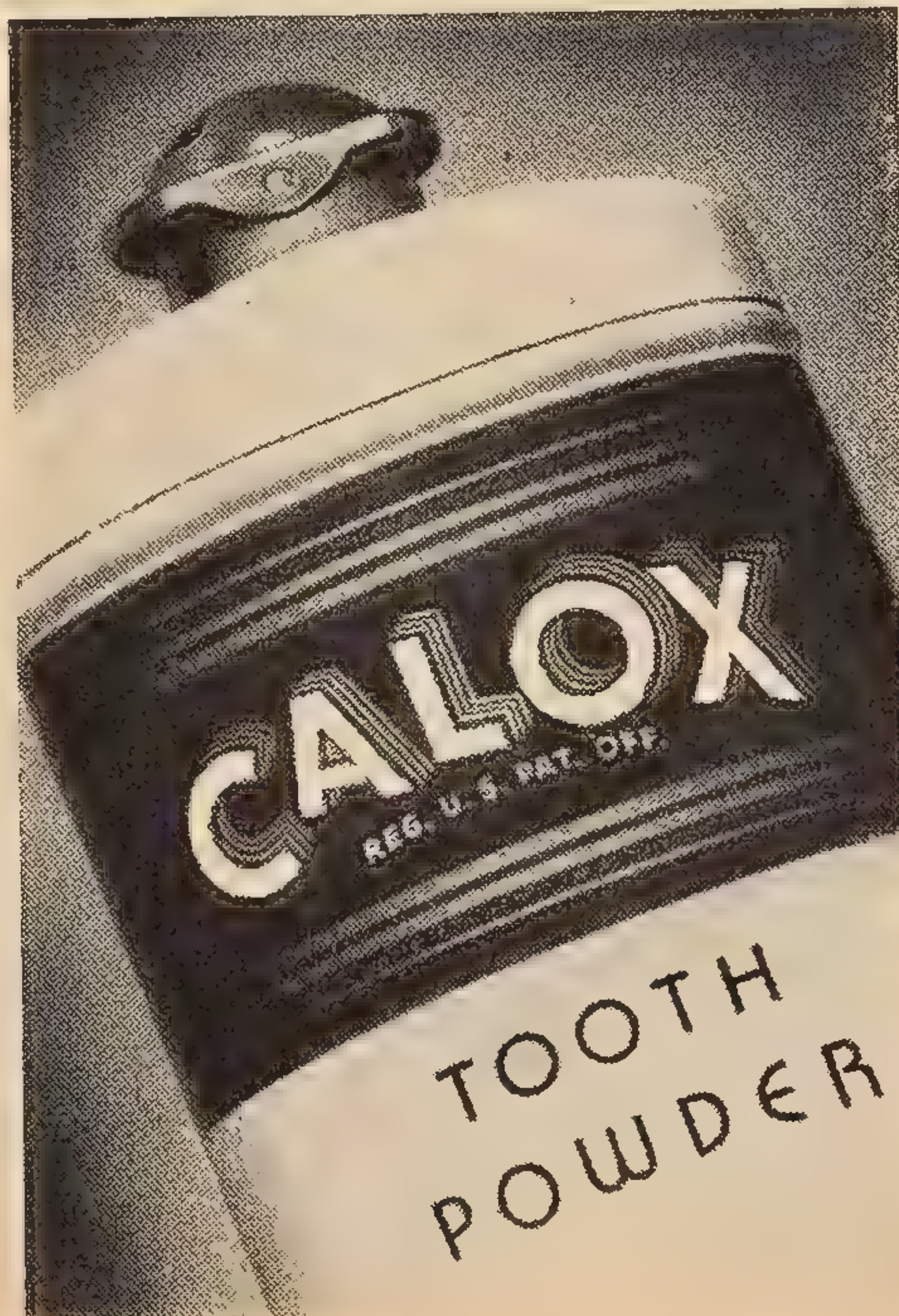
★ "To keep teeth brilliant I
like Calox Tooth Powder."

Jean Parker

featured in Hal Roach's roman-
tic comedy, "It's Spring Again".

*For teeth that
"shine like the stars"*
... use **CALOX POWDER**

Add a charming sparkle to your smile—take this tip from Hollywood: Use Calox Tooth Powder . . . the very same pure, safe, refreshing dentifrice that helps protect the radiant smile of Jean Parker, scores of other famous screen stars and millions of people throughout the world.



Important: To give teeth a brilliant high polish without harm to precious enamel . . . to make Calox always a wholesome, pleasant-tasting dentifrice, five separate tested ingredients are blended with prescription accuracy by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed for 106 years.



★ ★ ★

Calox is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. For teeth that shine like the stars' get Calox today at any drug counter. Three convenient long-lasting sizes.

Copr. 1939, McKesson & Robbins, Inc.



JUNE STOREY,
lovely star of the
Republic picture.
"Orphans of the Street."

Men Adore SPARKLING HAIR!

Do as hosts of women do... complete every shampoo with Nestle Colorinse. Just a quick rinse to give your hair lively gloss...and dancing highlights that the camera catches.

Colorinse adds new beauty. Accentuates natural highlights in youthful hair. Gives a richer tone to faded or gray hair.

Among the twelve Colorinse shades there is one to give your hair a flattering tint...and glorious sparkle! See Nestle Color Chart at nearest toilet goods counter, today! Get 2 rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; or 5 rinses 25c at drug and department stores.

Nestle COLORINSE

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration Send Poems to
COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. 13; Toronto; Can.

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

**FOLLOW NOTED
DOCTOR'S ADVICE.
FEEL "TIP-TOP"
IN MORNING!**



If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from purely vegetable ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



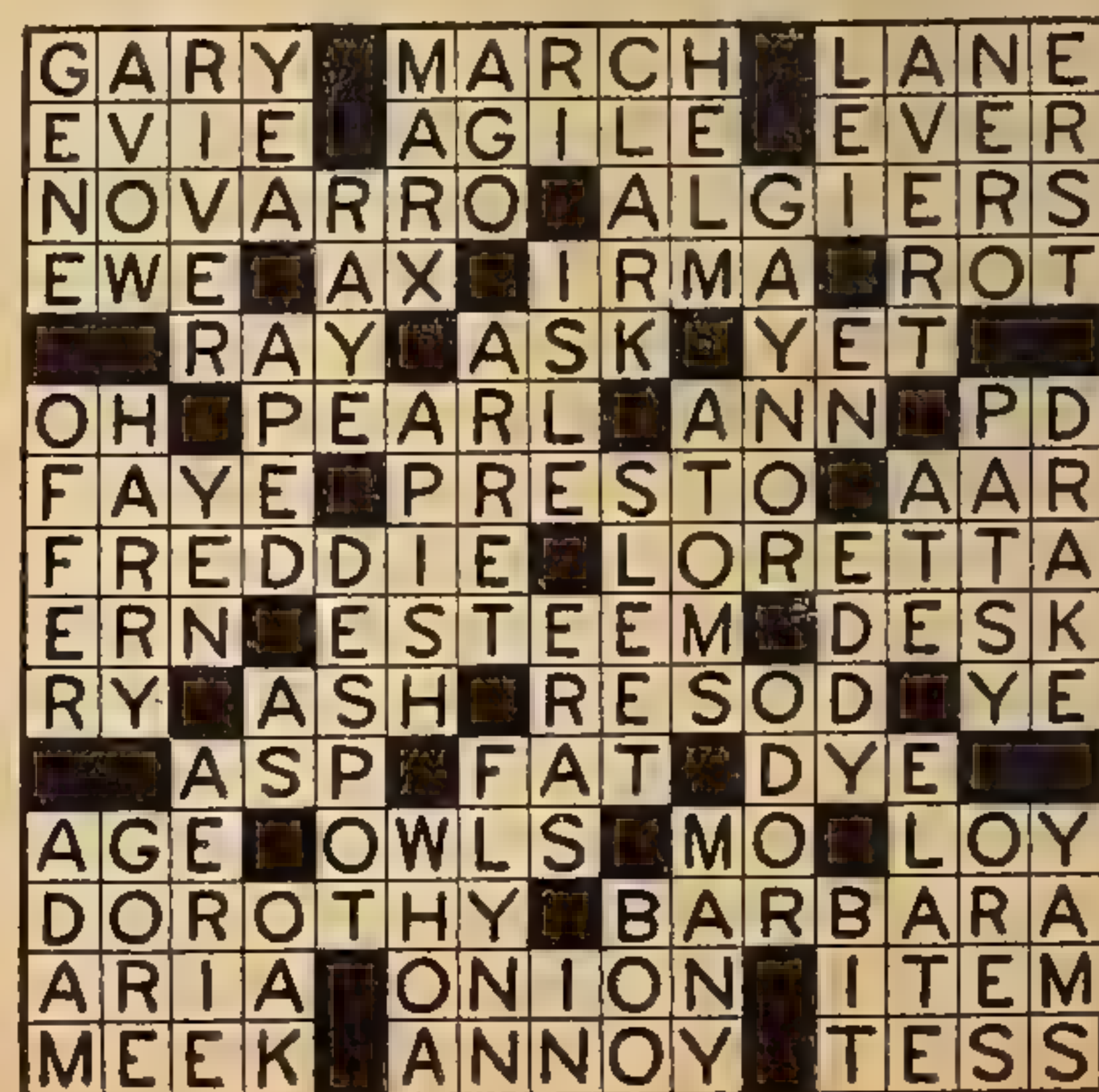
ACROSS

1. His new one is "The Gambler and the Lady"
5. Her new one is "Wuthering Heights"
10. Micky Mouse's papa
14. Bitter drug
15. "There's That Woman - - -"
16. Wing-like
17. Lines of joining two pieces of cloth
19. Hard liquor
20. She's featured in "It's Spring Again"
21. Assistant
23. Close by
25. "There Goes - - Heart"
26. Snows, mixed with rain
28. Leading man in a picture
30. "A Day - - the Circus," with Marx brothers
32. He sings in "Sweethearts"
33. Rational
34. "I - - the Law," with Edward G. Robinson
36. Lacy fabric
38. Attend
40. The name of a film
42. Angers
44. Greasy liquid
45. Void
46. "The Last - - - from Madrid"
48. Requires
51. Buzzing insect
52. Forever
53. He's featured in "Newsboys' Home"
55. Sheepfold
57. Compass point (abbrev.)
58. Stab
59. She's featured in "The Three Musketeers"
61. Note of the scale
62. Come face to face
64. Privileges
67. Co-star in "Too Hot to Handle"
69. Period

DOWN

71. Scandinavian
72. Island of Napoleon's exile
73. Ice skating screen star
75. Kind of duck
76. Kind of lights in front of your theatre
77. Concerning
78. Slave
1. Reckless
2. Away from the wind
3. Young horses
4. "The Little Princess" of the box office
5. Pa's wife
6. A hen's production
7. He's featured in "They Made Me A Criminal"
8. Long narrow mark
9. Printers' measure
10. Conflict
11. Cottonwood tree
12. "The - - - Vanishes" a British film
13. Attempt
18. What plants grow from
20. His new one is "Wings of the Navy"
22. Advice (obs.)
24. Exclamation
27. "Jesse James"
29. Strap to guide a horse
30. She's featured in "The Little Princess"
31. He played Tiny Tim in "A Christmas Carol"
33. To choose
34. He's featured in "Heart of the North"
35. Free-for-all fight
37. Beverage
39. To contend
41. What you wash clothes in
43. Storage pit for grain
47. Co-star of "Idiot's Delight"
49. Glum
50. Spot
54. Tiny
56. Fungus on rye (plural)
58. The famous Swedish film star
59. He plays Judge Hardy
60. " - - - Loves Has Nancy"
61. He's featured in "I Stand Accused"
63. Paradise
65. Former Russian ruler
66. One's own personality
67. "One Hundred - - - and a Girl"
68. She's Mrs. Walter Huston
70. A metal
73. Exclamation
74. And, in French

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



IRENE DUNNE • CHARLES BOYER
in
"LOVE AFFAIR"

with MARIA OUSPENSKAYA, LEE BOWMAN
ASTRID ALLWYN, MAURICE MOSCOVICH
Produced and Directed by LEO McCAREY
SCREEN PLAY BY OLIVER DAVIS AND DONALD OGBEN STEWART
RKO RADIO PICTURE

you . . .

yourself . . .

. . . live their

"LOVE AFFAIR"

Out of the directorial genius of Leo McCarey, Academy Award Winner and producer of "The Awful Truth," now flames a dramatic romance to take its place among the screen's great attractions! . . . Irene Dunne, ravishingly gowned in fashion's most coveted creations, as kissable *Terry McKay*, girl of Park Avenue . . . Charles Boyer, handsome, suave, as *Michel Marnay*, international heartbreaker —brought together by a love that stormed all defenses . . . Drama—rich, warm, human, yet gay as love can sometimes be! . . . SEE IT AS SOON AS YOU CAN!





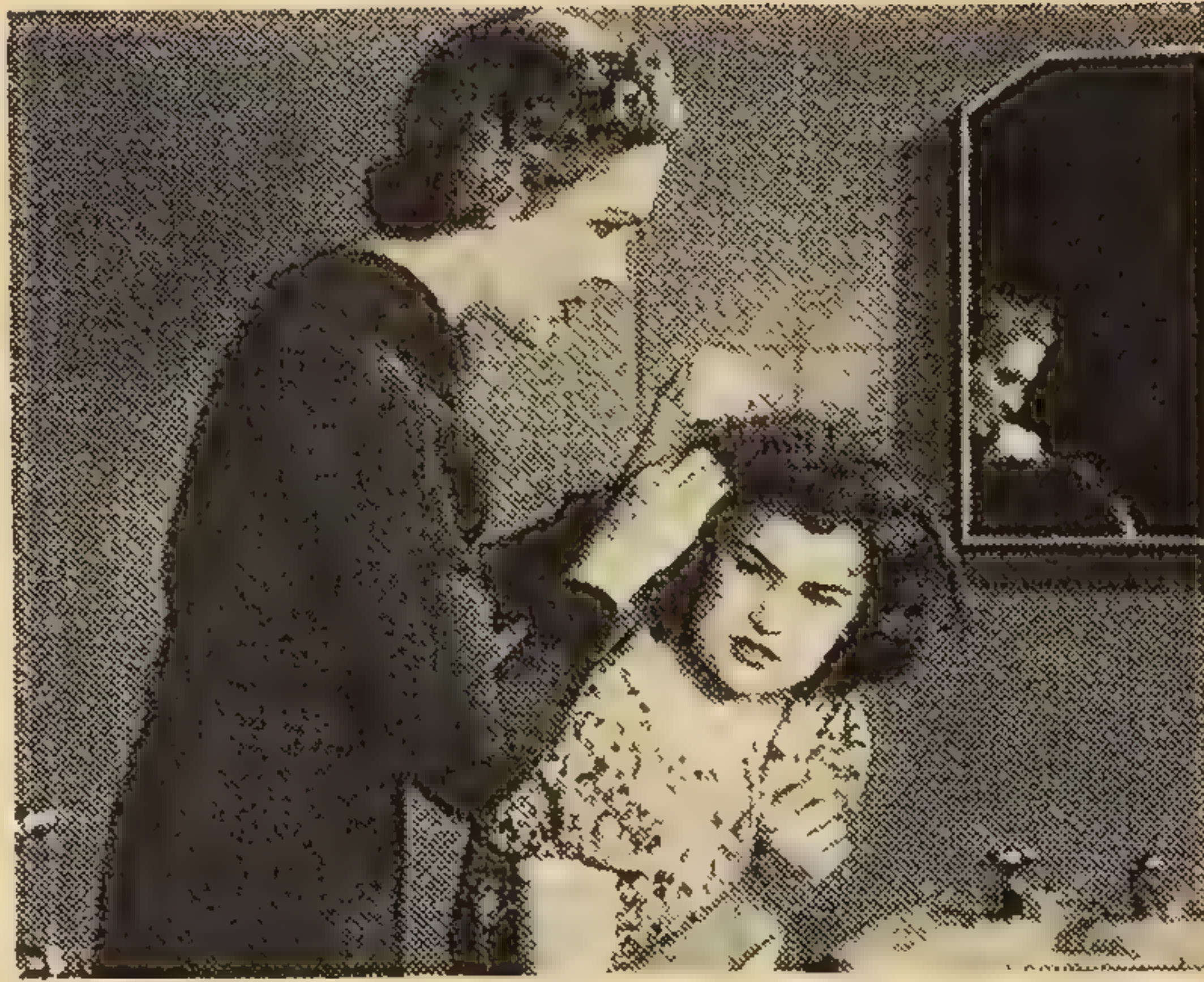
Listerine cured my daughter's dandruff in ten days

Writes MRS. ELEANOR HUNTER—Little Neck, N.Y.

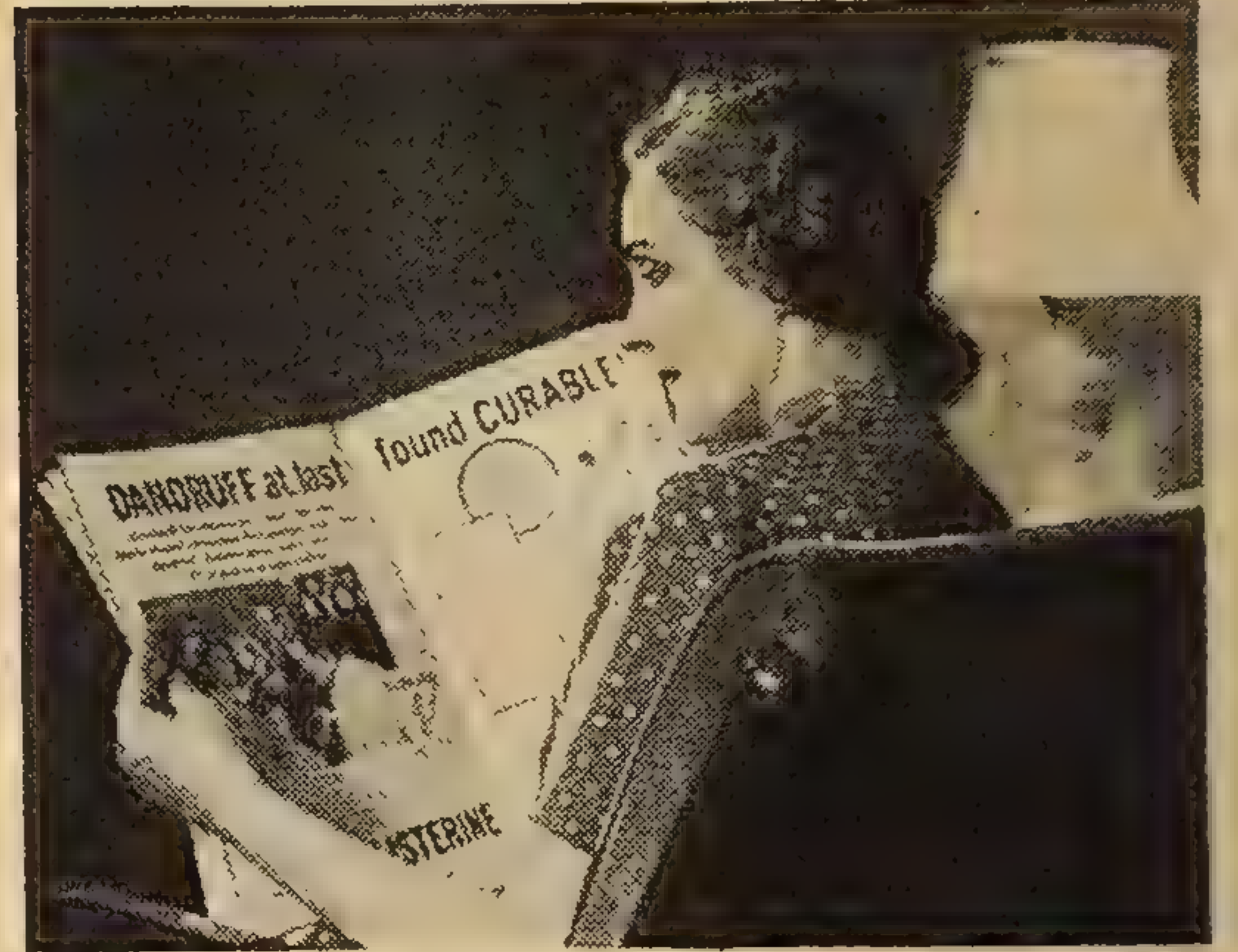
Posed by professional models



My teen age daughter had dandruff so badly that it was extremely disagreeable.



I spent weeks trying to get rid of it; came to the conclusion nothing would do it.



Then in a magazine I saw an ad telling how Listerine cures dandruff.



I read about the amazing scientific tests that proved Listerine kills the dandruff germ.



I tried Listerine, applying it daily to her scalp with little bits of cotton.



In ten days the condition was entirely cleared up. And she hasn't had a sign of dandruff since.

Here's why the Listerine Treatment works: Dandruff is a germ disease . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills the germ

Do conflicting claims of dandruff remedies bewilder you? Then you will be glad to know there is one logical, scientifically sound treatment, proved again and again in laboratory and clinic . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Recently, in the most intensive research of its kind ever undertaken, Scientists proved that dandruff is a germ disease. And, in test after test, Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, mastered dandruff by killing the queer, bottle-shaped dandruff germ—Pityrosporum ovale.

At one famous skin clinic patients were instructed to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within two weeks, on the average, a substantial number had ob-

tained marked relief! At another clinic, patients were told to use this same Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. By the end of a month 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

Try the delightful, stimulating Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. See for yourself how wonderfully soothing it is . . . how quickly it rids hair and scalp of ugly scales . . . how much cleaner and healthier both scalp and hair appear.

And remember, even after you have rid yourself of dandruff, it is wise to massage your scalp occasionally with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



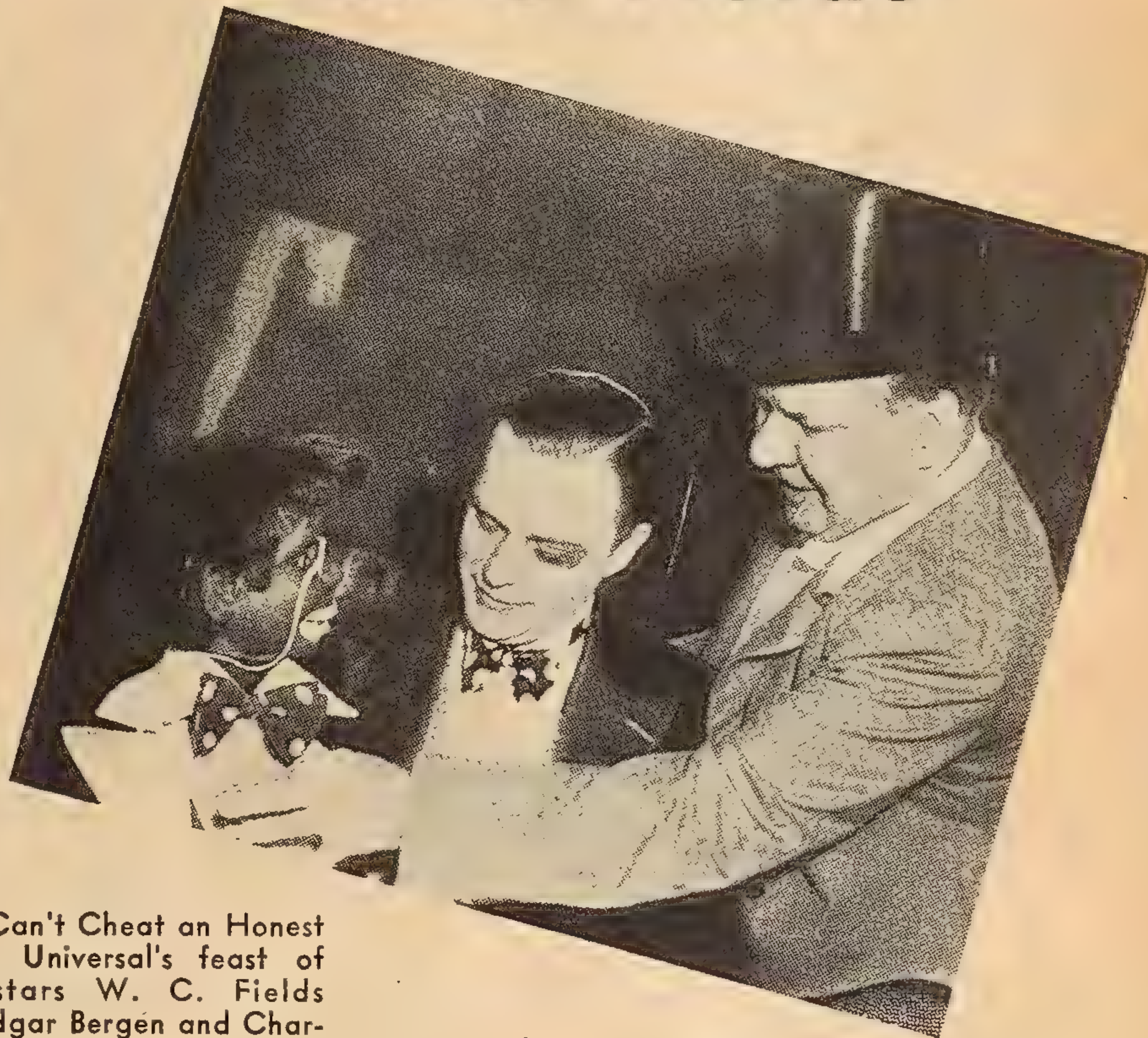
LISTERINE

the PROVED treatment for dandruff



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to W. C. Fields



DEAR GLAMOR BOY:

Do you mind if I say you're a honey?

As far as I am concerned, you are the Dream Prince of pictures, and the Errol Flynns, the Bob Taylors, the Tyrone Powers and the Clark Gables are mere amateurs of charm compared to you. They try too hard. That's the trouble with them. Whereas you put forth practically no effort at all and the result is positively devastating. I watched you work—if you can call it work—at Universal studio in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man." Now watching a Dream Prince during business hours is usually a rather disillusioning experience. It's work, and it looks like work, whether it is Spencer Tracy making love to Lamarr, or Lew Ayres sparking Jeanette MacDonald—it looks all right later on the screen, but it isn't so much fun to watch. On your set, Mr. Fields, how different. You have such a good time and so does your audience. Cameramen, electricians, visiting press are fascinated. The only people, I may add, on a Fields set who do NOT seem to be enjoying themselves are the other actors. They wear an uneasy expression. I don't blame them. It seems they never know what to expect.

But from a safe spot on the sidelines, what a show! The day I watched, you were belittling a drawing-roomful of ladies and gentlemen in formal attire, at one of these "society" affairs that occur only in a W. C. Fields picture. They say when you walked on the set your first words were: "Ah—I see the extras washed the backs of their necks this morning." Then you rehearsed the scene in your customary casual manner, slapping a dowager's back, jibing at a débutante, and generally wreaking havoc. The lines you had writ-

"You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," Universal's feast of fun, stars W. C. Fields with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, shown above.

ten for yourself were comparatively simple, something like: "Ah, yes—we turned day into night and night into day—we had a rum omelette, we had brandied peaches—but then we ran out of rum." Sometimes it would come out "brandy omelette," the next time it might be "we turned night into peaches"—it was never the same. But it was always a Performance. You gave it all the finesse, the magnificent nonchalance, the grandiloquent gestures that you used to give your "Follies" audience of hundreds. When whether by accident or design you "blew up" you adlibbed: "And then we ran out of lines"—and it's too bad *that* won't get on the screen. No mood of W. C. Fields should ever be lost to the world. Of course, they're saying that it will be a fight for first honors in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," what with Charlie McCarthy outdoing himself in competition even to the extent of a black-face act. But after seeing you at work, Mr. Fields, I would say to Charlie McCarthy—or any other star in Hollywood—*watch out*.

Delight Evans

Deanna Durbin

Prize Contest

To all the young in heart who adore Deanna, we present this gay new contest!

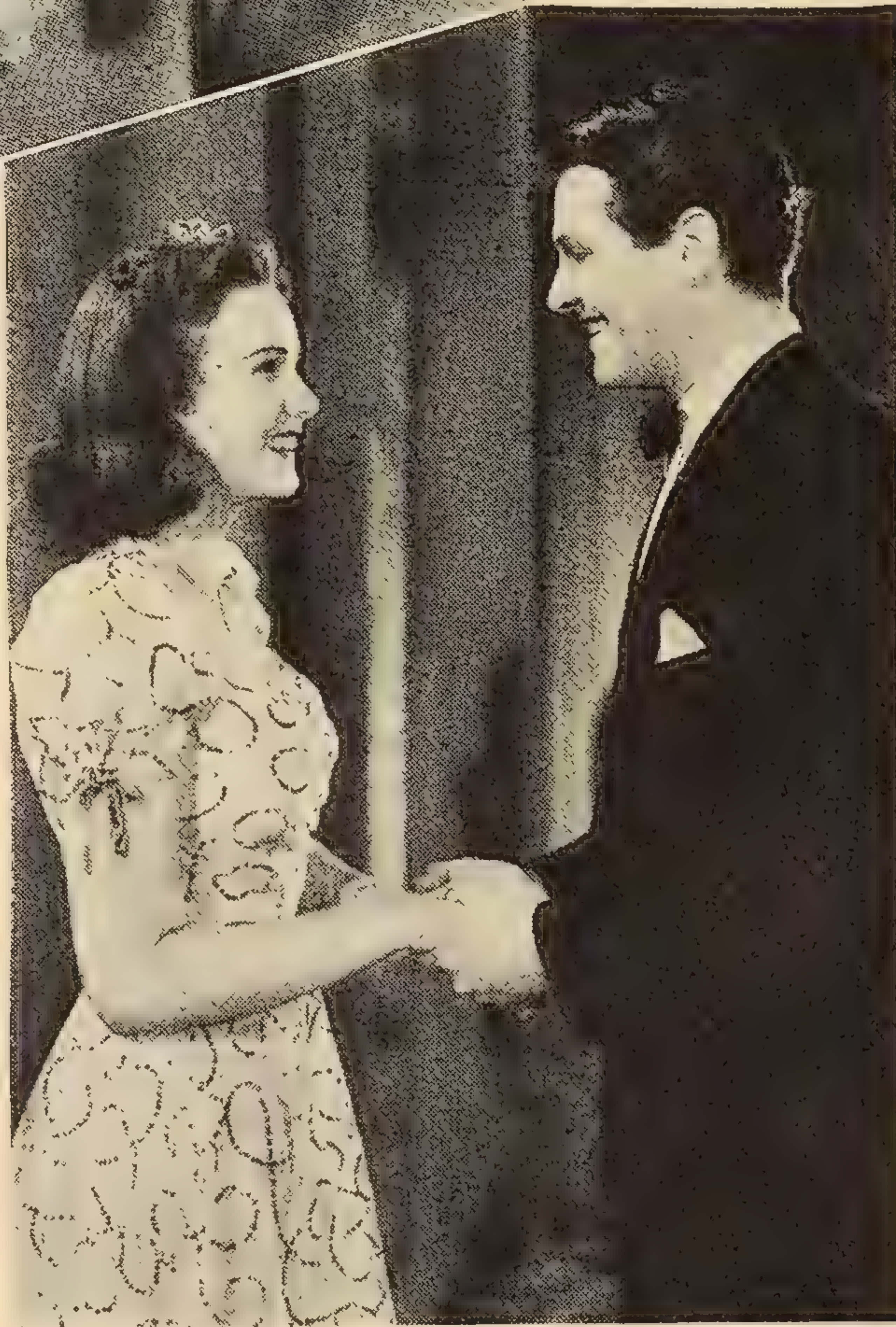


DEANNA, and her producing company, Universal Pictures, want SCREENLAND readers to answer this question: "Do you want to see Deanna Durbin fall in love on screen, play romantic rôles from now on? Or do you prefer little or no 'love interest' for Deanna in her future pictures?"

As all Durbin fans know, "That Certain Age" was the first in the remarkable series of Deanna Durbin film hits to show her in romantic mood—her schoolgirl "crush" on Melvyn Douglas and the devotion of schoolboy Jackie Cooper were signs that the great little singing star was indeed growing up a little. In "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," her current picture, sequel to the sensationally successful "Three Smart Girls," first Durbin hit, Deanna does *not* fall in love—but she is charmingly surrounded by romance, and sooner or later it may catch up with her!

She really wants to know what **YOU** think. So write a letter, not more than 300 words, answering above question and giving reason for your answer. It's easy and simple, and the prizes are well worth trying for. Please see opposite page for contest conditions and coupon to fill out and mail with your entry.

Many fine Prizes! Don't miss this opportunity to win one

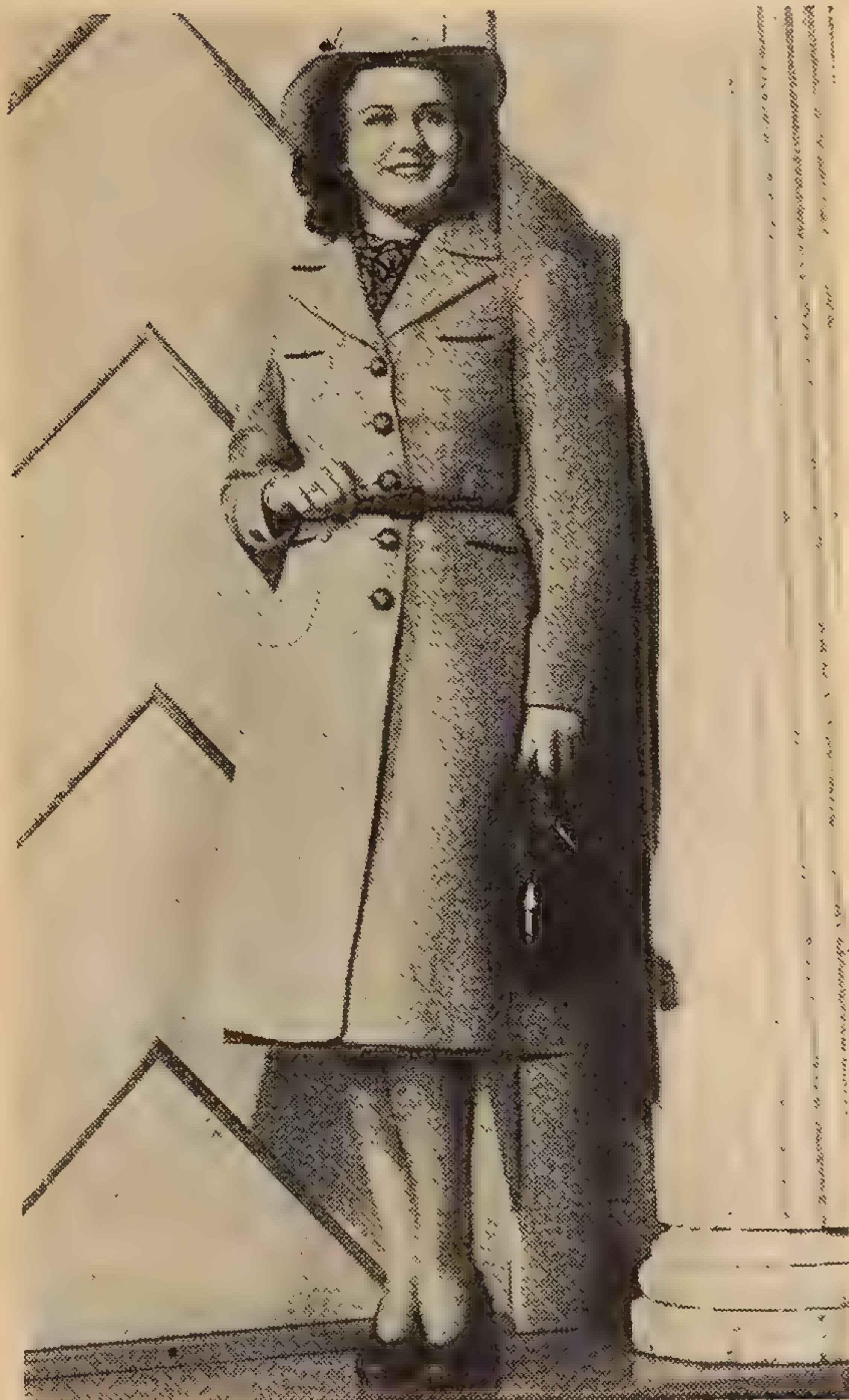


Deanna, America's favorite girl friend, has no special boy friend, on or off the screen—but she is growing up, and our contest is based on that fact. Deanna, above, in a scene with Robert Cummings from her new film, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." At right, she is wearing a Deanna Durbin dress.





Prizes to try for: right, Deanna with the Deanna Durbin doll offered among contest prizes. Above, raincoats are included. Left, bottle of Deanna Durbin perfume. Below, Deanna wears a "Deanna Durbin" coat.



PRIZES:

FIRST PRIZE:

Complete Deanna Durbin outfit: 6 dresses, 2 coats, 6 hats, 3 handbags, 2 raincoats, 6 sets of perfume, 1 Deanna Durbin doll.

SECOND PRIZE:

Deanna Durbin outfit of 6 dresses, 1 coat, 3 hats, 1 raincoat, 3 handbags, 3 sets of perfume, 1 doll.

THIRD PRIZE:

Deanna Durbin Dress Wardrobe of one dozen dresses, 3 raincoats, 3 handbags, 3 sets of perfume, 3 hats, 1 doll.

FOURTH PRIZE:

Deanna Durbin Hat Wardrobe of one dozen hats, with 3 handbags.

FIFTH PRIZE:

Deanna Durbin doll—large size.

3—SIXTH PRIZES:

Deanna Durbin dolls.

4—SEVENTH PRIZES:

Deanna Durbin raincoats.

RULES OF DEANNA DURBIN CONTEST:

1. Fill out coupon below.
2. Answer the question, "Do you want to see Deanna Durbin fall in love on the screen, play romantic rôles from now on, or do you prefer little or no love interest for Deanna in her future pictures?" Write a letter of not more than 300 words giving reason for your answer.
3. This contest closes at midnight, April 4th, 1939.
4. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
5. Enclose coupon with your answer and mail to Deanna Durbin Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

SCREENLAND acknowledges with thanks courtesies extended by the following Deanna Durbin licensees for their contribution toward our contest:

Rosenau Bros., Inc.—Deanna Durbin dress
 Arnstein-Oppenheimer, Inc.—Deanna Durbin coats
 Herz and Kory—Deanna Durbin bags
 L. Lewis and Sons—Deanna Durbin hats
 Moisture-Proof Fabrics, Inc.—Deanna Durbin raincoats
 Ideal Novelty and Toy Co.—Deanna Durbin dolls
 House of Hollywood—Deanna Durbin perfume

I am entering SCREENLAND Deanna Durbin Contest, with my letter enclosed.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Hollywood Whirl



Charley McCarthy gives a party—assisted by Edgar Bergen, Dotty Lamour, Ty Power, and practically every other star except Bill Fields. Better not miss it, folks!

All photographs
by Len Weissman

Charlie McCarthy speaking: "Well, Mr. Bergen, you've waited a long time for your revenge, and now you have it! Making me up in black-face for my own costume party. For shame!"



"Just when I might have made the hit of my life with my darling Dotty—at left in gorgeous Gay Nineties costume above—and my Southern sweetie, Miriam Hopkins!"



**BEVERLY HILL
MUSIC HALL**

"Another one of your dirty tricks, Bergen—posing above with lovely Dotty and holding out on my allowance so I can't buy a ticket from Martha Raye!"



"Singing for me, and did Bergen burn with jealousy when Dotty Lamour, Ken Dolan, Shirley Ross and Betty Grable lifted their voices in a sweet serenade for yours truly."



"Warmer than Bergen's heart are the two above—wouldn't recognize Tyrone Power in that get-up, would you? But I'd know Betty Grable, allrightallrightallright! At right above: Ty with his real girl friend, Annabella."



"That Bergen! What a lens-hound! No room for me in this picture above, with Bergen crowding out Ty Power, Julie Carter, and Andy Devine."



"Ah, at last a picture without Edgar in it! Above, Martha Raye swings out with Allan Mowbray at my party. She put on this dance just for me."



"Begins to look as if I never will get into the picture. Bergen just put me back in the trunk for fear I'd make a hit with Norma Shearer—surrounded above by Miriam Hopkins' husband Mr. Litvak, Chico Marx, and dear Martha."



"By the time the Marx Brothers took over the piano I was too tired to care."

By
Gladys
Hall

Wayne Morris

SCREENLAND Scoops
again! First interview
with Hollywood's
happiest bridegroom



At first, Wayne Morris flatly refused to talk about his marriage to "Bubbles" Schinasi. He finally gave in—so SCREENLAND readers may now read the exclusive account of the film colony's most refreshing young romance. Above, the new Mrs. Morris with her happy husband and her pretty mother-in-law. Right, bride meets brother-in-law; right below: bride meets boss—Hal Wallis, Wayne's discoverer and producer of his pictures.



SAID, "He'll never get married tomorrow—there won't be enough left of him to throw to the cat."

"Oh, he'll get married tomorrow, all right," grinned Pat O'Brien—(we were standing together, Pat and I, on the set of "The Kid From Kokomo" watching Wayne in the big fight scene)—"even if there is only enough of him left to throw to the cat, that will be more than the whole of many kids."

It was the late afternoon of the day preceding Wayne's marriage to Leonore (Bubbles) Schinasi. At least, the marriage was then scheduled to take place the next afternoon. And so it would have, except that Wayne had forgotten to "file intentions." And so they had to wait until the day following. I was visiting on the set of "The Kid From Kokomo," as I have said. I had expected to find a pale, romantic bridegroom-so-soon-to-be. Dreaming he would be, I thought, remote from all realities save that of Love. Instead of which my hair stood on end at sight of him, clad in fighting trunks, in the midst of the plug-ugliest, cut-your-heart-out mob of fisticuffers, ruffians and upper-cutters as ever was. In the exact centre of this profile-punishing gang I saw the bridegroom-so-soon-to-be. Already one cheek was pummelled to raw meat, one eye appeared to be all but closed.



Really Talks about his Romantic Marriage

And bloody but unbowed, having a perfectly savage time of it was young Wayne, giving as good as he got. And better.

"If Bubbles Schinasi doesn't whisper her love-honor-and-obey into a cauliflower ear tomorrow," I sighed, "it will be one of the major miracles."

"He isn't having a bachelor dinner," said Pat reassuringly, "so he breaks about even."

Followed ten minutes of furniture-smashing, bridegroom-bashing, splintering furniture, the harsh, bruised gutturals of men fighting like animals. I was feeling sorry for the lost Leonore who would, I felt morally certain, wed a totally unrecognizable bridegroom.

It may be remarked here, now that the twain are safely one, that Wayne's face was not unrecognizable or even blemished when, in a private dining room at Victor Hugo's, here in Beverly Hills, the ceremony took place one day and a half later. Youth heals easily. Liniment and the light fingers of Leonore made the wounds to vanish. The heart of Youth heals easily, too, I thought—for not a year earlier I had watched young Wayne playing another scene, a love scene with Priscilla Lane. A love scene which, or so they thought, was fact as well as film-fiction. Propinquity, publicity, the heady excitement of their twin stars rising had brought these youngsters together. For a brief enchanted while they had lived in a mirage together. And then the mirage faded—and no harm done. Perhaps that make-believing love which masqueraded for a little time as real, served to show them both of what metal the love which means marriage is made. Neither was broken-hearted. Both have given their whole hearts into other hands.

The fight scene over, Wayne leapt from the scuffle,



nimbly mounted a ladder and, prowling the cat-walk, precariously high overhead, surveyed with keen interest what remained of the scenery—and the other players. He will fall off the cat-walk, I thought, lovers are blind—the headlines will read: WAYNE MORRIS, ON EVE OF MARRIAGE, MEETS DEATH IN FALL FROM CAT-WALK! Then Wayne came down. Safely. Children, fools, and lovers, it should read, are divinely protected. Wayne managed to light, for how long I did not know, on the chair beside me. His assumption of nonchalance covered his heart more flimsily than the red satin robe he was wearing over his fighting togs covered his 190 pounds, six foot two of muscular, bronzed body.

I said, "I thought you might fall from up there—lovers are blind, you know."

"But we're not!" he told me, "lovers see with perfect vision when what they see is—is real—"

There was excitement smouldering in his blue eyes. As if instinctively, he smoked so that the smoke veiled his eyes. I perceived that the furious energy which had hurled him through that fight, sent him high overhead to pace the narrow, dangerous cat-walk was an inner excitement, not induced by the director or the script. His heart was eagle-winged, so were his feet; his strength was as of twenty men; he had not been pummeling the brute mob on the set, he had been pummeling laggard Time, pushing it ahead, mauling it, knocking it out.

"So you are in love?" I asked, which was as about a superfluous a question as any fool could ask any lover, "and tomorrow you are to be married?"

"Yep," he said.

(Please turn to page 90)



SHE'S SCARLETT

AND

And now at last you can read the real reason for the delays in selecting the characters in the cast of the century!

By Elizabeth Wilson

I CAN'T help lying awake nights and worrying over what is going to happen to Hollywood dinner conversation—now that "Gone With the Wind" is cast. What in God's nightgown, as *Scarlett* used to say, are people going to talk about now? I can't recall facing a bowl of soup that someone didn't crack out with, "Who is going to play *Scarlett*?" With the roast lamb and mint sauce came Katharine Hepburn; Bette Davis arrived with the string beans and carrots, and Margaret Sullivan accompanied the mashed potatoes. "I won't go near it if Jean Arthur plays *Scarlett*!" . . . "Paulette Goddard! My dear, the South would sue." . . . "If Miriam Hopkins gets it I'll leave town" . . . etc., etc., etc.

Such a clatter of indignant shrieks and yells while the poor movie star hostess looks on in pained surprise. "I," she mutters to herself, "am the only actress in Hollywood who can play *Scarlett*. Can't a one of these dopes realize that?" I'm telling you that by the time the coffee arrived no one would be speaking to anyone else. No wonder I have indigestion.

Well, what with the dollar where it is now, and I'm

sure I don't even *know* where it is, I don't get about the country much; but my friends who travel tell me that dinner conversations, followed by fisticuffs and free-for-alls, have been the same in Georgia, Kansas, Nebraska and New England ever since that dreadful summer of 1936 when David Selznick dropped a bombshell. Never have people had so much to say on any subject as they have on who is to play *Scarlett*. And poor Mr. Selznick contends that never have people had so much to *write* on any subject as they have on who is to play *Scarlett*. So now that *Scarlett* is cast, and the fun is over, and my digestion is getting better daily, thank you, I think it might be interesting to hold a post mortem and clear up a few of those casting mysteries.

In the summer of 1936 David Selznick, of Selznick International Pictures, through a New York agent, Annie Laurie Williams, bought the movie rights to a book written by Margaret Mitchell of Atlanta, Georgia, and

Clearing Up That Casting Mystery of "Gone With the Wind"



People's choice—Clark Gable, left, is playing the rôle of RHETT BUTLER. Vivien Leigh gets the SCARLETT part—she is shown below reading the final script of "Gone with the Wind," with Leslie Howard, cast as ASHLEY WILKES, and Olivia de Havilland, who is enacting MELANIE.

it seemed that three fourths of the population of the United States had found ample time to read 1037 pages—not only to read them, but to get hysterical over them. And having read in the newspapers that Mr. Selznick would make a movie of their favorite book they immediately began deluging him with letters regarding the casting. Never before had any producer received so many letters. And believe me, when "we the people" speak a Hollywood producer has to listen. Contrary to a lot of rumors he really *is* making pictures for the people, and not for his friends. Mr. Selznick reads his mail—and he worried.

From the very beginning, most of the letters demanded Clark Gable for *Rhett Butler*. A few held out for Ronald Colman, Cary Grant and Errol Flynn, but it was Gable for *Rhett* a thousand to one. Also, the public was quite

in accord over its choice for *Ashley Wilkes*. No one would make such a good *Ashley*, they wrote, as Leslie Howard. At first there was great discord over *Melanie*, their choice running from Helen Hayes to Anita Louise, but I am told that during the last six months the great majority of the letters have demanded Olivia de Havilland. Well, and good. After all, Mr. Selznick couldn't please everyone, but he did want to please the majority. But when it came to the casting of *Scarlett O'Hara* that was a bird of another feather. There was no agreement. There were threats, there were pleas, there were demands, but no agreement. People got excited. They wanted to throw things. One month it was Bette Davis who got most of the letters, (*Please turn to page 82*)

called "Gone With the Wind." The most noteworthy thing about the book at the time of the sale was that the book was another "Anthony Adverse," ran to 1037 pages, and that probably no one except a few leisurely Southerners would ever wade through it. Mr. Selznick picked it up for a mere \$50,000 which was indeed a bargain, when you consider that Harry Cohn paid \$225,000 for "You Can't Take It With You," not to mention the \$125,000 that "Room Service" nicked RKO for. Had Selznick waited a few more months to buy it the price would probably have tripled, for suddenly



Bing Crosby's Family Life



THERE are no two people in Hollywood more informal than Bing and Dixie Crosby. Bing's informality over the radio is what differentiates him from other masters of ceremony. Even the Philosopher of the People—Bob Burns—doesn't live as informally as the Crosbys. People on the Great Outside ask more often of them than of any other stars, "How do they live? What's their home like?" So, it is with pardonable pride that SCREENLAND offers the first pictures and description of their home.

The house is Southern Colonial or Mt. Vernon style, if you prefer. That is a concession to Dixie's Southern ancestry. On either side of the front door are two white benches which, in days long gone, served as pews in a New England church. And the iron dogs once served as foot-scrapers to some of our Pilgrim fathers in a time before paved streets, when only their feet got muddy and their souls re-



Rare treat and
realscoop! The
Bing Crosbys
welcome you
SCREENLAND
readers to
their home
with exclusive
pictures

By
S. R.
Mook



BING CROSBY HOME PICTURES
COURTESY OF H. W. GRIEVE,
FRED R. DAPPRICH, PHOTOGRAPHER,
EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE
DESIGNATED BY LEN
WEISSMAN.



Only real friends are ever invited to Bing Crosby's home, pictured above, to meet the swell Crosby kids—see exclusive nursery picture at left showing Gary, Dennis, and Philip at lunch—and the beautiful Dixie Lee Crosby, pictured at far left across the page with Bing and their youngest son. First exclusive home pictures for SCREENLAND include the most-used rooms in Crosby menage—see two pictures below showing the library-den, with Bing's desk, trophy cupboard, pipe-racks, and telephone most frequently used by Crosby. It's a real home, as well as one of the most attractive in Hollywood. Now turn page for more pictures.



Len Weissman
photos

maintained as spotless as the driven snow.

The entrance hall is spacious but severely simple. Entering, a guest is flanked on one side by a bench and on the other by a door to the coat closet—which is usually so filled with Bing's paraphernalia there is little room for aught else. Through a pillared archway one gazes at a beautiful Georgian staircase curving gracefully to the upper floor. The wallpaper is a Chinese Chippendale in soft gray. To the right is a mahogany Chippendale table and mirror with a bowl of flowers in the center and a Southern hurricane shade around a brass candlestick at either end. Opposite is an old Grandfather's clock.

Off the entrance hall, one door leads to the playroom, another arch leads to a long passage-way off which open the den, the downstairs guest room and, at the far end, the huge living room. This passage is lined with fine prints of famous race horses: Twenty Grand, Blue Larkspur, Billy Barton and Jolly Roger.



Photos above by Len Weissman. Below, courtesy H. W. Grieve, by Fred R. Dapprich.

The Crosbys live simply in elegant surroundings—an achievement in Hollywood! Above, view of pool, dressing-rooms, and rear of house. Upper right, the lovely Georgian staircase. Right, impressive entrance hall. Lower right, the downstairs guestroom, called "The Morning-Glory Room" because of antique chandelier of morning-glory design. Note unusual miniature Victorian wardrobe and dressing-table. Read our story for detailed description of all the furnishings.



The living room is enormous—about 34 x 23. (See photograph on Page 31.) The exquisite crystal chandelier is reputedly one of the finest in the country, costing a mere \$1800. The mantelpiece is pure Georgian with an Adam over-mantel mirror. If you look closely you will see an eight-piece china orchestra. The musicians are all monkeys. This was made in the middle of the eighteenth century at Meissen, near Dresden. Originally this band was comprised of thirty-five pieces, all mounted on a single gilt stand. It was too large and cumbersome to be displayed to advantage so the pieces were separated and Bing fell heir to eight of them—at a price. This monkey band may not be our idea of fun but it was excruciatingly funny once. The band is flanked by two Rockingham urns.

One of the show pieces of the room is the music stand which is pure Georgian. Another is the Duncan-Phyfe sofa table. And still another, which doesn't show in the picture, is a Regency card table with a folding top. This is inlaid with brass. On it stands a silver bowl which, in days gone by, held fruit on a dining room table in the house of some English nobleman. Now it holds flowers in the house of Crosby.

In the center left-hand corner of the picture you will see the top of a chest. Wonder of wonders, this unfolds into an exquisite bar—the sort our forebears had before built-in bars became more or less of a necessity in upper-class homes. To-



Photos above courtesy H. W. Grieve.
by Fred R. Dapprich. Below, by Len Weissman.



More views of the Crosby home, shown for the first time for SCREENLAND readers. Left above, Georgian fireplace in living room with Adam over-mantel mirror. The figures are the famous monkey band and the urns are Rockingham. Above, the large living room, its crystal chandelier one of the finest in the country, the music stand at far end of room pure Georgian. Left, the master bedroom with its wallpaper of magnolia design, its authentic 18th century English furniture. At lower left, Bing's play-room bar. Just inside the door are pictures of Bing's horses. Every time a Crosby horse wins a race he gets another picture on the wall.

day, it is referred to as a "mixing table."

The chairs on either side of the fireplace are Philadelphia Chippendale. They are very little later than the English Chippendale but they are slightly larger and heavier—an adaptation made necessary by the demands of a new country where heavier service was required. The upholstery materials include some modern weaves that are as effective, but more durable, than antique brocades. The drapes are a flowered brown satin. Although formal, the room is livable and was designed for a young couple rather than a staid middle-aged banker or lawyer.

The downstairs guest room is, to my mind, the prettiest room in the house. This is referred to as "The Morning Glory Room." The furnishings were built around the antique chandelier which features morning glories. The drapes and upholstery for the chairs are fuchsia-colored with a morning glory pattern in them, and the bedspreads also display morning glories prominently.

The furnishings in this room are particularly exquisite. There is a miniature Victorian wardrobe, a miniature Victorian dressing table with a pair of Dresden lamps on it and a beautiful mirror over it. I might add that the mirrors throughout are a distinguishing feature of the house. The bed, too, is novel. There is a huge quilted (Please turn to page 92)



FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF

Rise

DRAWING BY
LEONARD FRANK

By
**Adele
Whitely
Fletcher**

Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode, at left above, is the famous lady of diplomacy around whose philosophy our story is built. Noted film stars on opposite page are inspiring examples of courage and consistency: Bette Davis, Glenda Farrell, Pat O'Brien, Fredric March. Read how they overcame obstacles that loom in personal and professional life.

GIVE thanks for your troubles for they can be the making of you!

In proof of this I offer heretofore untold tales of five famous stars—and another story of a lady famous in politics and diplomacy. Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode is the famous lady and it was her story, told to me by Helen Ferguson who is one of her dear friends, that was the inspiration for this symposium.

When Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode was a Congressman

she was not only struggling with the problems of 600,000 constituents but with the problem of educating her children as well. There were economies to be made and it was her wardrobe, not the children's that suffered. One evening when she dressed for a banquet at which she was to sit on the dais at the speakers' table, Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode said to Helen Ferguson: "I do wish I didn't have to wear this old frock tonight. But I must. So there's only one thing to do—rise above it!" And

THESE STARS—WHATEVER BESETS YOU

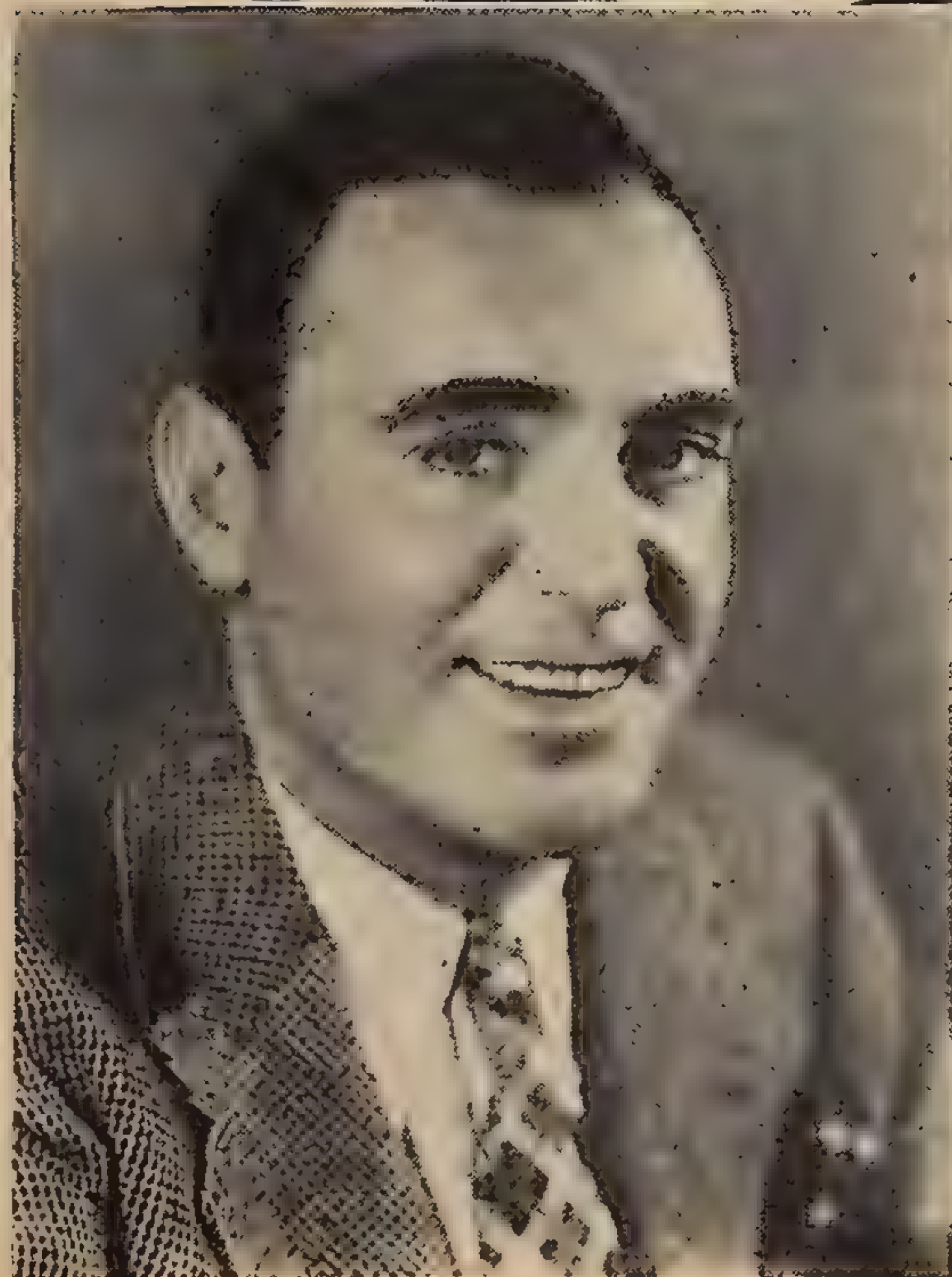
Above It!

improvising a blue girdle to change the appearance of her gown somewhat, she went to that grand banquet and she was so charming and she made such a fine, intelligent speech that a brilliant appointment soon followed.

It's easy to call quits. And those who do go down with their courage!

Not so many years ago Fred March was afraid he was through, all washed up. He was in love with Florence Eldridge, a brilliant Broadway star. And he had no big-time reputation himself at this time. Never, for instance,

had he faced a New York audience. When Florence's new play went into rehearsal the management signed Fred for a part. They had nothing to lose by doing this for in his contract there was a seven-day rehearsal clause. This meant that if, after a week of rehearsing, they



decided Fred couldn't play the part he was out.

Fred told me about this as we sat on the steps of an old southern mansion, lush moss dripping overhead. Both the mansion and the moss were products of the artisans in the Paramount studios. "I was too anxious to make good, that was

the size of it," Fred said. "I needed a Broadway success to get my salary to the place where I could afford to marry. And, of course, I was desperate to appear at an advantage before Florence. I went around so scared I was tied up in knots. I knew my lines but I wasn't able to relax long enough to get inside the character I was playing and make him live. And when I saw myself failing I became more and more wooden."

At the end of the week Fred got his notice. Florence had little to say. Fred was convinced she was ashamed of him. It didn't occur to him that she was as frightened as he was, but for a different reason—because he might resent her for succeeding when he had failed. In a spot like this Fred could do one of two things. He could sink, in which event he would have had to do a lot of climb- (Please turn to page 88)

WHEN John Garfield first arrived on the Hollywood front everyone who came in contact with him sensed that this would be a battle to the finish. Would Hollywood "get" John as it has got everyone else who ever came out here, or would John be the exception and conquer Hollywood by refusing to let it change him?

Every writer who came in contact with him, impressed with his fresh enthusiasm, his earnest desire to act—to turn in performances that really mattered—shook a doleful head as he listened to John's plans—and hopes—and dreams. "Wait," they warned him, "you'll see."

"No," John persisted stubbornly. "I have a clause in my contract that any time I don't like Hollywood I can give the studio sixty days' notice and go back to the stage. I took less money than I could have got just so I

could have that clause in my contract with the studio."

"Did anyone ever think to tell you," writers asked him, "that there isn't any Santa Claus?"

"Yeah," John grinned. "But a promise is a promise. The studio has promised me good parts. And if they don't give them to me I'm going back to New York."

Writers remembered Dick Powell's contract—that stipulated he should have his twelve weeks' layoff in a lump so he could go out and make personal appearances or do a stage play. He went out the first year and immediately on his return the studio tore up his old contract and gave him a new one—at a much larger salary—for fifty-two weeks of the year so they would have complete control of him at all times.

Edward G. Robinson and Paul Muni both specified in their contracts they were to (*Please turn to page 86*)

HAS HOLLYWOOD

Changed Him?

"No!" says John Garfield, screen's most sensational new actor. Is he right?

By Dick Mook

Garfield is a fighter! He swears he'll stick to art. Below, in character rôle in big new film "Juarez"



*Screenland
Salutes*

ORMA SHEARER

For her thrilling performance in season's most courageous and stimulating cinema, "Idiot's Delight."



YAH! JANE WITHER





→ LOVE 2
CHARLIE MCCARTHY!

Screenland Salutes

New CHAMP

Battling up the glory road, John Payne started what promises to be a winning string of performances in "Wings of the Navy."





New
THREAT

Patricia Morison makes a triumphant transition from stage to screen with a flashing display of versatility in "Persons in Hiding."



New Love Team

Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll in "Café Society"





*Screenland
Salutes*

JEAN PARKER, *New* MODEL

We've been seeing this little girl around on the screen for a long time, but somehow she never burned up the celluloid. Now, in Hal Roach's new romantic comedy, "It's Spring Again," Jean is said to sizzle as a sultry beauty. We're watching!

*Screenland
Salutes*

GEORGE RAFT, *Rebel*

Right after turning in one of his better performances in Paramount's "The Gambler and the Lady," with Ellen Drew, rebellious Raft turned down his next proffered rôle, walked off the lot—again. There's only one Raft; we wish he'd behave.





Photo by Ed Dr

Character study of the phenomenally popular blond baritone and recent benedict, in his rugged new rôle in "Let Freedom Ring."



Richard Greene

Close-up of the rapidly rising young actor from England, in costume for his latest part in "The Hound of the Baskervilles."



Garrett MacDonald

Eleanor Powell





Prize: \$5.00. Harry R. Pierce, Seattle, Wash.



First Prize: Morgan Dennis portrait of Errol Flynn and "Arno." Alice Marie Roberts, Los Angeles, Calif.



Prize: \$5.00. James Nolan, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WIN PRIZES!

Here are 10 more Pet Picture winners.
New Contest this month. Enter now!
Your Pet Picture may win a prize



Prize: \$5.00. Robert Wood, Portland, Me.



Prize: \$5.00. Mrs. Edna Gladstone, Andes, N. Y.



Prize: \$5.00. Stephen Abeles, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Prize: \$5.00. M. A. Eisenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y. (above.)

Prize: \$5.00. Robert M. Morton, Xenia, Ohio (right).



Prize: \$5.00. J. E. Alder, San Anselmo, Calif. (above)

Prize: \$5.00. Miss Alice Fessenden (left) Manchester, N. H.

THE 10 Pet Pictures published on this page win prizes in our Contest for February. Now we announce the third of this series of popular Pet Picture Contests. First Prize for this month's Contest is an original portrait by famous artist Morgan Dennis of Joan Crawford and "Pupchen," reproduced on Page 50. Also, we pay \$5.00 cash for every Pet Picture we publish. Give your pet its chance to get its picture in SCREENLAND. Give yourself the opportunity to win a valuable prize. Enter now! Winners of this month's Contest will appear in June SCREENLAND, on sale May 3rd.

I am entering SCREENLAND Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

CONTEST CONDITIONS:

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage
3. Contest closes midnight, April 4th, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

THE
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
STILL
of the
MONTH

Richard Greene and Nigel Bruce in an eerie setting for one of the most stirring of all "Sherlock Holmes" tales, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," coming to the screen in a new elaborate 20th Century-Fox film.



YOUR BODY NEEDS "FUEL" TOO...

ENERGY TESTS with BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, a person weighing 120 lbs., can drive a car continuously for 6 hours and 40 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

Simple as it seems, driving is fatiguing. Many people, in fact, have been known to "fall asleep at the wheel"—which is dangerous. If you get tired, while motoring, stop for a Baby Ruth, the big delicious candy bar rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth is fine candy. You will enjoy it—and its food energy will help you fight fatigue. Baby Ruth is sold everywhere.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
OTTO SCHNERING, President

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember
BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES
DIRECTLY FOR
ENERGY!



JOAN CRAWFORD AND "PUPCHEN"

BY MORGAN DENNIS

"Don't Feel Too Sorry For Me!"

—Bob Young

"Poor Bob, he never gets the girl!" But that's in pictures. In real life he gets something more important—happiness out of Hollywood. Read about it here



By
Ida Zeitlin

BOB YOUNG is the fellow who never gets the girl—well, hardly ever. He loses her to a romantic like Bob Taylor, or to that more seasoned charmer, Melvyn Douglas. He masks his wounded heart behind a flipcrack and fades from the picture, leaving his likeable image to haunt the ladies, who sigh as they leave the theatre and murmur, "Poor Bob!" Don't do it, ladies! Don't feel too sorry for him. It's sympathy wasted.

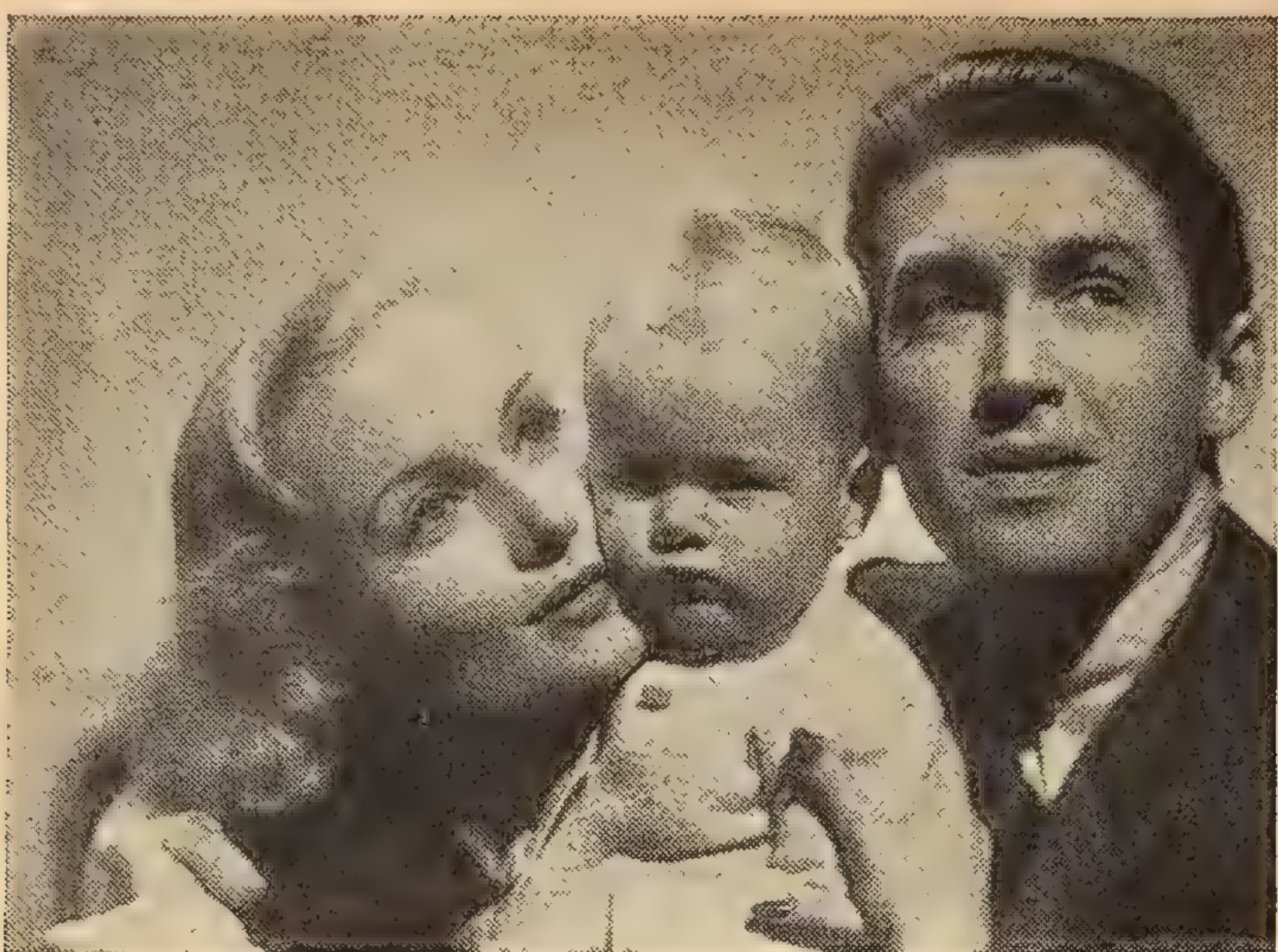
Despite the glitter, despite the money, despite the all-too-fleeting fame, there is much to be said for the theory that the movie star's lot, generally speaking, is not a happy one. There's the nerve-racking climb to the top and the sense of swaying insecurity, once you get there. There's the danger of being plunged into strange ways of living, through wealth too suddenly acquired. There are the extra matrimonial hazards, too apparent to go into. The record of Hollywood's broken marriages speaks for itself.

By a combination of luck and character, Bob has steered clear of these shoals. He's happily married to the love of his schooldays. He lives normally, pleasantly and without ostentation. He has never crashed through to stardom in a blaze of glory, but over a period of years that has seen more spectacular luminaries rise, totter, and fall headlong, he has pushed quietly on, improving his technique, entrenching (Please turn to page 96)



Here's a happy actor who is not ashamed to admit it. Bob Young is a success at living as well as at acting. Above, with Eleanor Powell in "Honolulu." Right, with his baby daughter; and, below, with Mrs. Young at home.





MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-United Artists

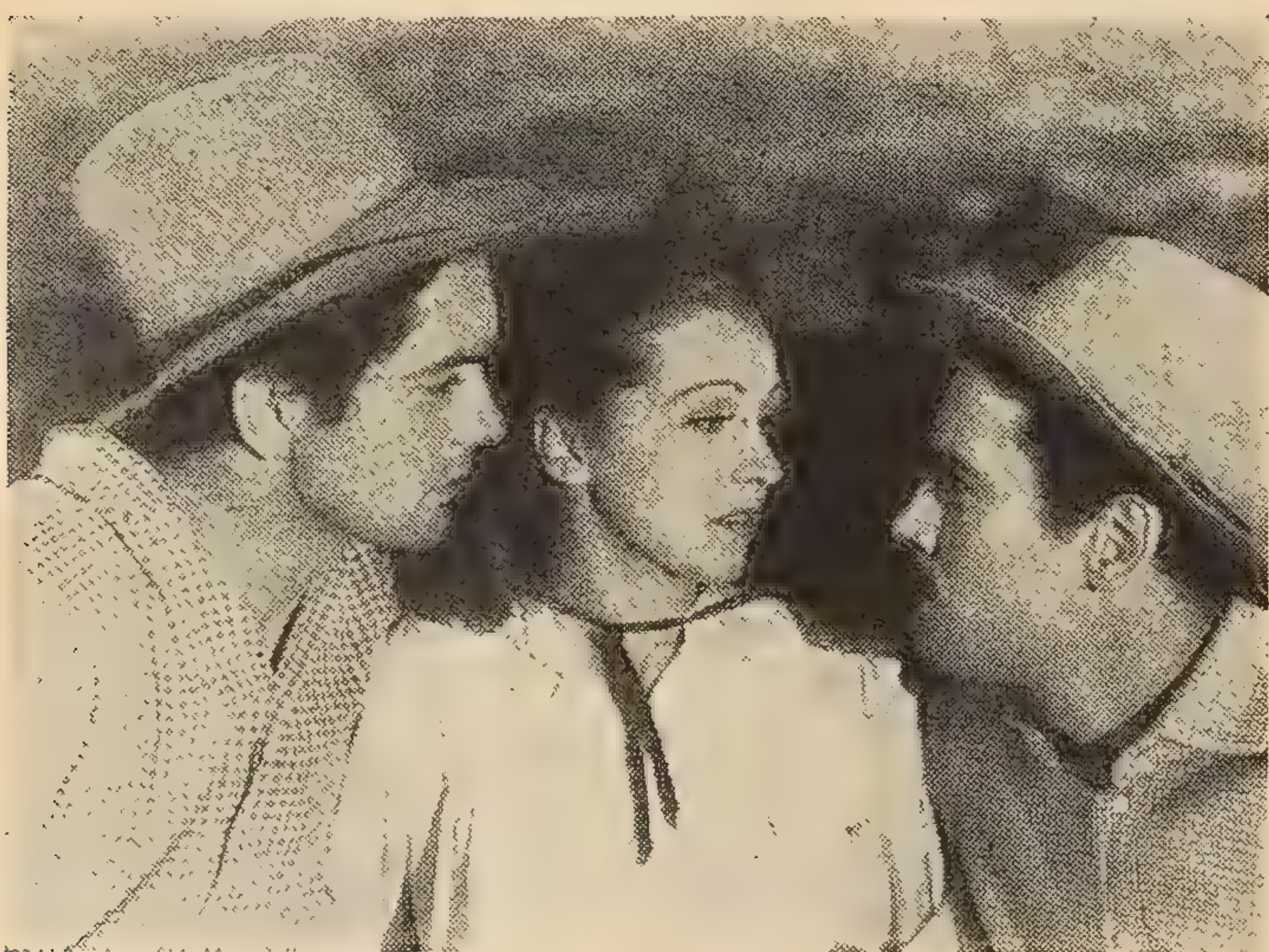
 MY FAVORITE of all the fine current film offerings—because it is so human, so deeply moving, so real—and so simple. It is a story of average people, people we all know, rather than period puppets or dreamed-up desperadoes; a straightforward record of their everyday emotions and experiences. What happens to the nice young couple in "Made for Each Other" has happened, is happening right now to other young Americans and their mothers-in-law and their children—and for my money provides far keener entertainment than more fanciful films. Boy meets girl, falls in love and marries her; boy and girl have baby, financial difficulties, mother-in-law trouble, break their rose-colored glasses—but after all the grief discover it's worth it, that nothing else matters except that they have each other and they'll muddle through somehow. I told you it was simple—it is also heartwarming, tender, and terribly touching; and John Cromwell's direction, Carole Lombard's and James Stewart's self-effacing performances make it a very nearly great American picture. It's peculiarly timely, it's inspiring, and it's also absorbing entertainment. Cheers especially for Carole, for Stewart, Charles Coburn, Lucille Watson, and the baby!



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



JESSE JAMES—20th Century-Fox

 POOR JESSE JAMES, nothing! He's very much alive as the screen hero of the day, and contemplating the long lines at theatre box-offices throughout the country producer Darryl Zanuck must be congratulating himself that he has at last discovered America for Tyrone Power. After sentencing his bright special star to strutting around Suez and other outlandish places, Zanuck finally gives in and presents him as a rugged native character in a dramatic fiction based on the Jesse James legend. What should have emerged as a picturesque piece of authentic Americana somehow turns into a period piece for the further glorification of Tyrone and Technicolor, but nobody seems to care, for "Jesse James" keeps moving fast, and scenically it is simply superb. One long, thrilling Chase, it packs all the wallop of your first Western, against the magnificent background of some of America's choicest outdoors. The opening scenes of the James boys fighting for their mother's home are the best in the picture—rousing, richly human, and real. Henry Fonda as *Frank James* realizes his character to perfection. Yes, "Jesse James" is a big show, a super-Western if there ever was one.



THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warner Bros.

 YOU'LL want to see this chiefly because it stars John Garfield assisted by the Dead End Kids—those kids need no encouragement from us but young Mr. Garfield did need this chance to prove that his first stirring film performance in "Four Daughters" was no flash but merely a small sample of what the boy really can do to create a living character. If Garfield isn't potentially the finest young performer to emerge on the screen since Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" and if he doesn't keep right on proving it by way of powerful playing, I will put the Dead End Kids on the cover, one at a time. This new picture would not be in the least important if it were not for Garfield's persuasive performance as a cocky young prizefighter who becomes a fugitive from justice only to find himself almost if not quite regenerated by a wholesome blonde and the good outdoor life—not to mention the uninhibited horseplay of the Dead End boys. Billy Halop of the gang, by the way, is getting to be a better actor with every performance. As a melodrama "They Made Me A Criminal" lacks the essential vitality except when Garfield is on the screen—but when he is!



CAFÉ SOCIETY—Paramount



CINEMA champagne cocktail charmingly served up by Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, and ace director E. H. Griffith, "Café Society" provides a pleasantly piquant entertainment with no more serious after-effects than a warmly gentle glow. Don't let the smarty title scare you off—there's more to it than a lush and lavish expose of high jinks in the El Morocco set. There's a society glamor girl for heroine, true; and she toys with the affections of an upright young ship's news reporter, yes; and marries him to win a bet—but don't walk out yet, even if you can write it yourself from then on. Sure, the spoiled beauty is transformed into a human being, discovers how the other half lives and likes it so well she moves in. But it's the charm and high good humor with which director Griffith and his appealing people invest "Café Society" that makes it such swell fun. Miss Carroll proves that she can be fun, too, as well as the screen's most decorative person—the story requires her to be dunked from a yacht, squirted by a seltzer bottle, and slapped by Fred MacMurray, and she emerges nobly—and even prettier, if possible. Nothing stuffy about this show.



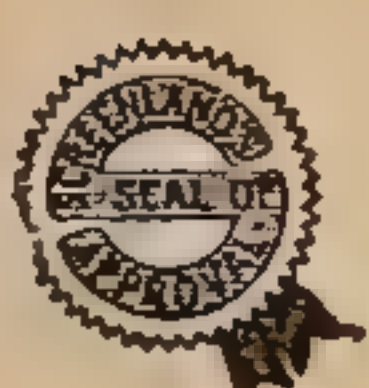
IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M



MOST DARING of all current films, not to be missed by any one of you who really cares about the better things of the cinema—including, of course, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, but meaning also such matters as courage and conviction—"Idiot's Delight" will cause more healthy comment, I believe, than any other picture, and at the same time provide more entertainment than most. You can take it as a movie with a message or you can take it as rousing entertainment—and you'll be right. Robert E. Sherwood's vigorous dramatic protest against war makes an even better motion picture than it did a play, with Sherwood's own script and the fine direction of Clarence Brown, the spirited team-work of the co-stars, and the eloquent playing of the entire cast particularly the brilliant Burgess Meredith. Shearer is a trapeze artiste when she first meets Gable, small-time hoofer on the same vaudeville bill, after the world war; they meet again in a winter resort hotel in a Europe on the verge of another war while the world rocks in chaos around them. It's a thrilling film, with Shearer a stunning surprise and Gable terrific. Advise you not to miss this.



THE MIKADO—Universal



HEARTILY and unreservedly recommended to all Gilbert and Sullivan fans, this lavish, full-length Technicolor production of the most beloved of all G-S operas is a joy to eye and ear. For the first time the addicts of this inimitable entertainment can round up the younger generation who haven't had the time or taken the trouble to become Gilbert and Sullivan fans themselves, and using the movie medium as a bait make 'em look, listen, and, I hope, like it. As an old, dyed-in-the-wool fan myself, I can only hope it will work out that way, admitting all the same that a more modern presentation might have been devised for wary youngsters reared on radio and waiting for television. The songs are wonderful and beautifully sung; the Gilbertian fable of *Nanki-Poo*, wandering son of the Mikado, pursued by elderly *Katisha*, but determined to win *Yum-Yum*, betrothed of *Ko-Ko*, *Lord High Executioner*, unfolds with all the necessary gay gusto after a dull prologue; the cast is the best available, all members of the famous D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of London with the exception of our own Kenny Baker, a vocally splendid and personally engaging *Nanki-Poo*; but the piece is still too much a photographed stage show.



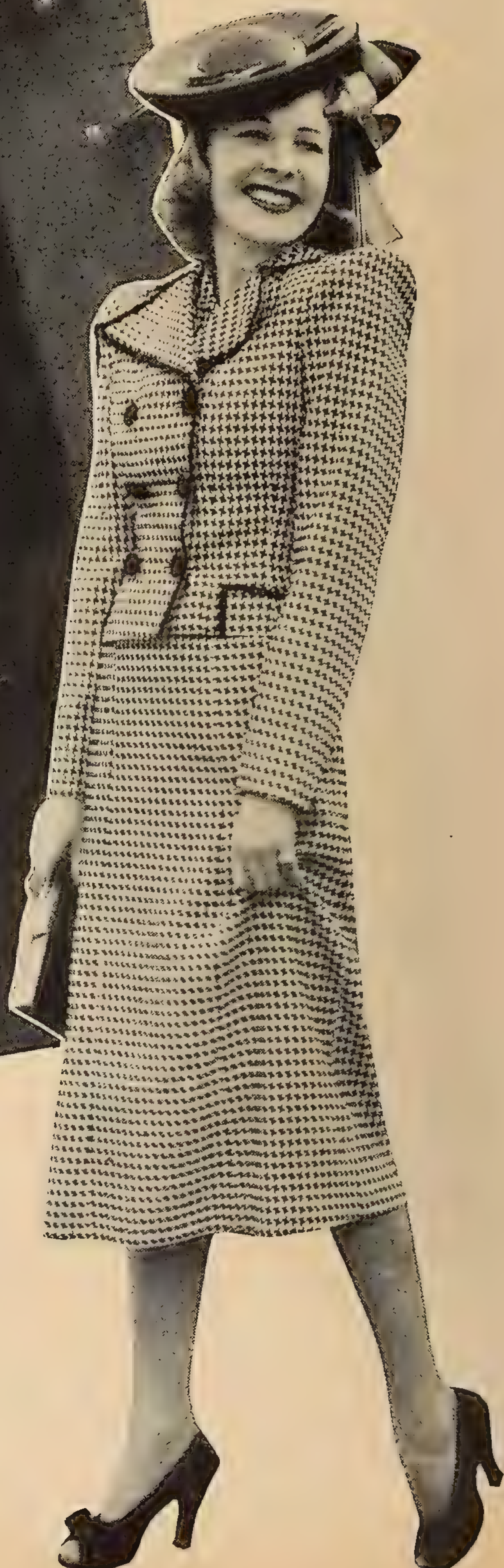
GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio



THE CINEMA TREAT of the season for every small boy at heart, "Gunga Din" is an incredible circus with accent on the "Din." It's a really super-colossal spectacle combining the more elaborate elephant acts of the biggest shows on earth with the myriad thrills of all the outlandish serial movies of all time—perversely played by a splendid cast of skill and imagination. "Gunga Din" may have been planned as a more or less sober pageant based on Kipling's poem, but that isn't the way it all comes out on the screen. Somewhere in work, whether it was director George Stevens' idea, or Susie the elephant's, "Gunga Din" turns into a terrific carnival which kids the whole gigantic adventure of three Victorian musketeers in India battling wild tribes, defending forts, making mild love, being captured by the fierce cult of cruel Thugs, and finally being saved by none other than the noble old water-carrier himself, that *better-man-than-I-am Gunga Din*. Of course you may sit there and scoff at the amazing heroics of Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the hair-breadth escapes, and the sometimes cloying roguishness of Mr. Cary Grant; but when the Highlanders swing into action you'll come close to cheering.



Wendy Barrie, left, selects for warm Spring afternoons this red and white silk print with saucy red taffeta petticoat, ruffled to make the bottom of the full skirt swish importantly. Wendy's accessories are red kid, and her hat is a scooped halo of white straw covered with red cord-netting. Below, her stunning Spring suit with 'xtreme broad shoulders, double-breasted coat trimly outlined in brown wool with fabric-covered buttons. Brown pumps, bag, and modified sombrero sailor with Roman-stripe taffeta bow complete the highly chic effect.



She is noted for true chic and charm in Hollywood, so here's Wendy Barrie in her own advance Spring Fashion Show, exclusively for SCREENLAND

Edited by

Handwritten signature: Sydney D. [illegible]

SCREENLAND

Glamor School



Close-up, above, on chapeau and accessory chic—Wendy Barrie selects a gold circular compact, her own signature spectacularly engraved on the top, to accompany that Spring suit of brown and white sheer wool which you see illustrated full-length on opposite page. Exclusive Glamor School photographs of Miss Barrie made for SCREENLAND by Ernest A. Bachrach, RKO-Radio.

Wendy Barrie lets Hollywood glamor take a holiday as she emerges, left, in her trim ribbed sweater of purple wool with six shiny buttons spelling her name. Wendy tells us that Simone Simon knitted the sweater with her own little hands and presented it to La Barrie as a gift. Below, Wendy rustles in navy blue silk with perky hand-made lace trim. Her completely mad hat is summer felt with a bias veil sprinkled with polka dots; her handbag is navy blue suede, her open-toed pumps navy blue kid. At lower left, a different Wendy—this time in her favorite hostess gown of Roman-striped silk jersey combining red, purple, green, and yellow. The beaded belt carries out the same gay color combination.



Ernest A. Bachrach, RKO-Radio.





GLAMOR PRE-VIEW OF SUMMER OUTDOOR CHIC

Wendy Barrie is all set for Summer on the beach or in her garden with this gay ensemble of farmer's blue jeans trimmed in red and white candy-stripes. Red clog sandals and straw bonnet are accent on all the fun.

R_x Formula



Every mother, every daughter will want to read this frank interview with the mother of the famous Bennett sisters with its valuable advice on training talented children for future fame

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

HAVE you a young genius in your home? A little girl, maybe, or a little boy marked for potential success? And if you have, do you know how to bring out that latent talent and develop it or are you content just to sit back and let things take their course? Success is never haphazard. Many a precocious child has grown up never attaining the fame everybody was so sure would come. And many another who showed no particular spark in childhood has gone on to dazzle the world in adult years. Sometimes a child, surer of her talents and ultimate goal than most of us, has done it singlehanded—but usually you will find someone else in the picture, an understanding older member of the family whose wisdom has guided that promised success to fulfillment.

Look at the stars famous in Hollywood today and you will realize how much their home background and training have influenced their careers. With Deanna Durbin it was an older sister who helped her win success. But usually, behind the successful daughter you will invariably find the successful mother. There is Mrs. Temple and her daughter, the incomparable Shirley; Mrs. Withers and that beloved rascal Jane; Mrs. Kelly and her daughter Nancy, the latest wonder girl of the screen. And there are the glamorous Bennett girls Constance and Joan and their sister Barbara who has won success in her own way and there is their mother, Adrienne Morrison.

In Adrienne Morrison's story can be found the stories



EDITOR'S NOTE:

Never before has the mother of famous daughters revealed so honestly and fearlessly the methods she used to raise her girls to successful womanhood. At right, Adrienne Morrison, charming mother of Constance, Joan, and Barbara Bennett, who graciously granted SCREENLAND this exclusive interview. Above, Joan, her youngest daughter, now the famous film star; and at upper left, Joan's own beautiful daughters, Diana and Melinda.

D. E.

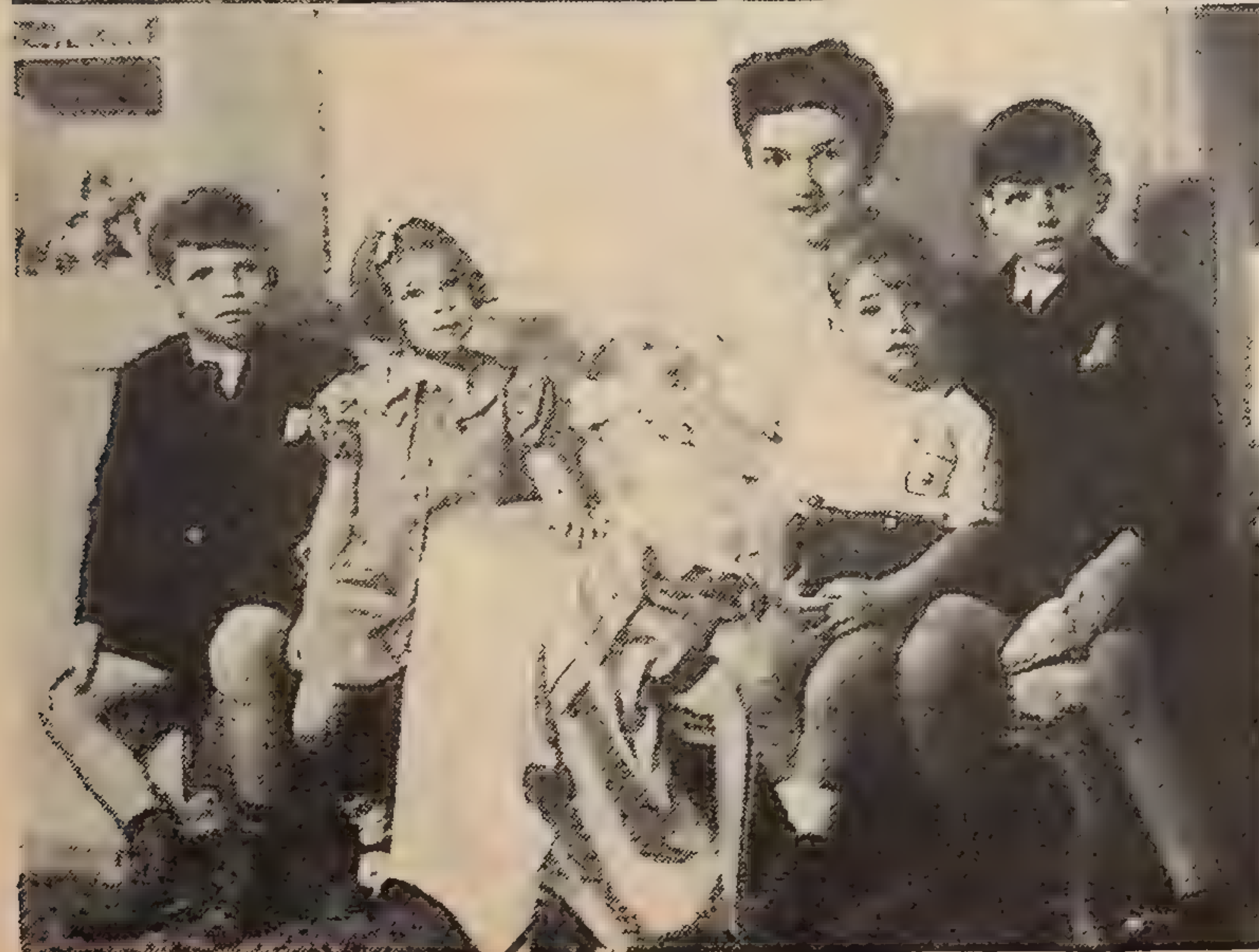
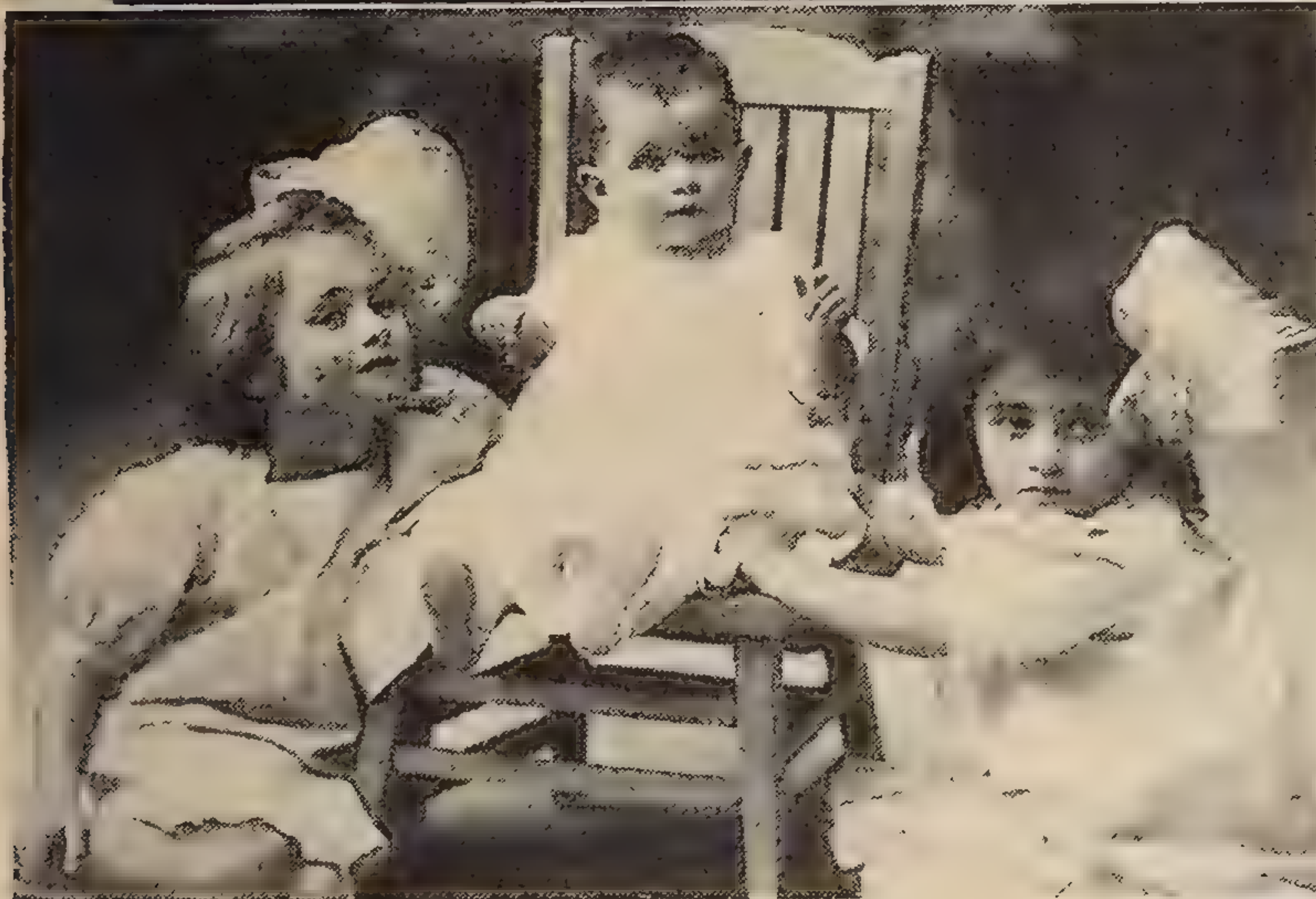


of other successful mothers. In her manner of bringing up three successful daughters can be found the formula for the future success of countless other children who are at present thinking of nothing more exciting than their dolls and their homework. The fact that Adrienne Morrison is an outstanding success in her own right, formerly as an actress and at present as one of the best known play agents in the country, has nothing to do with this story. It is of her success as a mother we are concerned. We spoke of her three girls in the charming white drawing room of her New York apartment and all around us were the pictures of her daughters and her daughters' children. She has beauty and charm and wit and it was difficult to think of her as the mother of grown daughters and the grandmother of their children.

for Success!



Constance Bennett, her mother reveals, never gave a thought to clothes or how she looked—different now, as her portrait at left proves. Above, Constance's handsome little son, Peter. Center below, Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett as children. Lower left, Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) with her five children.



"I'm getting so much fun out of those children," her brown eyes went from Constance's Peter to Joan's Diana and Melinda, and from them to the picture of Barbara and her five youngsters. "But of course there's nothing unusual about that. Grandmothers always enjoy their grandchildren relieved as they are from responsibility and that awful bugaboo of discipline. The unusual thing in my case is that I enjoyed my children just as much.

"If mothers would treat their children as they do their grandchildren they'd get much more zest out of bringing them up. They miss so much when they concern themselves with unimportant details, with eternal taboos and meaningless discipline. A mother has to have wide horizons. She must see her children as individuals apart from her, not as possessions whose lives she can dominate. She must have interests of her own so that her children may be allowed their own interests too.

"What is harder for a grown up son or daughter to contend with than a mother who has devoted herself so exclusively to them that she has nothing to sustain her when they leave her? I don't think these mothers realize how exacting they are in their helplessness. Their children spend so much time worrying about them, about their loneliness, their happiness in catering to their needs. A mother's most important gift to her children should be freedom from her own apron strings.

"I happened to have a career but if I hadn't I would certainly have interested myself in something apart from my home and children, for their ultimate good as well as my own. And now that they have gone their different ways, they do not have to spend time and thought that they can put into their own lives and careers worrying about me. They know I have a very good life of my own. They know the hours go as quickly for me as they do for them. They know I am all right. When we get together it's because we *want* to be together, not from any nagging sense of duty to each other.

"Stage family that we (*Please turn to page 94*)



By
**Dickson
Morley**

A REAL DAY

*Photomontage on opposite
page of Errol Flynn's cal-
day by LeG*

FOR the lift of a lifetime, try to spend a *real* day with Errol Flynn! You will never forget it, or him.

Is Errol honestly so exciting, in person, away from all the movie star build-up? I wanted to know, too. Of course, in meeting him on the lot at Warners I'd always found him stimulating enough to make his publicity seem practically authentic. But perhaps, I couldn't help thinking, he was just playing ball—shrewdly. Perhaps he was the champion *poseur*. After all, those tales of Errol's constant adventuring sounded almost too good to be true. I followed Flynn around, literally. Talked to him intimately, saw how he lives and what his off-screen attitude is. Here he is, unretouched!

He had finished a love scene with Olivia de Havilland (another one!) when he chanced to turn and notice me watching them. I kidded him. The old nice-work-if-you-can-swing-it gag. I said I knew he led a dog's life. Errol cocked an eyebrow, registered suspicion at the remark. "I've tomorrow off," he retorted. "Why don't you come over and lead it with me?"

Now invitations are tossed to the press indiscriminately by the best people in Hollywood, so I thought nothing of his. I was dreaming of eloping with Loretta Young when, at seven-thirty a.m. my phone rasped. (Before we'd landed in Yuma.) "Up and at 'em!" exclaimed the Flynn voice, replete with vigor as well as excellent diction.

I hurried to the address he gave me. The Flynn home is in Beverly Hills, its architecture what you might brand as typically Beverly. Which means a little of this and a little of that, expensively flung together. The white bricks and peaked roof are rather French provincial. Errol was sitting on the garden verandah, a dog at his feet, a paper in his hands, and a giant coffee pot at his elbow. He wore one of those white toweling robes, and beach sandals. "I'm a coffee fiend," he asserted. "I take coffee by the pots full." The swarthy man who let me in brought a tall glass of orange juice and a pot of coffee and a package of cigarettes for me, also.

"Max is my man Friday," Errol explained. "He's phone-answerer, reminderer, valet, errand-goer and pal. He's a great guy, an Egyptian. Looks self-effacing, but he can be plenty tough. He used to be in the Marines—was in Nicaragua when they were active there." It appears that when Errol skyrocketed to picture fame he employed a man who was so elegant Errol finally had to get him a job as an actor. His next man eventually became the Flynn stand-in. Max has no camera aspirations, fortunately. Besides, he's a particularly good story-spinner. "I like to hear interesting yarns," (Please turn to page 74)

with ERROL FLYNN





Girls!

Don't Be Too Clever

Virginia Bruce gives golden rules for girls—simple, yes—but it works, even in gilded Hollywood

By Ben Maddox



Beautiful Bruce may be an enigma to others in the frenzied world of glamor, but she's smart enough to get everything she wants. Career: see right above, as star of Columbia's "There's That Woman Again." Love, too: with her producer-husband, J. Walter Ruben.

VIRGINIA BRUCE disagrees! For *herself*, anyway. All the other women who have fame in Hollywood can go right on battling. They can furiously aim for what they demand from life. They may fervidly swear the only certain system for success is to fight for it like a man. But not Virginia! She hasn't lived and loved and lost and learned that way.

Every other girl who has become a stellar lady may have sacrificed original individuality on the showy altars of ambition, may have studied endlessly, may have deliberately acquired businesslike caniness. Virginia? No! She wouldn't bother. And now that she finally has arrived among the important she candidly admits she hasn't bothered about a lot of things supposed to be downright essential in Hollywood. But she is more than the one star who hasn't made the slightest effort to transform herself. She isn't at all according to Hollywood Hoyle from more significant angles. Here is the striking exception to the regulation movie actress pattern and living proof that all the terrific strain so many women know is absolutely unnecessary. For in the most nerve-wracking of towns she is serenity itself—



apparently in complete command of her own destiny.

Don't instantly blame her beauty. That isn't her real story. What's news about Virginia is this: with everyone else around her scrambling madly for prizes, she has never troubled to snatch or scheme to get ahead, or to get love. Still, look where she is! Today Virginia, too, rates top billing on theatre marquees. She is blissfully married. She is a beaming mother. She has just moved into exactly the kind of a house she has always wanted to build. Socially she has a most enviable entree, a circle of devoted friends. Everything's rosy for her. But not because she faithfully followed the trite rules the others talk about.

She X-rayed herself for me with startling frankness between scenes for "There's That Woman Again," at Columbia.

Traditionally stars retire to dressing-rooms between takes. Virginia said she wanted to stand up, a few feet from camera range would do, and she stood erectly instead of slouching.

"I may look like a cream puff," she told me, "but I'm not! Oh, I'm no hellion because I'd break myself up laughing if I ever tried raising any roofs in regal style. But one of the truths about me is that I am not, sad as it is to some people, a slave to my face and figure. I don't upset my home with any routine. I'm awful copy for those beauty editors who would like me to!

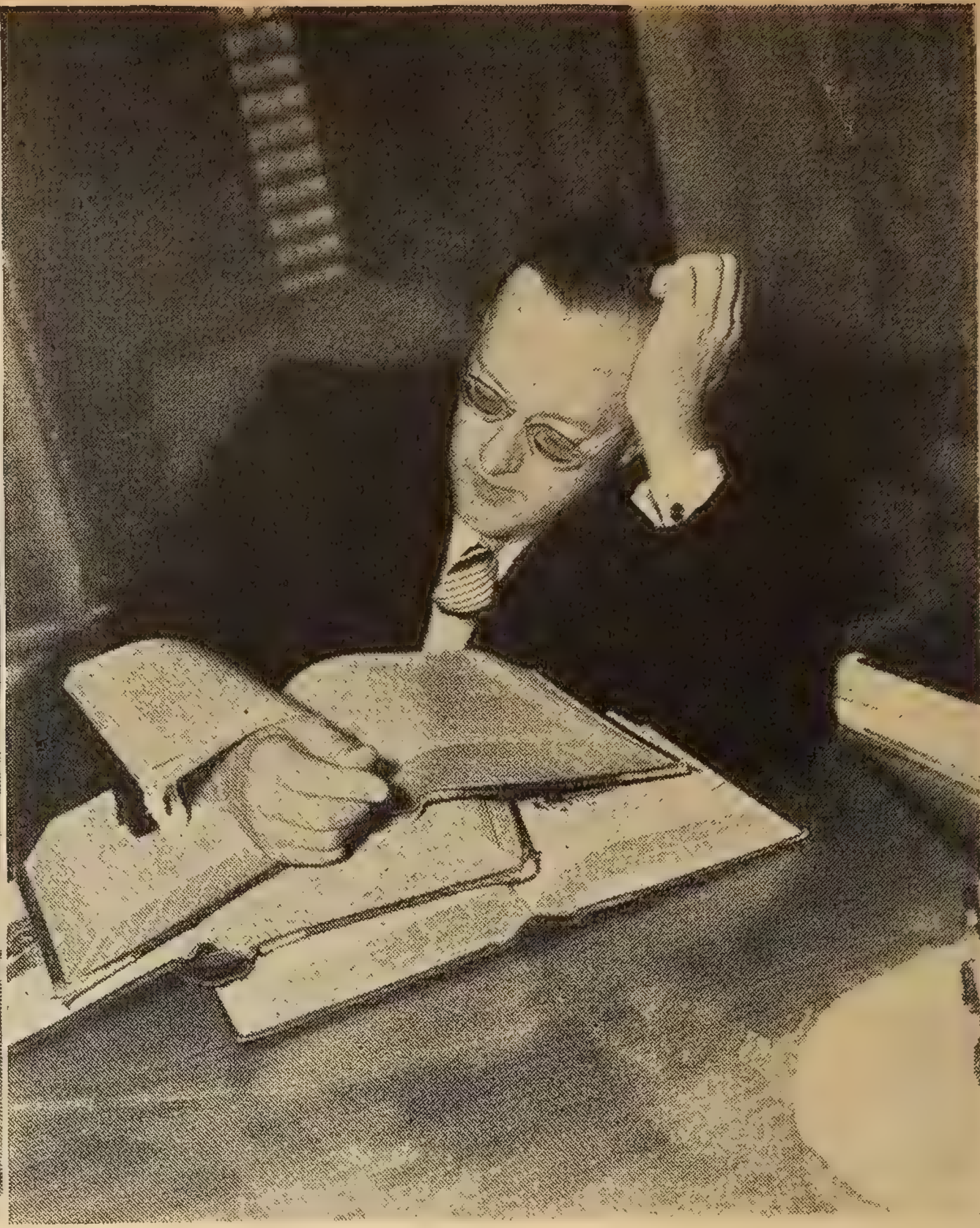
"I believe in luck, you see, because I know how lucky I am myself. I haven't perspired for my appearance, such as it is. I've had to diet once in awhile, but at least I'm not pounded into shape by masseurs. I like to sleep, so I do, a lot. When I wake up of a morning I do a few stretching bends and then I have a breakfast that is a breakfast. I eat oatmeal every morning, because I've always liked it, and I keep on at that rate. I'd be as dumbfounded as you would be at being served humming-bird wings!

"I admit I make an
(Please turn to page 80)





Don't jump at conclusions! Pete Smith's enlarged, on-the-desk feet are a camera trick, and just another gag to make you look and laugh.



You asked for it—now you get it—even if our sleuth had to corner Pete in his lair at Leo the Lion's studio to make him talk about himself.

Pete Smith, In Person, Explains

PETE SMITH sighed, and surveyed me with a distinctly weary expression. "Well, what do *you* want?" he asked. His tone indicated that several people must have been wanting some pretty fantastic things of him of late. I tried to be bright.

"Commentator comments on commentator!" I suggested. "You have a large public. They look upon your sports shorts, they view your pictures of dogs and acrobats and people cooking and raccoons and gold fish. Your voice keeps on explaining these matters, making things clear, making them amusing. But *you* remain a mystery. You comment a good deal on other people; how about commenting on yourself for a bit?"

Pete relaxed. In fact, he smiled. "I never make personal appearances, or appear in my pictures, because, like Garbo, I prefer to remain a mystery, but for somewhat different reasons. But the chief difference between Garbo and myself is about five grand a week!" He paused. "Did you say you wanted me to talk about myself? I'd really much rather talk about two other guys, but if you insist—What? You don't insist? Okay, then, I'll talk about myself. Let's see.

"I'm forty-six, married, five feet nine, have weak eyes and thin hair. My arches are good, though. Don't interrupt me. You asked for this. I'm a lover of the out-

doors, sunshine, surf, dogs, and apple strudel. I hate jingoists, show-offs, Hollywood social climbers, rainy weather, certain football coaches, and curry of lamb. Don't interrupt!"

But he seemed to have run down for the moment, and I interrupted. I got as far as, "But—"

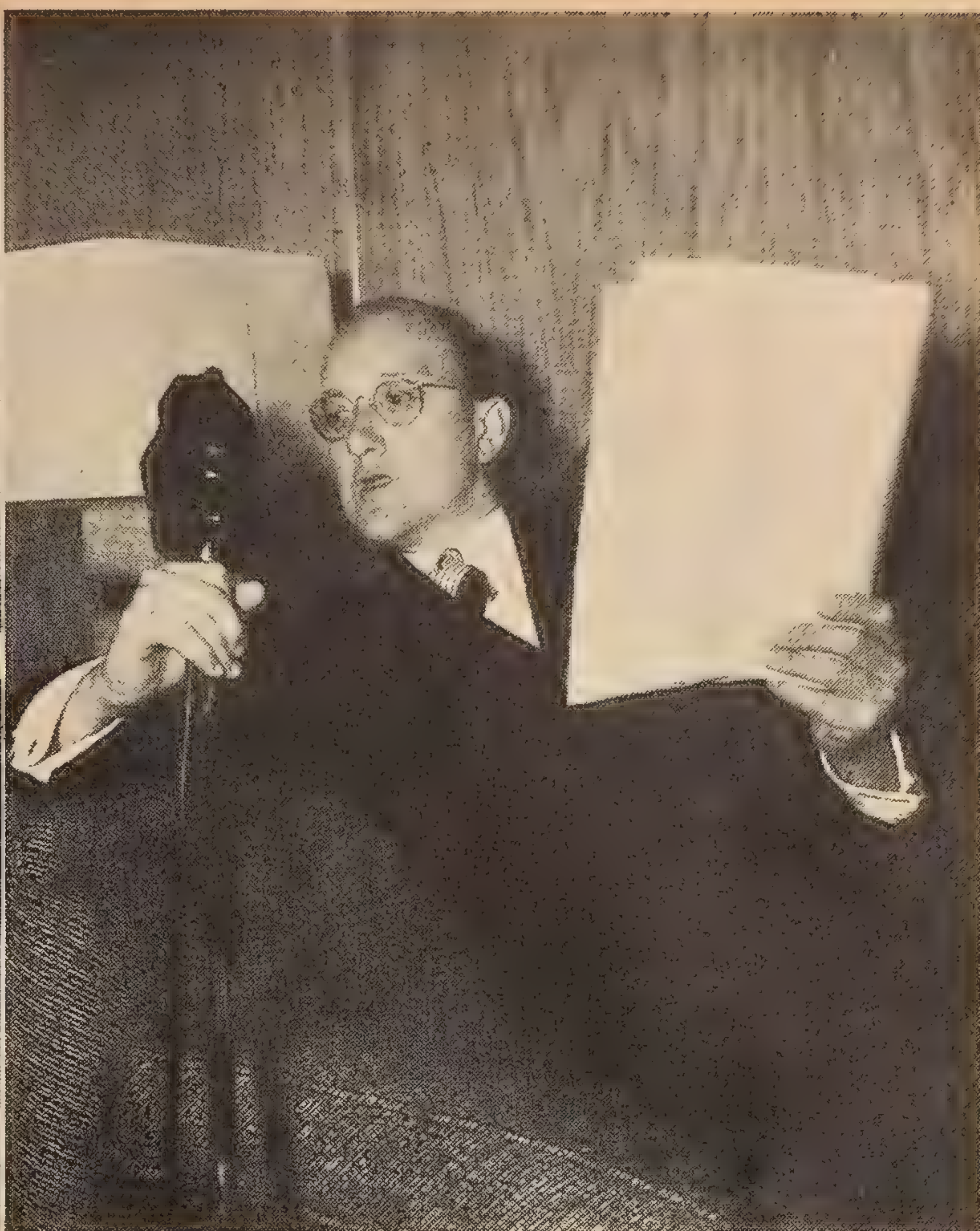
He waved a hand. "I'm a ham at heart. Fate, or something, made me a press agent. It's a queer combination. If it weren't too much work to memorize lines, I'd be an actor. *If* I could act. But after eighteen years as a press agent, whether I liked it or not, it's only natural that adjectives are still in my blood, in spite of four operations, three nervous breakdowns, and a severe case of hangnails. What were you saying?"

I said, "But—"

Pete continued. "I play bad golf consistently, good ping-pong occasionally, and nothing on the piano, flute, or violin. I love music, particularly strings. I used to be a trap drummer, which, maybe, is why I like stringed instruments. My ambition is to some day get far enough ahead of my shorts, so that I can grab some of the sweet radio sugar that has been dangled before my eyes. Not that I care for money, you understand. *Pas de tout*, which is French for something or other. It's just the desire to gratify my art. You'd better put a question



So! Keeping up appearances of great industry, energy and concentration! Here's how a Pete Smith short is born; getting ideas down on paper.



Mr. Smith relaxes—that's right? No, that's wrong! He's really going to town recording a flow of rapid-fire comment for a Pete Smith featurette.

mark in parentheses there. Did I hear you say, 'But?' " He looked severe. "You're spoiling the timing!"

I said, "But—look here, old thing, you're talking faster than I can listen. Whoa, for just a minute, won't you?"

He whoaed for maybe a couple of minutes, while I extracted, with some squirming on his part, some other facts about him. For instance, I compelled him to admit that his golf is really pretty good, and that he has a trophy room at his home to accommodate the hardware he has accumulated by his prowess. With the assistance of some strong-arm guys I called in from other departments, I elicited the information that he was one of the ace publicity men in this country for years, and that his glib wit at after-dinner speaking was one of the things which won him his chance to become a commentator on his own.

Pete practically thought up Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, out of his own head. He is definitely responsible for much of the screen success of such stars as Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Marie Dressler, and a score of others. But while he was building the spectacular careers of these others, he had some yearnings of his own. He longed to direct pictures. And he did enjoy talking to an audience.

One of the first men to experiment with short subjects, accompanied by comment, was a brilliant writer named Joe Farnham. He contracted to do a series of these for M-G-M, and the series was duly sold in advance to exhibitors. After Farnham had completed one or two, he died very suddenly, leaving the series, of course, incomplete. After an incredible amount of worry and flurry, somebody had the good sense to suggest that Pete Smith be allowed to try his hand at it. Pete could write; he

Extra! Invisible pun and fun man talks about himself

By Dick Pine

could talk; he understood something of film editing. And he was a real wit. And so, Pete became, by sheer force of merit, one of the industry's big box office "draws." His shorts are often billed above the feature at theatres all over the country.

While I was pondering these matters, Pete regained his breath, or whatever it was he had lost. "I like making shorts, because it permits me to work when and how I please. *If* at all. Also, it's an education. For instance, you learn that to get the burnt taste out of a pot of overcooked pea soup, you add a teaspoonful of peanut butter; that champion divers go straight down and hit the bottom of the pool with their hands. You also learn interesting things about radium, prize-fighting, tuna fishing, anaesthesia, X-ray, football, billiards, bowling, and bugs."

"But—" He mowed me down with a glance.

"I liked working on the world's biggest eye, the two-hundred-inch telescope. When finished, I mean the telescope, you were able to see every heel in Hollywood, even if laid end to end! And then, I'm a sucker for dog stories, and will buy them at the wag of a tail. *If* the price is right. I've made a dozen dog pictures and am still at it. I'm a softie with animals, including the African gnu. Spelled gnu. You can shoot a man, and I'm likely to yawn, but step on a dog's tail, and I'm ready to fight!"

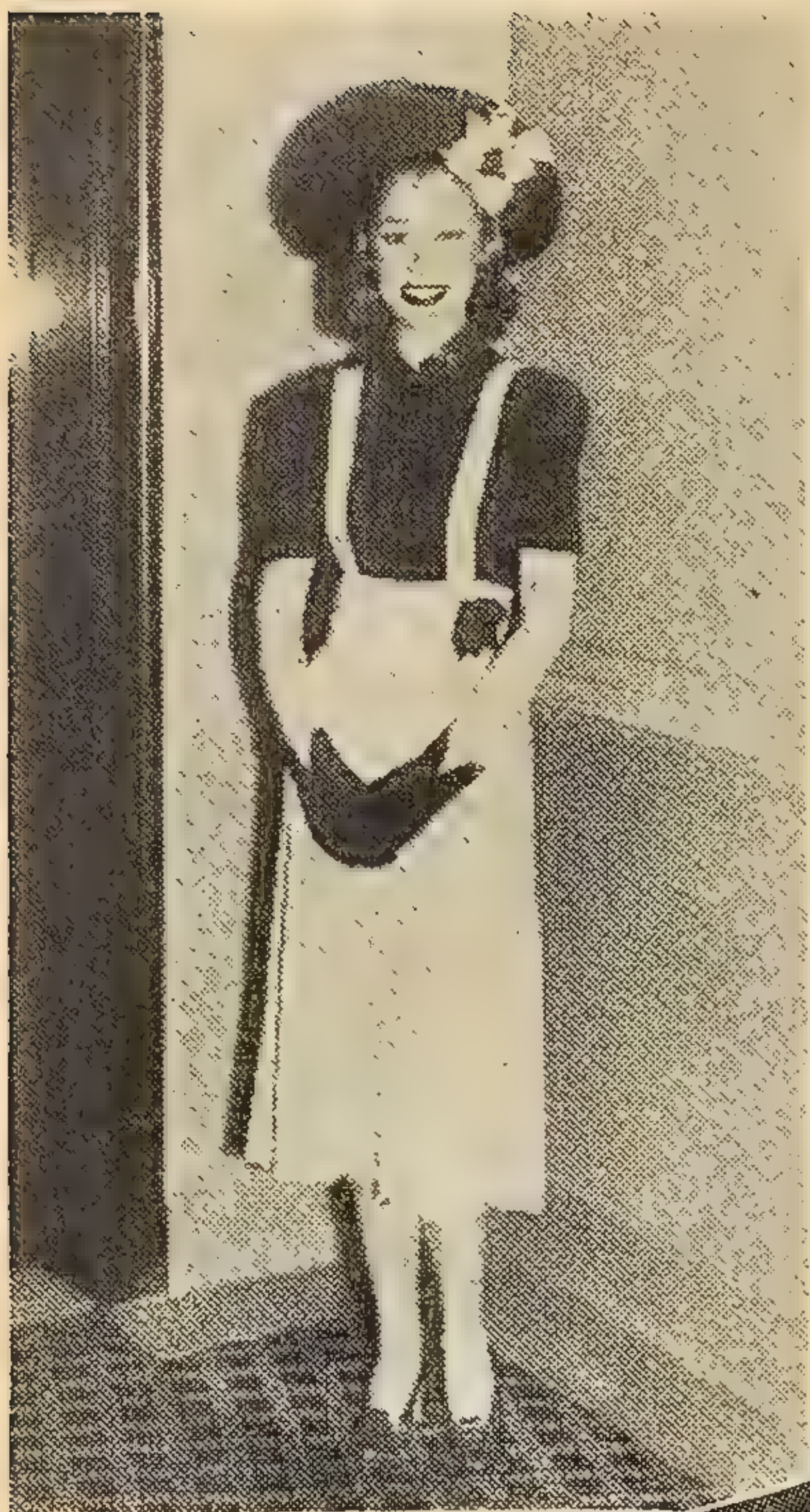
"But—" Pete scowled at me, and rattled on.

"I like to talk of the future of the movie industry rather than my achievements in the past. Possibly this is due to the fact that you can put my achievements in your eye, and still have room for a monocle. I think ninety-nine percent of the talk about genius in Hollywood is the bunkeroo. You can count the Hollywood geniuses on one hand, even if you have a two- (Please turn to page 98)

Bob Hope's Souvenirs

**They're candid
camera shots of
glamor he meets
in life behind the
scenes**

**By
Ruth
Tildesley**



AS I strolled toward Bob Hope's Paramount dressing room, I saw the comedian crouching with his graphlex camera behind the railing by his doorstep. "Don't walk into it!" he cried. "This is serious!"

The character actor in costume and make-up whom he was catching as he ran called back: "What are you making, Bob?" Bob waved a triumphant hand and rose: "Oh, retakes on 'Too Hot to Handle,' only I'm retitling it: 'Put It on Ice!'"

He followed me into the dressing room, carefully put away the Graflex, and continued: "I don't put the stills on ice, exactly, but I keep them. I certainly keep 'em! You know, that's why I take pictures—to preserve souvenirs of glamorous days. To me it's still marvelous that I'm an actor—that I got the chance to act. I still expect it to stop suddenly one day and leave me to go back to where I was before I started. So I provide against the long cold days coming by taking pictures as I go."

"When I was a kid in Cleveland, I had a little Brownie camera, if I remember rightly, but I never got especially excited about it until the day I got a chance to go on the stage. Fatty Arbuckle had come to town to make a personal appearance and they needed two more acts, so a boy named George Byrne and I teamed together in a dancing act and landed the job."

"It was my first professional appearance, and it occurred to me that I really should have pictures to prove it. I got out the old camera, but the pictures I made with it didn't altogether suit me. I knew I needed a better camera, and I needed a better man behind it. So later, when I set out in vaudeville, I got a more expensive camera and learned how to operate it. Wherever I went I shot pictures."

"People could talk me into almost anything when it came to cameras, so while I was on Broadway, I bought

Bob handles a camera expertly. Some of his souvenirs, reading down at left: Mitzi Green, Sally Rand, with clothes on (center of group); Gypsy Rose Lee (center) and group of former Ziegfeld girls.



more, until now I have four—a Leica, a Graflex, a Bell and Howell's home movie outfit, and another little camera whose name I can't recall at the moment. They're all good, though, and I get a big kick out of them."

When Bob was on the road in vaudeville, and later in musical shows, he used to arrange with the Eastman Kodak man in whatever town it was he stopped in, to come to the show and use the home movie camera from the back of the theatre, to take pictures of Bob on the stage.

"I had a telescopic lens adjusted to the camera so that even when he stood a good distance from the stage, he could get close-up views of what went on there," said Bob, his dark eyes widening with interest. "Talking of telescopic lenses, did you know they had a lens called the 'Magic Eye' out at the Rose Bowl game? It was as big as this, I swear—" measuring off a saucer shape, "and it could follow a forward pass all the way. You have to build a lens like that, you can't buy one."

Because Bob's idea in taking pictures is to get something that will be a souvenir of his acting days, or of some celebrity he's met, or some glamorous event, he doesn't attempt anything definitely "artistic." "I don't go all arty," he explained. "I want to see what I'm getting, not try for a mood, or deep shadows, or etching masks or have the thing blurred so that you have to guess whether it's the inside of a cabbage or a girl's face. I know what my pictures mean. I use an amber filter

Something to remind Bob of the sports writers' dinner at which he was an honor guest: right—Ford Frick, president of the National League, and Judge Landis, "Czar of baseball."



Sophie Tucker in the arms of George Bancroft and Jack Dempsey—one of Bob's favorite souvenirs, taken at a New York night club. Center left, girls backstage between acts of "Red Hot and Blue." Lower left, Sonja Henie with her brother and mother at dinner, taken in New York during Sonja's Madison Square Garden engagement.



for outdoor shots. And I use this new film they've just put on the market—Super XX, or Super-panchromatic—for indoor shots. It's terrific! You can get swell shots, if you place your lights right. Now if I was taking a picture in this dressing-room, I'd put the lights to this side and to the front of my subject, and have them both fairly level with the face so that there'd be no distressing shadows making bags under the eyes and lines around the mouth."

He drew out a pile of stills and began going through them, earnestly. "In 1934, when I was on Broadway, I went to a party at the Hollywood Restaurant. Took my camera with me, of course. Here's a shot I made with Sophie Tucker in the arms of George Bancroft and Jack Dempsey. That's a swell shot for me. I can see the place again and remember all about the party. Now maybe some arty guy would say the background is too close to the subjects, but it suits me.

"Rudy Vallee had a birthday party there and I made this shot. The girls in the picture are actresses. It suits me, even though an expert might complain about the lighting. I had the camera fad first on (Continued on page 85)



International

Hert's Hollywood

The star parade
in camera and
news flashes

By
Weston East

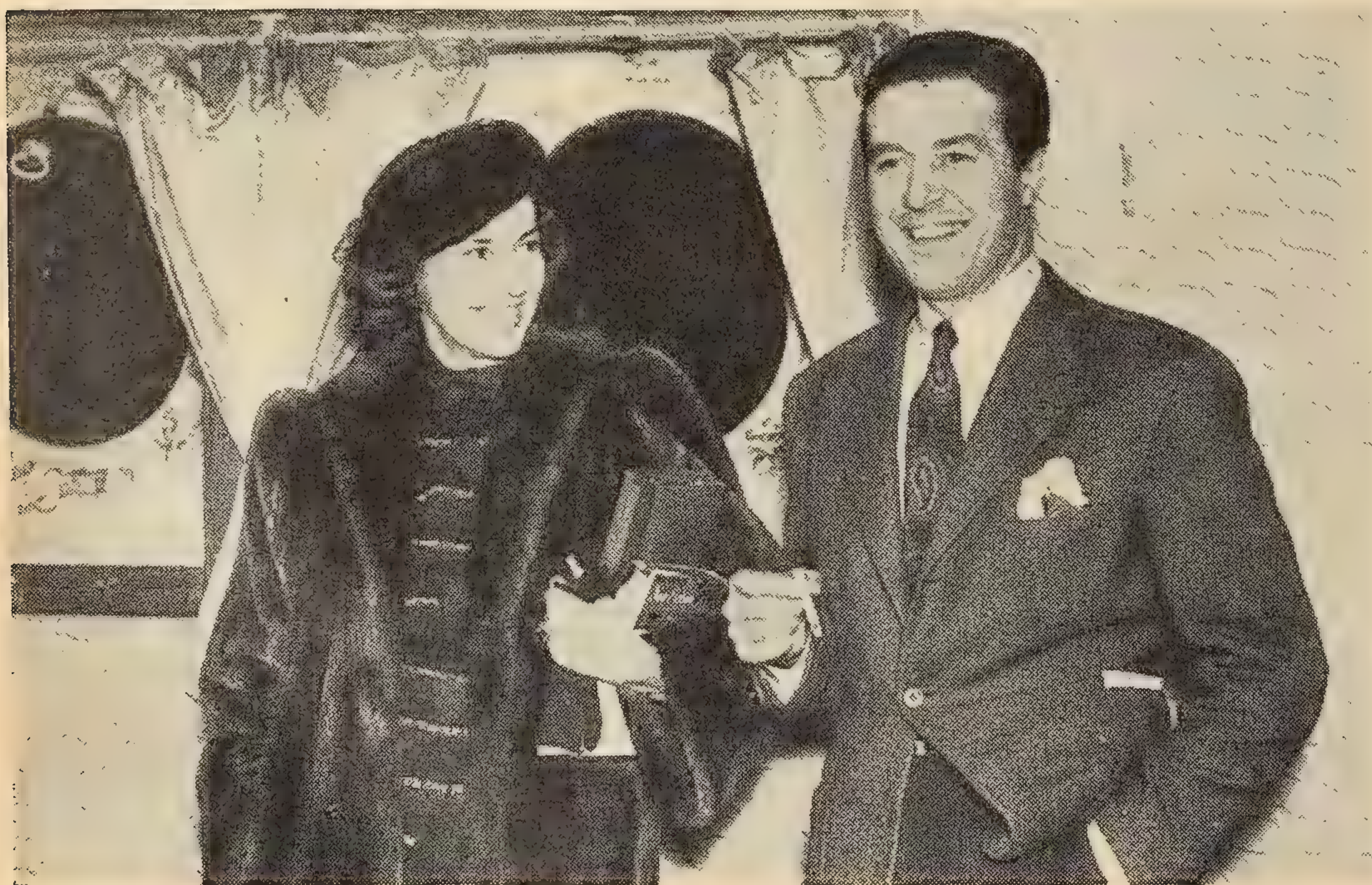
Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, principals of off-screen romance that makes headlines, continue to be as good-humored as they are glamorous. This news shot caught them unawares; both, nevertheless, grinned like the good sports they are.

shock of finding herself up among the first ten in stellar popularity, she's now concentrating on being the perfect little woman. She figures Tony will put more of his personality across the footlights if she's backstage to encourage him.

HEDY LAMARR can take it—right on the head, too! While playing a scene with Spencer Tracy she had to gaze out an open window. The sash, being indifferent to glamor, rudely slipped and conked her in a big way. When they finished applying soothing ice Hedy requested a hat and the performance went on though her head was throbbing. Her constant dating with Reginald Gardiner is a thing of yesteryear, like "Ecstasy." Not that Hedy likes him less, or has gone high-hat with success, but because, according to report, a Mrs. G. suddenly materialized on the horizon. Hedy has been conscientiously doing her bit, so far as the press is concerned, by going to the biggest premieres

DON'T think Alice Faye's marriage has flopped. It hasn't—yet. Pessimists to the contrary, it may not. Alice is determined to make a go of it and right now all is serene on that romantic front. She smilingly declares the first year is always the hardest, always requires the most adjustments. She's been showing around a snapshot of some bare floor! A fan who's an official in the

courthouse at Yuma, Arizona, where the Martins were made one, took it especially for her. He explained that more than fifty couples have asked to stand on that very spot when saying their marriage vows—because that's precisely where Alice and Tony stood! 20th Century-Fox is sending Tony out on more personal appearances and Alice will join him. Finally over the



The Ray Millands, enjoying their first visit to Ray's native England in a long while, greeted newsmen gaily, said their trip was a holiday to remember



Wide World

Newlywed Nelson Eddy and his bride, former Ann Franklin, honeymooning in Hollywood.



John Barrymore and his wife, Elaine Barrie, left, are New Yorkers now, but will return to Hollywood after their stage engagement.



Janet Gaynor, her mother, and Adrian, in New York. Asked when she and Adrian would marry, Janet said, "Maybe this year."

with Gene Markey. Joan Bennett's ex, who always did have a fascination for glamorous women, is proving an intriguing escort and Hedy has a new glow in her eyes. Still, she can't become serious because she has yet to secure a papal annulment of her marriage to the Austrian munitions magnate she ran away from.

GEORGE RAFT has argued over rôles ever since Paramount began to star him, and George has been right most of the time because he wanted strong stories and casts. "I need all the support I can muster up," he confided candidly. "If I don't get it, I'm sunk!" Box office reports showed that the rôles he ducked out of were generally the duds he foresaw they'd be. Anyway, George finally disagreed with his studio once and for all and since he's co-starring with Jimmy Cagney at Warners as his first free-lance job his own judgment seems to be pretty keen.

THE Clark Gable-Carole Lombard wedding is the chief topic of conversation these nights in Hollywood. Carole says she didn't bargain for a Southern accent, but it only adds to "Pappy's" charm. The second Mrs. G. is a half-million dollars the richer, insiders contend; that was the reported settlement Clark made to secure his divorce and be able to marry Carole. The only regret the glamorous Carole has these days is that she couldn't play *Scarlett*. Long before the book attained its vogue she was after this rôle. But Carole—a gal can't have everything, and you have *Rhett* forevermore in *real* life! It will be interesting to see how this dynamic duo make out together; they're beginning by planning on the simple life.

YOU might as well bet on wedding bells for Janet Gaynor and Adrian, even if they didn't elope when they went vacationing to New York and Bermuda. (Mother Gaynor chaperoned!) Janet's been in love often enough to realize it's time to settle down. Adrian, who is younger than she is, has never been in love before. She won't have to sell her home when she moves into his, for she's never bought one. You

know that Adrian is the foremost glamor stylist, but did you know he's a swanky interior decorator, also? His decorating shop is on the smart Sunset Strip, right next door to the Trocadero. And if Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M's maestro of sets, created the ultimate in modernistic mansions as a background for Dolores Del Rio, wait until you see what Adrian has in mind for Janet! In return, Janet has become exceedingly clothes-conscious.

IF BY any chance you're still struggling to get your hair up, desist! The Hollywood gals never did accept the up-do and consequently even most of the society debs have abandoned that fight. However, those perennial long Hollywood bobs aren't the mode once more. No, now it's smart to sport a short, tailored bob. Janet Gaynor, Bette Davis, Annabella, and Mary Pickford are leading the parade and their barbers are clipping away ecstatically.

COMEBACKS of the month are being staged by Al Jolson, Richard Barthelmess, Laurence Olivier, Ida Lupino, Warren William, Kane Richmond, Paul Lukas, and Peggy Shannon. Remember how they formerly worked constantly? Jolson and Barthelmess are rich, but they have discovered luxury needs spicing up with acting. From the enthusiasm they display you'd imagine they just had to make good or else. The other players have had a run of bad luck; but close-ups have come again and each one of them is praying to hang on this whirl.

YOU can hear Joan Crawford sing on Victor records now and laugh that off, you Crawford cynics. . . . Wendy Hiller, surprise heroine of "Pygmalion," could have teamed with Robert Young at M-G-M if she hadn't already decided on a baby. . . . Mae West is still planning to show the boys in Hollywood how to produce pictures, but her return is delayed because she wants to direct as well as write and act. . . . Martha Raye, Merle Oberon, Jimmy Stewart, and the Taylor-Stanwyck twosome prefer the Palomar, Los Angeles' largest dance hall, to the ritzier night clubs and breeze down there frequently. . . . Robert Montgomery intended to revive his prestige by acting opposite Katharine Cornell on Broadway, but Metro wouldn't let him and is he sore! . . . Mary Pickford

and the present Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (ex-Lady Ashley) are inviting each other to one another's Hollywood parties, which is evidence that Mary and Doug have forgiven and forgotten. . . . get ready to welcome back Katherine DeMille under the new title of Deborah DeMille—it seems she's been studying numerology while becoming a mother. . . . Louis Hayward's most embarrassing moment was when, serving as a special cop in London, he unwittingly bawled out the Duke of Windsor for blocking traffic. . . . Paul Muni



Cesar Romero and Ann Sheridan were an interested as well as most interesting couple seen at a recent swank Hollywood preview.



Acme



The President, left, chats with Errol Flynn in the box occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt at a horse show in Washington, at which the star rode one of the White House horses. Above, the attractive and tremendously popular Mr. Flynn in his rôle as a screen actor—in his latest film, "Dodge City."

wants to know if you know that the annual payroll in Hollywood is \$91,000,000?

MERLE OBERON isn't going to marry Alexander Korda after all—that's the latest on her decidedly interesting love life. But they remain the best of friends and now that she's spending the next six months in London he'll star her in a million dollar picture or two. Their romance had a singular introduction in that it was the first Mrs. K. who noticed Merle lunching in a London hotel and pointed her out to the producer as an extraordinary type. Merle plunges into metropolitan life after wintering by the sea at Santa Monica. Her jewel box of a town house is in London's smartest neighborhood and is concrete evidence of her progress since she was only a broke but ambitious girl.

STRANGEST case in Hollywood today is the mystery of why Dolores Del Rio isn't working before the cameras. Certainly one of the genuinely stunning beauties of today, an exciting personality who is the acme of intelligent modernity, Dolores once commanded a weekly salary of \$10,000. She surely has excellent social connections in Hollywood, and her graciousness has made her personally popular. Still, no contracts are coming her way and she very much wants to go on with her career. What will change her luck? It's true she is no Bernhardt, but lots of gals with far less to offer aren't, either. She refuses to ask any of her important friends for a job. Perhaps all she needs is less refinement and more plain nerve!

BETTE DAVIS and Spencer Tracy have been the most ardent boosters of the desert this winter, but—they haven't been there together, naturally; Bette not only invited her mother to vacation with her, but asked her uncle and his wife and their son to stay at her La Quinta cottage, too. She has regained the poise she lost when she and "Ham" Nelson split, and looks very much better. Incidentally, she and "Ham" talk via long-distance and she is so glad he has a good job with an advertising agency in New York City. And as for those persistent rumors that George Brent is the new man in her life, to date

Bette says he's never asked her for a date! Which puts her in the same spot Olivia de Havilland was in last month. The columnists were loudly proclaiming Howard Hughes' passion for Livvy, who was silent—because, in reality, he had never at that time so much as called her up. If George is like Hughes he'll finally telephone Bette just to make honest men and women of the snoopers. The millionaire flyer is now swamping the de Havilland home with expensive flowers, having decided Livvy is a honey. If he still pines for Katharine Hepburn he's concealing his Hepburnitis admirably. Before he met the de Havilland ultimate in ingénues he gave Marlene Dietrich a whirl.

BACK home from a triumphant honeymoon trip, Wayne Morris and his bride claim the high spot of their boat tour East was the masquerade ball at which they copped first prize. They went as the ideal bride and groom. Wayne was faultless in top hat and tails, except there were no trousers over his shorts. Mrs. M. was Parisian in her gown, only she donned a muslin veil and toted a bouquet of carrots. Warners presented the lad with a new contract which brought a salary raise as a fitting wedding present. The couple has a beautiful Brentwood home, not far from Joan Crawford's, and it's fully paid for.

WHEN Joan Crawford and Billie Burke broadcast together not long ago it was astonishing to note that it was Joan and not Billie who was most composed. The veteran stage actress tripped up on a couple of her lines. Her savings, she confesses, aren't going into a trust fund because she hasn't been able to sell the Hudson manor where she and Florenz Ziegfeld lived in such style and she has to keep it up until she locates a buyer. Joan Crawford's only fault, according to audiences in the radio studios, is that she doesn't bow or smile graciously when she finishes her act. She scurries on and off stage as though she were scared to death. Maybe she is, but after all she is an actress and she could profitably pose as a poised performer. Bill Powell claims he pretended to be nonchalant for years before he truly was.

JOHAN GARFIELD may have abandoned the stage when he said he wouldn't for all the gold in Hollywood, but he hasn't gone elegant. He's remaining in pictures because he's getting amazing opportunities to characterize, something he never believed happened. Mrs. G. is frankly pleased, for now that they have an heiress a California home of their own seems more comfortable than a cramped New York apartment. John admits he has never been in any of the expensive New York night clubs; he'd rather spend his evenings talking, and you have to be alert to keep up with him. So—one more cynic finds that Hollywood isn't so bad after all!

YOU have to hand it to Fredric March. When he could have gone on collecting fat pay-checks he turned down another long-term contract in order to free lance and so get better acting rôles. Then, although luxuriously settled in a Beverly mansion, he vowed to repay his wife's sacrifice of her career to his by teaming with her on Broadway. Their play was a flop. Undaunted, he tried again, and if you haven't seen the unbeatable Marches in person in the current hit, "The American Way," you'll want to when you visit the gay white way. Freddie has made one more step, clicked on Broadway. He was on the stage before he entered pictures, but he never was acclaimed by the nation's top critics for his footlight endeavors. He'll not make another picture for some time, not until summer, for he's too busy play-acting with Florence Eldridge March. Yes, he insisted she team again on his second try.

MOVIE stars never know when they'll get their vacations. Right now Errol Flynn is enjoying his, an eight week lay-off. Of course, he's been doing a little work, but not before cameras. He has a few radio broadcasts and a visit with the Franklin D. Roosevelts under his belt, and now he's hunting on a great Virginia estate. Society has taken him up. Oh, and Lili Damita Flynn, too. The fightin' Flynnns are thoroughly reconciled once more. As soon as they leave country life on the plantation they head for Miami and a yachting wind-up.



Len Weissman

The Flynn of Hollywood, stepping out to a popular night club in the film colony. Above, Lili Damita and her husband Errol Flynn at Earl Carroll's club.

EVER notice that glamor girls are authentically that way if they deserve that description? Take Hedy Lamarr, for instance. Hers has been and is an exciting life and the high voltage comes right off the screen. Warners have been making a valiant attempt to put Ann Sheridan over as a sexy siren. But Annie is a down-to-earth, typical American girl, and she's had to display plenty of sticktoitiveness. During her five years climb men have hardly been in an uproar at sight of her; still her studio insists she is sexsational. Such forced publicity may do more harm than good, and she is so anxious to make the grade. She can, on her own merits. She's been dating Cesar Romero, who's been taking her to premieres and ice skating. Now mysterious glamor gals would float o'er the ice with a St. Moritz flair. Annie's been diligently practicing daytimes, under the tutelage of a boy in the studio publicity department, so she won't sit smack when the gallant Cesar begins an ice rhumba.

NOW that Margaret Sullavan has had her baby that fantastic confusion on the Metro lot is over! For several months no one was ever certain which was having a child when. For Maureen O'Sullivan was ordering baby clothes and gadgets, too, and the mothers were so similar in name! The producers on the lot didn't get involved in the general mix-up, for they were always certain as to who was who, but their fine plans for Maggie struck a gigantic snag when she insisted on time off for a second child. (Maggie courageously went everywhere until the last minute, even to one of those beautiful Saturday night dinners at Crawford's.) Maureen's baby is due within two months, and the girl who once was so unhappy is near ecstatic at the prospect.

MYRNA LOY sometimes doubts if she'll ever get that second trip to Europe. It's supposed to be her honeymoon, but plan as she will it just won't come off. If she receives time off between pictures Arthur Hornblow is sure to be in the midst of a terrific production schedule. Both have had one jaunt across the Atlantic and are dying to go again together, to show each other the sights they discovered. Still gossiping about Myrna, here's an amusing observa-

tion: her personal secretary, who functions in the Loy home, talks so much like the star that bores never know a go-between is doing the polite stalling. What a smart employer is Myrna, eh?

JOAN CRAWFORD data: Joan wanted to go to New York during the height of the winter season, to see the new shows and night spots and pal with several close friends there, and she wanted to go to

Chicago to adopt a baby. But most of all she wants to climb back to her former high niche on the movie ladder and so she has stuck to business. She is not in love with Charles Martin, the good-looking scenarist who's been rushing her; in fact, she's been dating Cesar Romero, Randolph Scott, and David Niven besides Charlie. She has accepted more and more radio offers; this is her method for sneaking up on the stage—she won't be so nervous if she's accustomed to broadcasting. Adrian has redone her music room; the love seats that were leather now have formal chintz covers. Where other women buy new hats when they want to improve their mood, Joan starts redecorating.

SINCE losing the rôle she'd set her heart on, the part of *Scarlett*, Paulette Goddard has subsided into the silence Charlie Chaplin approves of for her. Bitterly disappointed when Vivian Leigh outclassed her, pretty, ambitious Paulette patiently is concentrating on home life until the temperamental Charlie starts shooting on "The Dictator." At least she'll be the heroine in it. She hopes it won't stretch out forever, because she wants to become box-office while she still has her youth.

ROBERT TAYLOR finally has satisfied a long-felt desire—he has ridden on a subway. He wouldn't let M-G-M monopolize all his time on his recent New York jaunt. Bob turned up his overcoat collar, pulled down his hat, sneaked out of his hotel and put his nickel in the subway slot. In a jiffy he was hanging on a strap, being jostled just like one of the old-timers. He confesses that one wary-eyed woman stated, "That looks like Robert Taylor." Her companion retorted scornfully, "He wouldn't be riding on the subway!" The moral? Next time play your hunch—it may be R. T. in person, away from the maddening crowd to see how the other half lives.



Romantic figures who live in history come to the screen in "Juarez." This advance still shows Brian Aherne as MAXIMILIAN, Mickey Kuhn, and inimitable Bette Davis as CARLOTTA. Other stars in "Juarez" include Paul Muni and John Garfield.

A New Beauty is Born

Amazing are the changes that may be wrought in appearance. Here are some points on which to start

By Courtenay Marvin



The miracle of make-up and change illustrated by Alice Faye. Above, Alice as she is today. Soft, lovely, appealing and animated. Below, Alice of yesterday, an automaton in black and white, merely a type, not an individual

YOU can see a beauty miracle happen in Hollywood almost any day. Just watch the raw talent material that picture scouts find here and there, transport to Hollywood on the chance they may make the grade, then see the transformation in appearance, the development of personality. The butterfly emerging from the chrysalis, indeed!

Just what is the secret of taking human clay and moulding it into something of distinct beauty, style and appeal? Basically, it is a matter of accenting the best points, subduing the worst. It is an unbeatable plan for being our best, and one that we may apply to ourselves. It takes a critical eye, taste, knowledge and work. Work, above all. This is exactly the process in making picture material. We can find out how to make the most of appearance, and we can work, if we want. The discriminating eye, the correct taste—these are sometimes difficult for us. The reason is this. The eye quickly accustoms itself to that which it constantly sees, and so we may look in a mirror frequently and not really see ourselves as others see us. Therefore, it is interesting and helpful to get the viewpoint of others. When a number of people have commented on the same thing, such as your beautiful hairline, fine skin, and so on, then you may reasonably accept these points as good ones that attract attention. Thus, opinions give you an idea of what to accent, what to minimize.

An almost startling example of the change that may be wrought in a face is Alice Faye. Compare the two pictures shown. Several years ago, Alice looked like just another blonde. Her hair was platinum; her brows, one pencil line of black, which gave her face a puzzled, in-



quiring look, so no matter how composed or relaxed, Alice always looked as if she were waiting for something. Those brows prevented mobile animation, because the normal brow lifts or lowers with expression. The high pencil line just can't lift any higher, and to lower it makes a face slightly ridiculous. Then, too, Alice's mouth was too definitely and harshly shaped. Frankly, Alice looked hard, cold, expressionless. Too bad, because hidden in those blue eyes by too much eye make-up was a warm spark.

Look at Alice as she is today and see how that spark has been brought forth. Now she is not a type, but an individual with much charm. Her softness, warmth and eloquence have been dramatized, and these you probably felt if you saw her in "Old Chicago" or "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Today, she looks like a very blue-blooded deb or the product of an exclusive finishing school, except, of course, when picture rôles demand otherwise. Now Alice is lovely, appealing, and in the best of taste.

HAVE YOU A SKIN PROBLEM?

Is your skin worrying you, making you feel unhappy and inferior? If so, some general ailments and corrective measures are discussed in our April bulletin. Some social points on letter writing, also, along with New York-Hollywood slants on fashions and good looks. The bulletin is yours for a three cent stamp for mailing to Courtenay Marvin, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Let's see how these changes came about. First, gone is the platinum hair. In its place is a natural soft brown. Platinum, always a bit startling, is a rarity now. The late Jean Harlow was the only girl I ever saw who seemed to get away with snowy locks. She had rare skin beauty, a gorgeous figure, wonderfully blue eyes. I believe any girl who is naturally blonde should try to stay that way. And she can, too, without bleaching. There are fine products for naturally blonde hair.

Alice's brows grow naturally in an irregular, sweeping arch. Terrifically interesting brows that go with her large eyes. Expressive, too. These brows are heavy enough to balance her eyes. The larger the eye, the more brow it can bear, while the smaller eye is better with brow in proportion. While most brows need grooming with tweezers to keep them neat, try to keep the natural line. There are some wonderfully easy-to-use little tweezers in the shape of curved scissors, except the ends are blunt. They do a quick, effective job of removing stragglers. Notice, too, that Alice's eye make-up is not heavy. In place of black mascara, try blue, brown, blue-black and other combination tones. They add dramatic color without harshness.

Alice's mouth now looks soft and friendly. It goes well with her deep, throaty voice. Notice that rouge follows a normal line. A safe principle, always, unless your mouth is very unbalanced. Then, shape softly by all means. Hollywood had done a fine job on Alice, and she is doing a fine job in pictures. Let's hope the good work continues.

Hollywood is full of examples like Alice, and they are helpful and inspiring because they prove what we may do with ourselves. Among its vast assortment of beauty and personality, you may find your own pattern. Use it to best advantage.

Now that Spring is here, perhaps it awakens in you, as it does in me and all womankind, I think, a desire for new loveliness. Why not check a few of your personal points and concentrate on them? You can work almost any reasonable change you want. For example, why not decide upon something drastically different in a hair-do, but leave the styling in the hands of a competent hairdresser? You may find a facial contour, a sharpening of personality, you never dreamed of. To be practical, get your hairdresser to show you how to take care of this coiffure, yourself. Now don't groan, but why not, also, decide upon at least one hundred good whams of that hairbrush daily? Why not, just to see the sparkle and sheen that brushing brings forth?

Then, why not decide to go to a good beauty parlor for a facial followed by make-up? Of course the facial will do you good, but the make-up, if you watch carefully and ask questions, may show you an entirely different scheme of tone, where applied and how. Tone and application of make-up are so important and you may pick up helpful points.

If you are a soap girl or a cream girl, why not alternate your cleansing methods (Please turn to page 94)

Yours For Loveliness

Let shining eyes, a flower skin, soft, colorful lips and perfume greet April!



Soothing Eye-Gene for sparkling eyes.

AND now for the glamor touches which Kurlash has collected for you in the new Purset! An attractive moire case contains the Kurlash gadget to give your lashes a divine curl; Lashtint, that fine mascara with its own dampening sponge; Kurlene for grooming brows and lashes or to be used over lids for a colorless sheen; Twissors for keeping brows well shaped and an eye beauty pencil. Purset keeps everything neatly in place and is so convenient to slip in your bag. The case is roomy enough to hold compact and lipstick, also. Purset will make a welcome gift to girls who want to look their best. Fine quality products.

EVERYBODY seems to like Perkies, and no wonder! For here is skin cleansing reduced to a minimum of time and effort. Perkies are discs of cotton saturated in a good cleansing cream and lotion. They take off make-up and dust in a jiffy, leaving skin soft and clean. The cream prevents any drying action. Business girls, especially, will find Perkies convenient for looking lovely at noon and five o'clock. In purse and home use size.



Evening in Paris Trio-Lotion for skin beauty.

WHEN eyes are heavy, dull or reddened from fatigue, late hours or exposure, Eye-Gene is a wonderfully soothing aid. In a few seconds, it will relieve that strained feeling, if due to the above causes, and make your eyes look alive and bright. It is a grand thing to have at hand these windy days; grand, too, when hours of close concentration on work or study have dulled those eyes you wanted gay and sparkling for the evening. It is a clear, colorless liquid with a dropper conveniently attached to the top. Two drops for each eye are suggested. Then add your make-up touches, and your eyes will not only look well but feel well. Absolutely harmless, of course. Eye-Gene is for sale in chain, drug and department stores everywhere.



For glamor, Kurlash offers the new Purset containing five aids.

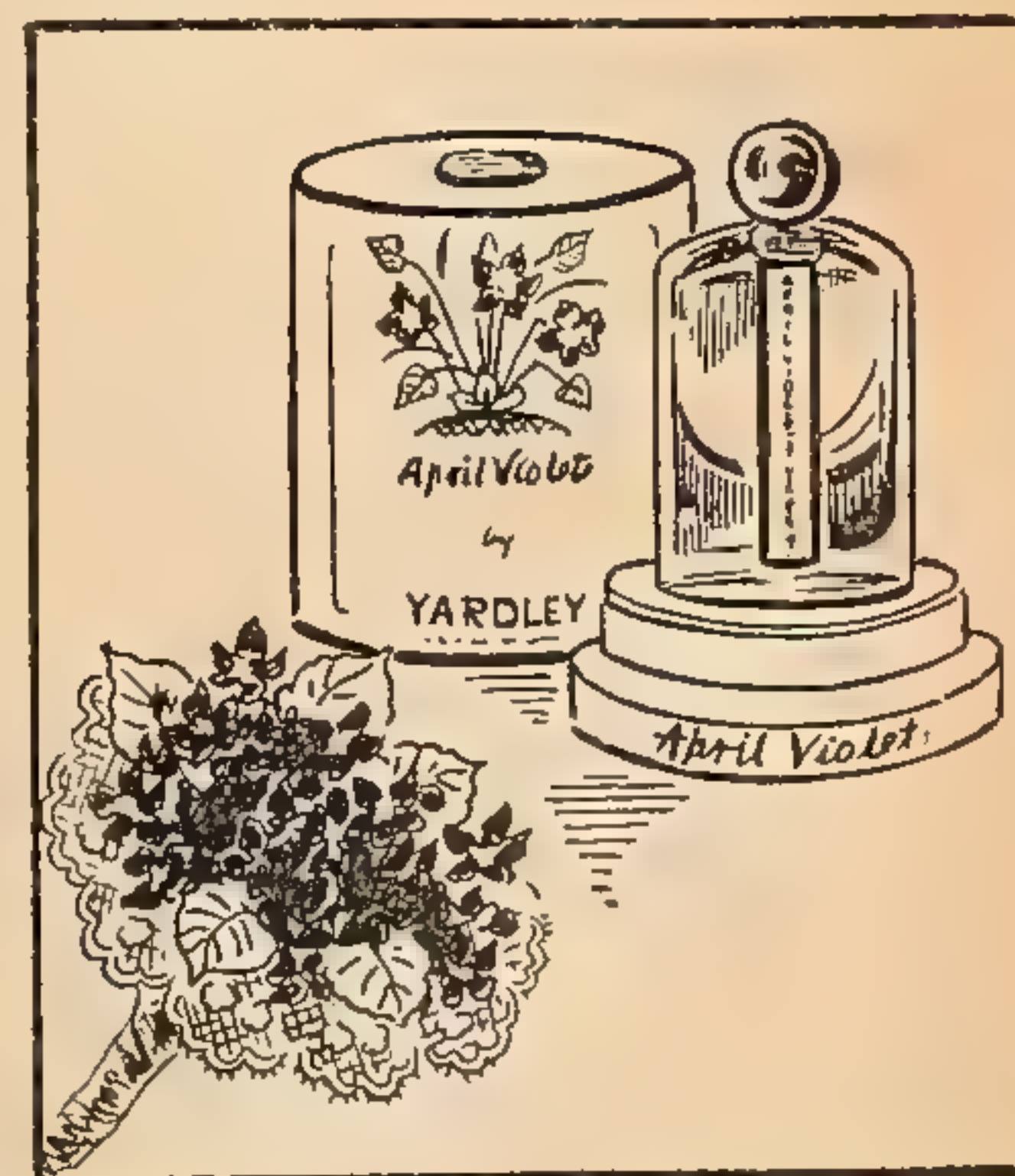
THE Ginie-Lou Chamois Spreading Refillable Lipstick presents a real solution to women who find it hard to shape their lips well. It works somewhat on the principle of an automatic lead pencil. By a twist, a few dots of rouge are squeezed onto the lips. A chamois end then spreads the color to that Hollywood beauty and evenness of line. The stick is refilled from a tube of rouge. In drug, department stores, beauty parlors.

IN TUNE with the trend to simplify beauty care, Bourjois offers a delightful, new Evening In Paris Trio-Lotion, that does three important jobs at once. It cleanses; it softens; it leaves the skin gently moist, not greasy, for make-up. And it is delicately perfumed with Evening In Paris. Pour a few drops in palm, rub together, then over face and neck. Remove with tissues or soft cloth. You will love the clean, refreshed sensation this lotion leaves, and the ease of use will inspire you to cleanse oftener for a finer, fairer skin. True cleanliness is the root of skin beauty. If you wonder why some skins always look so immaculate, one answer is frequent cleansing with some such preparation. In drug and department stores.

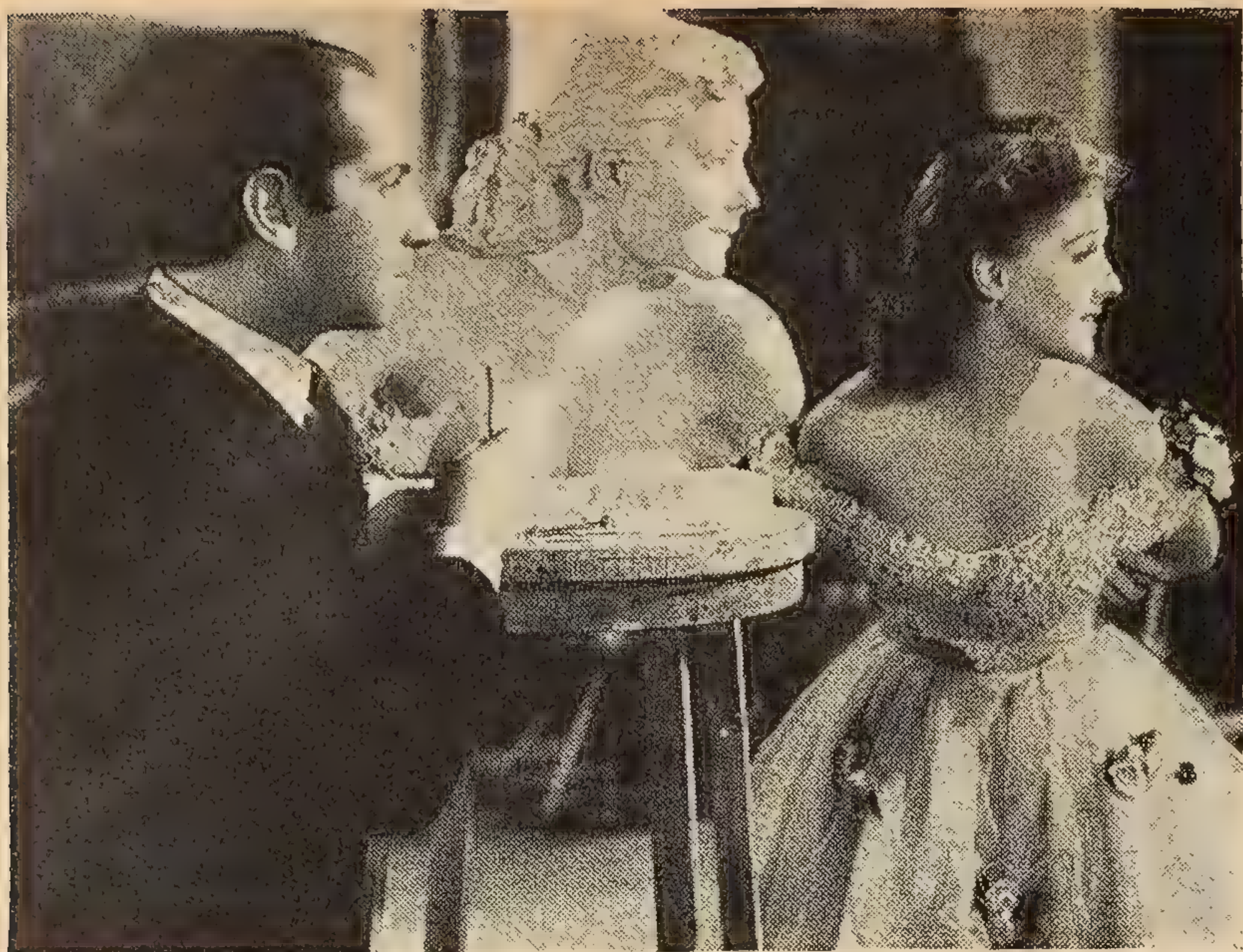
"I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows:"

according to Shakespeare. And I know a sweet, new bottle containing a real bouquet of Spring. This is Yardley's April Violets, a lilting perfume for the month of sunshine and showers. So perfectly attuned to fashion and to make-up, so fresh, so different and altogether lovely! April Violets is uniquely packaged. You will bless that permanent bottle base that prevents upsetting, and spilling. Very reasonably priced in drug and department stores. A good gift idea.

C. M.



Yardley's April Violets for this Spring, like a fresh bouquet.



Lovely subject for a sculptor is pretty Jean Parker, shown posing here between scenes for "It's Spring Again," at Hal Roach studio, where the new romantic costume comedy was produced.

A Real Day With Errol Flynn

Continued from page 61

Errol added. He's Max' favorite audience.

Errol picked out his home while Mrs. F. was away on a "mad." He and David Niven were bachelors together at the time, and they decided to enjoy a house as only men without women can. "I don't give a damn about a house so long as it's comfortable," Errol declared. "If I spot a scratch on my boat I go nuts, must have it revarnished immediately. But I'd prefer to do a lot of other things than worry about furniture! Rosalind Russell had rented this place before Niven and I found it. I thought it was okay, so I bought it."

When David left and Lili returned, she was pleased with everything but her bedroom. It was feminine-frilly; she wanted a tailored style, which was all right with Errol. After all, he'd selected the establishment. He smiled. "Lili's become domestic, you know. She sleeps late—won't be awake until eleven at least. But then she'll send for the cook and insist on everything being just so for dinner at eight. We're both fools for food, especially unusual dishes. Lili'll trot downtown to little markets for out-of-season stuff."

"I bought some property up on a hilltop so we could build from our own original plans, but I can't afford to start that yet. Come on, I'll show it to you." He rose, stretched. "I'll get some clothes on."

Max the swarthy entertained me while the master dressed. "He sure hates to ring that studio," Max said hopefully. "He never hangs around Warners unless he's working. He says a fellow ought to do his work and then go away and play. Mr. Flynn's one who sure can play, he sure can!"

Mr. Flynn bounded down the stairs at that moment, in gray flannel slacks and a white turtleneck sweater. He has three cars—a sedan which is used at night, with Max at the wheel, when there's a premiere or a grand party and Mr. and Mrs. F. are taking it big; an open British model halfway between midget and normal in size; and a new station wagon. He chose the latter for us and Arno (his schnauzer and permanent companion) and I piled in.

We shot through Coldwater Canyon and turned up into the hills above Hollywood. He was ignoring the convenient radio—he can leave a radio alone and like it. (That's more than I can say of Robert Taylor!) "I've eight acres. Got it all landscaped, anyway. I had some fun investigating all the nurseries in town, selecting exactly what was appropriate in trees and shrubs and flowers."

The site was breathtaking. All Los Angeles was spread below, and the Pacific Ocean and Catalina were on the far horizon to the West. "Note my tool-shed. And the place levelled for a tennis court. Yonder's my corral. Way over yonder. I like to ride often, even if a stirrup broke when I was *Robin Hooding*—I didn't mind being pitched off, but I felt silly when the seat ripped out of those fancy pants! There should be a barn here to go with the corral, would have been, too, but I refused to be gypped."

Seeing the world on a shoestring, depending on his wits, made him wise to the true value of money. Errol will pay fair prices, but he is a natural trader and he never gets the worst of a bargain. The land adjoining his estate-to-be trebled in value shortly after he invested; he had a hunch it might. He decides what something is worth to him and then has marvelous control, won't give in to super sales lines.

"I received an amusing letter from my father." (His dad is dean of the faculty of science at Queen's University, in Belfast, Ireland.) "Some bird at the studio had a vision in an idle moment, cooked up a few potent paragraphs about my plans for this property. Which, incidentally, I certainly am not going to use as he fancied. 'Dear son,' wrote my patient father, 'I see by the newspapers that you are planning to build a replica of your ancestral castle over there in Hollywood. I did not know you had an ancestral castle. Please tell me where it is so I can go and live in it.'"

"I'll tell you this, though. I am considering a country retreat. When we were on location for the forest sequences of 'Robin Hood' I fell for the beauty of that neighborhood. Those scenes were taken in Northern California, five hundred miles from here. I could fly it in three hours, you see. So I've put some money in a bank near there, and I've commissioned a real estate agent to find what I want. They grow almonds profitably there—I'd like eighty acres of trees and then say two hundred of wooded land. There are quail, deer, duck, and grouse in abundance. I must have a creek, because there are trout and salmon. I could hire a man and his wife to run it for me."

A reckless gent? When the spirit moves him; yes. But he's canny, too. He said, next, "Well, let's run out to West Side for some tennis." The West Side Tennis Club is Hollywood's favorite sports rendezvous; a flock of courts and a large swimming pool sprawl around a semi-Spanish structure on the street connecting 20th

Century-Fox and M-G-M. Errol was one of the organizers and is not only the singles champ, but is ranked number-one tennis player among all the screen stars who play anywhere. I agreed it was a swell idea and announced right off I'd watch rather than play!

Once we were out of the hills Errol fumbled in the glove compartment and hauled forth, of all things, an electric razor. "You mind driving?" I didn't. We switched and this streamlined soul proceeded to plug the razor into a special socket in the dashboard. He shaved as we drove down the cross-Hollywood boulevard. Arno wagged his tail nonchalantly; I attempted to be as casual without a tail. "You know I don't enjoy tennis tournaments half as much as pick-up sets," Errol muttered between gyrations. "It spoils the fun even if tennis is arranged. I don't plan my days—I'm ready for whatever happens!"

He greeted everyone in the club lobby and locker room, quickly lined up a game. Errol wielding a racket is as satisfying a sight as Errol piercing a Rathbone in a hot dueling shot. He does everything with such terrific enthusiasm and skill. Between sets he'd relax briefly; then he was aceing his opponent again. He had a rubdown and a shower. I was curious about the thin gold chain around his neck. It is his good luck charm. In New Guiana he nursed a dying missionary for seven days and nights and was handed it as a token of thanks. "I believe in Lady Luck—I've only taken it off once, when I played a boxer. They didn't think it'd do."

We had lunch there at the club, Errol ordering a light salad and mixing his own dressing expertly. Yes, and he had to have a big pot of coffee! "I'm trying to cut on coffee, but I guess I don't try very hard yet."

I recalled his flair for authorship. "I gathered material when I went to Spain but I haven't done a damn thing with it so far. I write my stuff in long-hand. It is the sloppiest copy you ever saw. I revise every sentence as I go along, imagine I've a knack for phraseology. My book's done quite well in sales, and when I get around to it I expect to do considerable writing."

He can author a snappy telegram already. Remembering it was the birthday of a woman friend at the studio, he admitted he got a great kick out of joking people. Calling for a telegraph blank, he scrawled, "Congratulations to the oldest white woman on earth." After it was dis-



The old, old line: "I love you!" is being whispered again, this time Jimmy Stewart says it to Joan Crawford in "Ice Follies of 1939."

Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*



—THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!



April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"



Spring in the Garden is fun for MISS SALLY ANNE CHAPMAN, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin—with Pond's."



Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! JEAN STARK (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

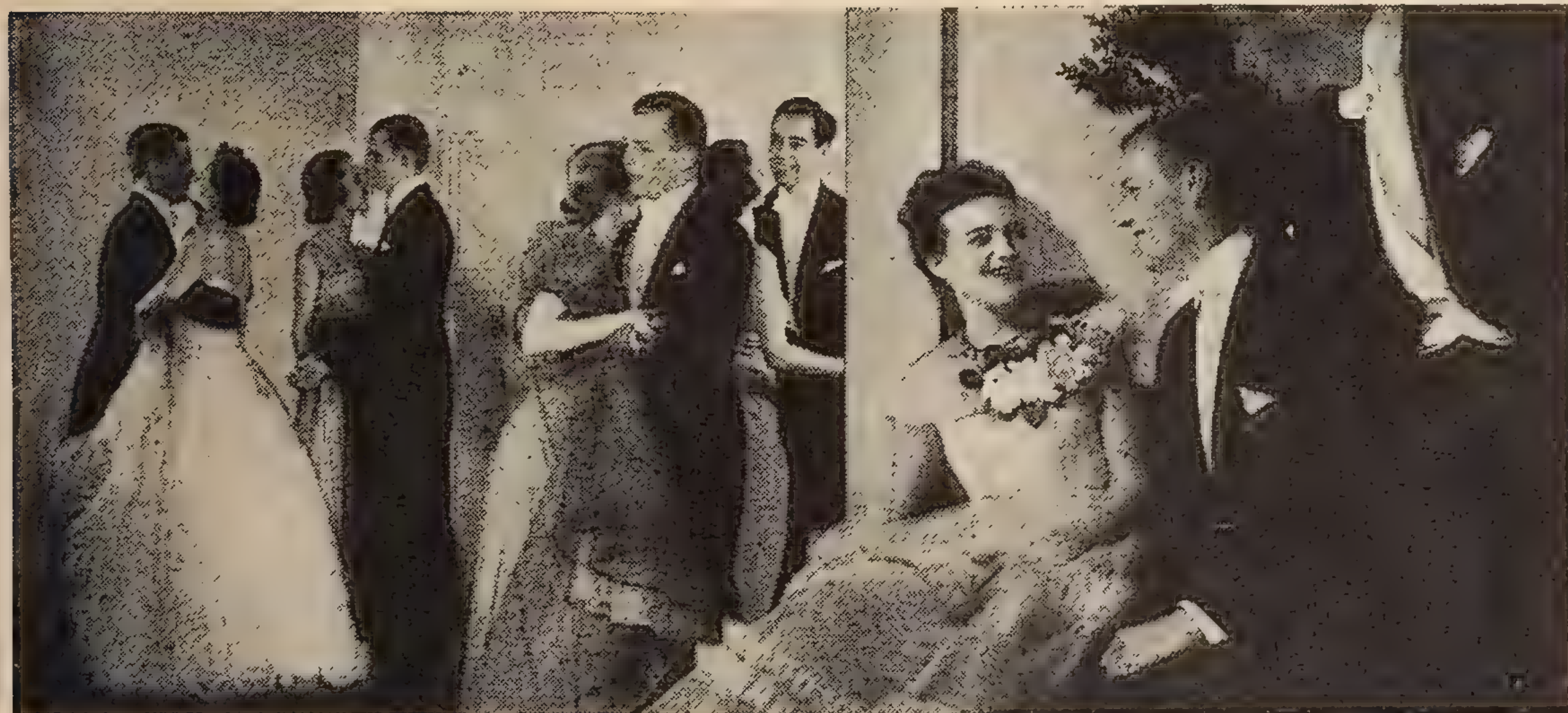
**FOLLOW TODAY'S
SMART SKIN CARE—**

**NOW YOU CAN
CREAM EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN"**

INTO YOUR SKIN*



Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in *Pond's* Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.



Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. Miss LUCY ARMISTEAD FLIPPIN, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so *make-up looks glamorous!*"

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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patched he wondered if he'd gone too far. "One reason I love my wife is that she has an insane sense of humor like mine."

His yacht flashed into his mind. "It's at Wilmington. Let's have a run down and see how she is today!" So away we went once more. "Should have had chicken for lunch," said Errol enlighteningly. "Nothing like chewing the soft ends of chicken bones to keep your teeth sound." Teeth became our topic. "When I was in the Caribbean last year my steward had a tooth that ached like the devil. I had to extract it with a pair of pliers. He trusted me because the week before he'd got a fish hook in his thumb and I had to cut it out with a razor blade. I had no anesthetic aboard when that happened; so I just filled Charlie full of Scotch and he didn't feel the operation! I learned about dentistry in New Guiana. A roving veterinary there graduated himself to dentistry and he never had any anesthetic; when the pulling got rough he'd pin them to the ground by kneeling on their chests! He'd play poker for his fee, have some drinks to celebrate, and leave with his pockets empty!"

His personal opinion of his screen rôles was a matter I'd intended to bring up. Now was a time to catch him in candor.

"One of my favorite rôles was that fellow in 'Four's A Crowd.' I like playing farce comedy. It's fun." What, no swash-buckling complex? No! Probably because bounding around is actually second nature to him and acting a man unlike himself requires more effort. What he wants most to try now is "Cyrano de Bergerac," the classic of the homely lover whose nose killed his romantic chances. Errol would improvise an exaggerated nose. Can you see him turning Durante, or Warners permitting him to? But he has so little vanity that he's seen but two of his own pictures! His major impression of himself on the screen? "My ears! What a shock they gave me. They look as though they were put on with a pastry cone!"

His yacht, the "Sirocco," was riding sleek and trim in the yacht harbor at Wilmington. A seventy-eight-footer, she is his week-end home. She was launched

three years ago and he got her for a third of what she cost, made a trip East to locate such a bargain. Having explored the Caribbean last spring, he'll sail either Alaskan waters or down to the isolated, uninhabited Galapagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador some day. He has a passion for seeing new places, but don't moan, it's because he can afford to indulge this desire. Errol went adventuring when he had to earn his passage, ran away from home because of his curiosity.

Have you ever day-dreamed of what it's like in—Ethiopia? Errol did, when quite broke, but he didn't stop at day-dreaming. Here's what he did, and he's never told this before. "I was on my way home from New Guiana. When we reached Port Said I was bored with the ship. I wanted to see Addis Ababa, meet the then-emperor, Haille Selassie. I had a few dollars, literally; just about enough to buy passage back to London on some other boat. But so what? So I jumped ship with a pal and we spent the remaining coin on railroad tickets to Addis Ababa. We didn't think of how we'd get out of there!"

"Well," sighed Errol, spitting mightily to test the wind, "we let Ethiopia understand that we were important American geologists, heads of an expedition about to arrive. The emperor was delighted to meet us, and invited us to move into the best available accommodations in his city. We had no luggage and if you've ever tried to register at a hotel under such circumstances you can picture how the prime minister looked at us a trifle askance. We declared it was coming on the next train. And when it didn't we were so amazed! The train was a weekly. We had a great time until the second week had rolled by and another train tooted in. No luggage!"

"We had a suspicion we'd best scam before the emperor became disillusioned. So we left in the dark of night, secretly boarding the outgoing train. When we reached Djibouti, the French port, we heaved sighs of relief—we were out of range!"

"How'd we get back to England with

no money? Oh, via a stokehold. Sure, shovelled coal for a Mediterranean cruise to Dover."

Hugh, who does odd jobs for Errol, was mounting a fish for the wall of the Flynn bedroom in town. "Max has been telephoning," Hugh reported. "Said if you came down here to remind you that you were going to ski at Coronado this afternoon."

Skiing—at the exclusive beach resort near San Diego? "Certainly," explained Flynn. "Water skiing."

It was already 2:30 p.m. "We'll be there in a jiffy, pal," maintained the dynamo. Whereupon we station-wagoned directly to the Burbank airport, some thirty miles inland, and, luckily, caught a Southbound plane just leaving. The dog went right up with us.

Errol is going to own his own plane soon. He'll buy an amphibion, instead of a prosaic land plane. "I want to drop into the water at Catalina or Coronado in a few minutes from Hollywood." He's been delayed by studio objections to his flying; after six lessons in aviation, averaging twenty minutes apiece, he was soloing!

When we landed, a number of onlookers demanded autographs. He signed in abbreviated fashion—"E Flynn." Not to be eccentric, he assured me, but because he's saved forty hours, in the past two months alone, by shortening his signature.

Two friends had a car waiting and drove us to the strand. The beach at Coronado is long and smooth. One of the fellows handed Errol some swimming trunks. "I couldn't get by with these at Ensenada," Flynn admitted. "I went ashore there and the Mexican gendarmes suggested I retire and put on pants. 'We got morals ordinance here!' the policeman spouted at me."

Water skiing, Flynn form, is rare sport. The skis are just like snow skis. An airplane cable was tied to the rear bumper of the car; Errol held the tow line in his hands and stood on his skis in shallow water. When the car started he planed to the surface and skimmed down the shoreline with the greatest of ease. Ordinarily you water ski behind a speedboat, getting your start from a dock. That's much simpler for leaping the breakers as you ski—which Errol was doing—is a complication not many men can lick. "I practiced first behind a speedboat at Avalon. Shot up a floating, inclined runway practicing jumps there." He made sixty-foot jumps.

When an hour had passed one of his buddies mentioned that Max had long-distanced and left the message that Errol wanted to stop at a hardware store on his way home, for some fishing tackle. "Oh, yes," nodded Flynn. "I'd have forgotten." Whirled back to the airfield, we emerged half an hour later at Burbank once more. We went into Hollywood, to a hardware store on the Boulevard. "I'll take this and this and this," pointed Errol. Fishing tackle enchants him.

It was 5:30 when we returned to his home. Lili met us at the door. "That Flynn," she cried warmly, "so now you've come home!" A gorgeous redhead who was the sophisticated darling of Paris, who was a Samuel Goldwyn star, Lili has changed since marrying Errol three years ago. She is still as beautiful. Still fascinating, chic, emotional. Every gesture is still dramatic. But her tastes have altered, to suit his. She has given up her career, contentedly, to be his wife. When they quarrel the columnists whip up rumors of divorce. When they take separate vacations occasionally there is a leaping to conclusions. But in spite of their fiery natures they are still Mr. and Mrs.

Four friends had dropped in for cock-



Song and dance man! Clark Gable and six very cute chorines in a scene from "Idiot's Delight." The girls with Gable are Virginia Grey, Paula Stone, Joan Marsh, Virginia Dale, Lorraine Krueger and Bernadene Hayes.

A Test for "Model Wives"

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that sometimes kills Romance!



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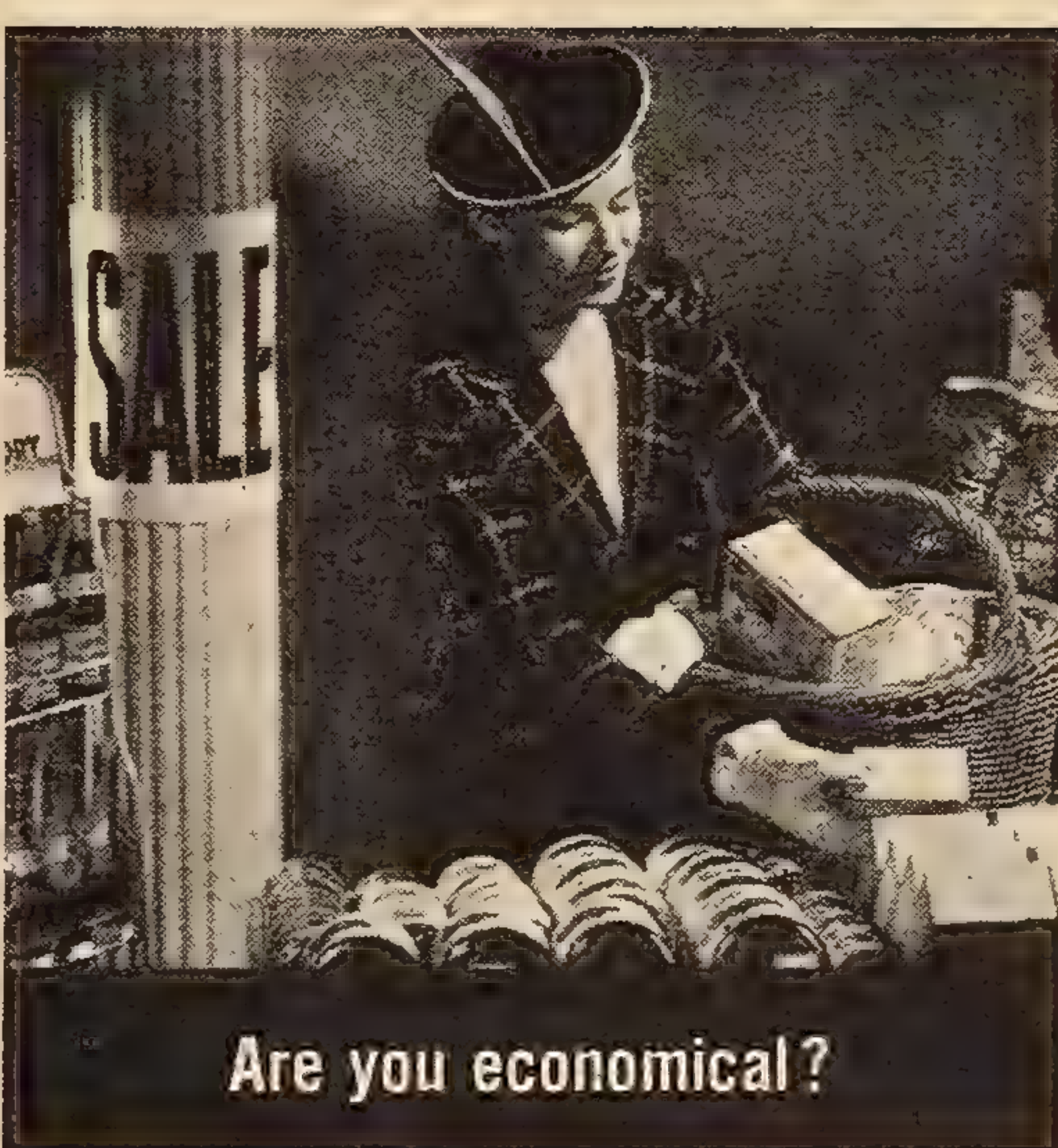
Do you take care of your looks?



Are your meals appetizing?



Do you avoid nagging?



Are you economical?



Are you always
careful about
Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance)
on this question means
that you "flunk" the test.

"Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

A GIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

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4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.



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7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



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tails. I drew Lili off to one side, urged her to be confidential while Errol was playing gay host. "When I met him on the Queen Mary I thought he was the handsomest and most irritating young man I had ever encountered," she smiled. "What can I say now? We were accustomed to different modes of life. He is the outdoor man, as you have seen for yourself. He dislikes formal dress, hates night clubs. He is a wonderful dancer and dances as little as possible! And I—I was fond of the glitter of Paris and New York; I was crazy about clothes and soirees. I discovered he adored poker; I didn't know an ace beat a deuce. But, most of all, I discovered he has to be boss. And I had never let any man boss me."

"We really get along, however. He is worth adjusting to. Errol has the most amazing collection of friends; he is the most democratic man I know, and I like him for being that way. We are not in Hollywood society, because he won't take any kind of 'society' seriously. That is all right, though. I never believed I could ever like the sea, and long trips on a small ship. But now I am almost a regular yachtswoman. Ask Errol!"

But I wasn't going to leave Lili while she was so informative. "His favorite color is black. He'd rather buy his clothes in London. He does card tricks and he has a suppressed wish to be—a bartender! He won't climb mountains, for which I'm thankful, and he won't go on picnics, which is nice, isn't it? He must have excellent steak; so must I. He does like to dine out even if he balks at dancing. He likes to go to the Russian Bublichki and the British Cock and Bull on the Sunset Strip. He's sorry they don't have Hawaiian music, because 'Aloha' makes him so sentimental."

"Of course, he can be absent-minded. Oh, he's appalling. The other afternoon he couldn't remember where he'd parked his car downtown; the police department had to spend half an hour locating it for him! He will never have a cent with him, either; he always has to stop and write a check. He's money-conscious, tries to invest carefully, in real estate, insurance, stocks. He says we'll eventually end up in the South Seas, and that airplanes can never spoil the languorous beauty he'll show me there."

"He has me reading newspaper editorials! He never knows what time it is and doesn't care; he has five watches and never carries or wears one of them. He has Max remind him by remote control. I have learned to expect him—when he arrives. He improves any story he repeats and he is a practical joker. He wears a wedding ring—have you noticed it? There are," she finished, "definite advantages in being married to a movie star. When I went to visit him on 'location' one time Errol asked for an adjoining room for me. After dinner, when we went upstairs, we found the manager had obligingly cut a hole in the wall and hastily installed a connecting door!"

Mr. Flynn, rest assured, is by no means oblivious to his wife's charm, even if he pits his Irish temper with her French fieriness to Hollywood's horror. He barged into my conversation with his Lili. "Has she told you I'm the unthwarted type?" Lili lunged at him—with a kiss he appreciated.

I had another cocktail. I realized it was 8 p.m. "Our dinner guests aren't coming until 9:30. We never dine early," Lili said soothingly. But I had tracked this handsome and energetic guy for twelve steady hours. I didn't want to wear out my welcome. Anyway, I had to rest up—there was no telling what he still was liable to do!

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

of raw potato. I believe a hostess could make a hit if she'd try serving them sometime. But we can't persuade Mother."

"Mother's funny about food," smiled Pat. "She won't ever tell us what's for dinner. Just says: 'Wait and see.' And she's always having surprises. The other night she invented a grand dessert. She calls it orange surprise."

"Yes," added Rosemary, "and the 'surprise' element adds excitement to satisfaction when it comes to eating the food mother is always thinking up to serve, whether we are having just a 'family' meal or entertaining guests. But curiosity tries to kill excitement, it seems, and we continue to ask 'what's for dinner'—and mother continues to keep the secret until it solves itself when the food is actually served. But 'orange surprise' is what we were talking about, wasn't it?"

ORANGE SURPRISE

2 packages Jello (orange flavor)
6 cups boiling water
Sugar to taste
4 tablespoons port wine
½ lb. citron

Dissolve jello in the water and sweeten; when cool, add the port wine and pour in mould, preferably a circular one with a hollow in the center. When the jello is set, add the citron grated on top, and serve with center filled with whipped cream.

"Mother's the one who really understands food. Pat and I can't cook, except to barbecue," confessed Rosemary. "When Pat was in camp, she used to wrap potatoes in mud and roast them, and roast corn in shucks, too—it was wonderful!"

"I made a cake the other day," boasted Pat. "I took it to the studio and everybody said it was good. It was, too. Want to know about it?"

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Melt 3 squares of unsweetened Baker's chocolate in a double boiler with 3 tablespoons butter; add ½ cup boiling water and 1 cup sugar and beat hard; pour into a bowl and beat in 1 well-beaten egg and 4 tablespoons sour milk. Sift 1 cup of Swansdown flour with ¾ of a teaspoon soda and ¼ teaspoon salt and beat into the mixture with 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla. Pour into three buttered and floured layer-cake tins and bake in a moderate oven. Cool on a wire cake rack, spread between the layers and on the top and sides marshmallow cream filling.

"We can use our barbecue winter and summer because it's inside," said Rosemary. "But Lola has one outdoors. I was over there one day when she was barbecuing a steak and it began to rain. Anybody else I suppose would have finished cooking indoors, but not Lola! Once she starts anything, she finishes it! The butler came out and held an umbrella over her until the steak was done."

"I love storms. I wish we had more of them out here. We come from Iowa where it's awfully hot in summer and awfully cold in winter and does the wind blow!"

We wandered up to the house, where the Lane furniture, purchased in New York, seems to fit exactly into the ranchhouse style of architecture. "It's mostly maple," Pat pointed out, "and some of the pieces are very good. Since we've been trying to get more pieces, we've discovered that our maple is a deeper color and more unusual wood than they sell here. The dining room

set has a lovely buffet, quite odd-looking, but charming. Then there's the cobbler's bench coffee-table and the butcher's block lamp table in the living room."

We moved on to the den, in redwood with a huge fireplace. There's an emergency bar in the wall, but Pat uses it for photography. She's a home movie fiend.

The girl's bedroom has white-bricked walls, blue rug, two pretty maple beds with chenille coverlets, and rose pink chintz in the windows. There's a hall leading to it, and on one side is an elaborate dressing room, on the other a huge bathroom, each equipped with mirrored wardrobes containing separate compartments for furs, evening gowns, shoes, sports clothes, street clothes, negligees, etc. The dressing room has a ceiling of heavenly blue decorated with silver stars, and a completely equipped table. The bathroom has a rose pink cross-wise tub, with seats at angles, and a novel make-up shelf over the tub that comes down so that the girls can sit in the tub and take off make-up, or put it on.

"We often sit in the tub and drink coffee and have sandwiches, if we are home very late from the studio," said Pat. "Sometimes I read in the tub, too, if I want to relax. It's marvelous!"

Going back to barbecues," said Pat, as we returned to the living room, "they are really good fun summer or winter; winter especially because they seem more exciting then. Girls back east could have them in the gym on the gas-plate. The real fun is having everybody help. Somebody should be responsible for each dish, and somebody responsible for the entertainment afterward. We play ping pong or darts, or the usual game—*What is it?*—you know, where you have to act out a proverb or slogan or something. The responsible people can plan prizes or new games."

"And about food," Rosemary put in,

Up to new tricks of the sort that have made Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell so popular, are these two very personable people engaged in this scene at right. This is one of many comedy moments cropping up in a humorous mystery story titled "Fast and Loose," fourth in which Bob and Rosalind have co-starred.



eagerly. "You can serve pie and hamburgers. Hot dogs—wienies—you know that sort of thing is delicious in winter or spring. And pie—most men are mad about it. We'll each pick out a good pie for you."

ROSEMARY'S PIE

Raisin (Mock Cherry) Pie

Cut 1 cup of cranberries in half and mix with 1 cup of plumped seedless raisins, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar sifted with 1 tablespoon flour and a few grains of nutmeg (Burnett's); add 2 teaspoons butter, broken in small bits and pour into a pastry-lined pie tin; cover with pastry, cut two slits in the crust and bake in a moderate oven.

PRISCILLA'S PIE

Apple Pie Royal

Beat the yolks of 2 eggs with 4

tablespoons of cold water. Sift 2 cups flour, 4 tablespoons sugar and rub into it 1 cup butter; when the flour is like coarse meal, add the egg yolks and water and the grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Work to a smooth dough and set on the ice until thoroughly chilled. Peel, core and chop 4 large, tart apples and mix them with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped, blanched almonds, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, 4 tablespoons chopped seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon cinnamon (Burnett's) and the grated rind and juice of 1 lemon. Roll out the pastry and line deep pie tin with it, fill with the apple mixture and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth with 5 tablespoons sugar and mound on the baked pie, return to the oven, brown lightly.

AUNTIE...IS BAD BREATH CATCHING?



OF COURSE NOT, SALLY! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?

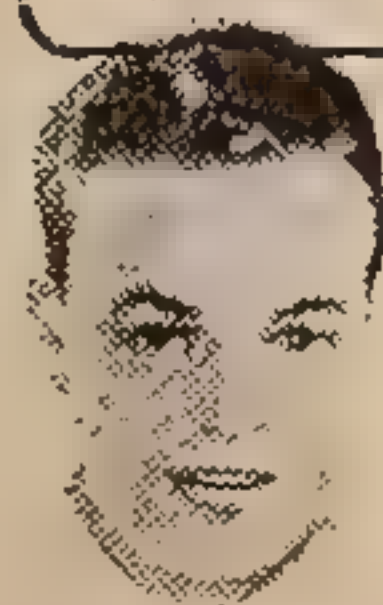
WELL, WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA HUSBAND! SO I DON'T WANNA CATCH YOUR BREATH, AUNTIE MAY!

MY BREATH!

UH-HUH. 'CAUSE DADDY SAYS BAD BREATH IS WHY YOU AREN'T MARRIED. AN' HE SAYS MAMA SHOULD TELL YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!

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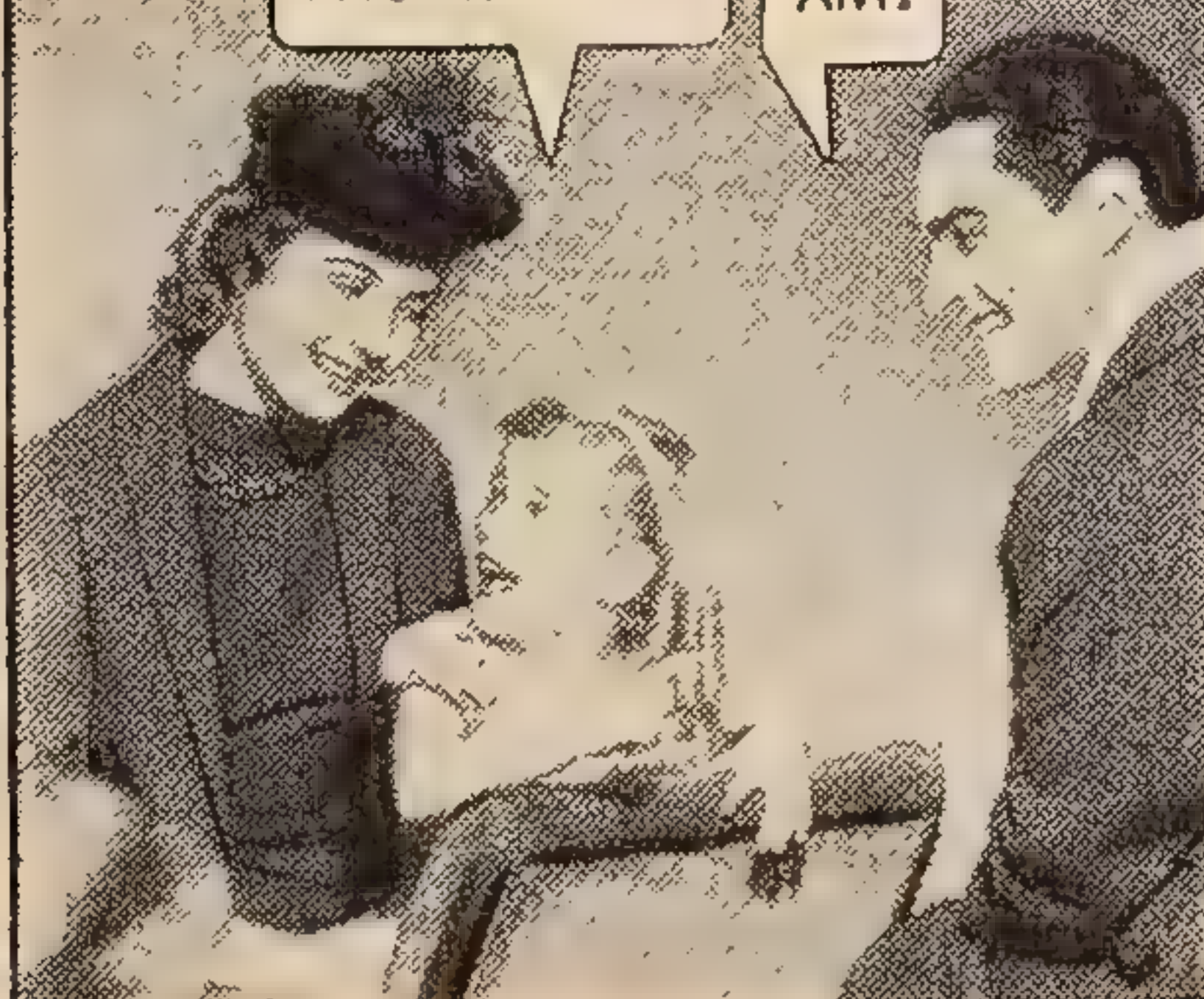


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effort to be well-groomed at all times, and if I'm ever in an accident I won't be embarrassed. But then any self-respecting woman makes that effort, doesn't she? I am not a follower of high fashion, however. I don't spend half as much money on clothes as most of the women I go about with do. I don't have a wardrobe designed months in advance. I buy things that are right for my type, I'm particular about fit, and I try to dress suitably for the various events of life. I select the colors that are complimentary to my coloring. That's all! It's funny, but I wasn't urged to splurge on a wardrobe when I began in Hollywood, as most girls say they are. My mother used to tell me I didn't have to dress as expensively as the other girls—she thought my 'young-and-innocent' looks and er—ability more than made up the difference."

Virginia sighed, asked for her canvas-backed chair. "That was fine when I didn't have enough money to buy what I wanted, when I really had nothing to wear. It made me feel good. But my mother still has the same idea, so when I want an exclusive model I buy it first and mention it afterward!"

She not only has none of that consuming vanity you might have expected in her, but she never even believed she had to be an actress. She wasn't driven on by any great desire to demonstrate her stupendous talent, and she won't claim she was.

"I know," she declared, her wide blue eyes essaying would-be horror, "that this isn't half as hair-raising as it should be, but I had no particular ambition. Back in Fargo, North Dakota, I simply had a normal good time and presumed that everything would come out all right. I was the only girl at high school who had a car of her own, which was no hardship, and I went to all the small-town dances I could go to, and I didn't care a snap whether a boy was rich or poor. I remember an Irish boy who seemed terribly handsome to me, and I remember his family had no money and how I never worried about that! I liked him.

"I never had the faintest notion of becoming an actress. I thought my mother must be out of her mind when she'd say I was as attractive as most of those girls in Hollywood and I should be in pictures. I'm here, an actress, because I've been plain lucky and I think I have common sense enough to know so. And I'm still a farm girl at heart, even though I've been in the Follies. The truth about me is that my tastes and my habits are simple, not sensational. I don't want uncertainty. I want to be sure—about the few fundamental things that seem significant to me. I want to be sure of my husband, of my home, of children. I don't want suspense and sensationalism."

Right to the point, Virginia is, with no whipping up of exotic quotes to suit press agents. Furthermore, I think it is notable that she has developed into a star without ever being the least ruthless, and this is all the more singular because she has done her rising at a studio where the competition is, to put it politely, slightly cut-throat.

"They say this is one more gold-rush town, where a girl has to have a man's mind and a man's code and a man's hard-boiled nerve to survive. Well," vowed Virginia, submitting casually to the simultaneous attention of a hair-dresser, a make-up woman, and a wardrobe woman, "I've gotten as far as I have without putting on pants, figuratively. I'm afraid I've never wanted 'to play the game just like a man.'" The other careerists can boast

of how they can take rebuffs as a man would. Virginia objects to being so modern a martyr.

"I'm afraid I don't want to be anything but a woman, even though I work. I have never tried to think or react 'just like a man.' I haven't been a rebel, I haven't had a business eye, I haven't run ragged after opportunities. But I've taken advantage of my best opportunities eventually. I haven't wanted a daring life, passionately full of risks and dangers and dollar bills. I never get myself into a major frenzy. What's the value?"

"No, I don't demand a place for myself in the sun; I just hope. There are," she added thoughtfully, "a number of things I don't believe in. I don't believe in having



Joan Blondell visits Geraldine Fitzgerald on the "Dark Victory" set at Warners.

my hair combed to a fare-ye-well!" Having tossed this aside to the diligent hair-dresser, she continued to be unreserved. "I don't believe in being too proud, for instance. When an opportunity bangs at my door, and I have sense enough to recognize it, I don't worry over whether it banged on someone else's first. Not if I like it. Who am I to be so wonderful? I understand they wanted Joan Blondell for this role, Carole Lombard for the one I played before this one. All I hope is they're not sorry they got me instead. I'm blonde, and maybe I'm able to be funny, too."

She is currently proving her skill in farce comedy as she previously made much of meanie parts. Not many Hollywood stars I know would have accepted those unsympathetic rôles which she was handed without protesting violently against such 'suicide.' Virginia confesses she didn't kick a tiny bit. "Why, I liked playing those so-and-sos. When you're not a so-and-so in real life it's sort of fun to be that way on the screen. People whisper, 'Ah-ha, she's got a devil in her!' Besides, I thought it'd be smart. If they don't think I can do heroines successfully they may recall I could do those characterizations. So later on, when I'm older, I should always be able to work."

Her attending trio having finished with their duties, we were left alone again. Virginia leaned back leisurely in her chair.

"I believe in luck," she repeated. "It's a lovely idea, fancying we decide our own fate, but I doubt if we do. I'm inclined to bank on destiny having designs for us. Too many people happen into our lives and we can't pick them because we don't know what they're really like until we've had time to know them intimately.

"There's no getting around it; I've just been fortunate. I came to Hollywood ten years ago because dad had business reverses and we moved to California so he could try here. He had been in insurance. Times were tough here, too. He couldn't even get in civil service because he was from out of the state. I happened to be introduced to William Beaudine, the director, and he said I should be in pictures. We needed an income. If I hadn't chanced to meet people who helped me, where'd I have gotten?

"Pretty soon I was in the stock company at Paramount. I didn't push myself; I even was so unmasculine-minded that I wouldn't be hurried at all. Women without men's minds can't be, won't. I went to their coaching school and learned very little. I was absolutely unprepared for progress then. You couldn't call me stupid, but I'm the type who has grown up mentally very slowly.

"So I was let go at Paramount, and I had to have an operation for appendicitis and I couldn't pay for it. I had it and couldn't pay that doctor for a couple of years. So then I needed work more than ever and began to be sorry I hadn't tried to learn more there on the lot at Paramount. It wasn't anything I did, but thanks to someone else I was introduced to Florenz Ziegfeld at a dinner party and he signed me for the Follies.

"I went East and had a grand time in New York. I wasn't regretful about pictures, because it was the first time I'd ever been away from home. Homesick?" She answered my question truthfully. "Why, I enjoyed the freedom from my family, I'm afraid. Though, understand, I get along swell with my family! Anyway, New York was fun; it was the big city. John Harkrider, who was Mr. Ziegfeld's set designer, promised dad to watch out for me. He and Mr. Ziegfeld and I had dinner together often, and they valiantly saw that no harm came to Little Nellie, who was terribly naïve and thrilled silly when she rated her first trip through Chinatown. I was in two Broadway shows, I was in the chorus of the first one and had only a small bit in the second, and then it closed and it seemed best to return home and try pictures again. I cried when I left New York. No, Mr. Ziegfeld didn't offer to make me a star. He wasn't interested enough—yet later I was cast as one of his typical temperamental ladies, in the movie version of Ziegfeld. What was that but luck, bad and good?

"I was sitting in the waiting room of the casting office right here at Columbia when an agent noticed me and got me a test at Metro. The test got me my contract at M-G-M.

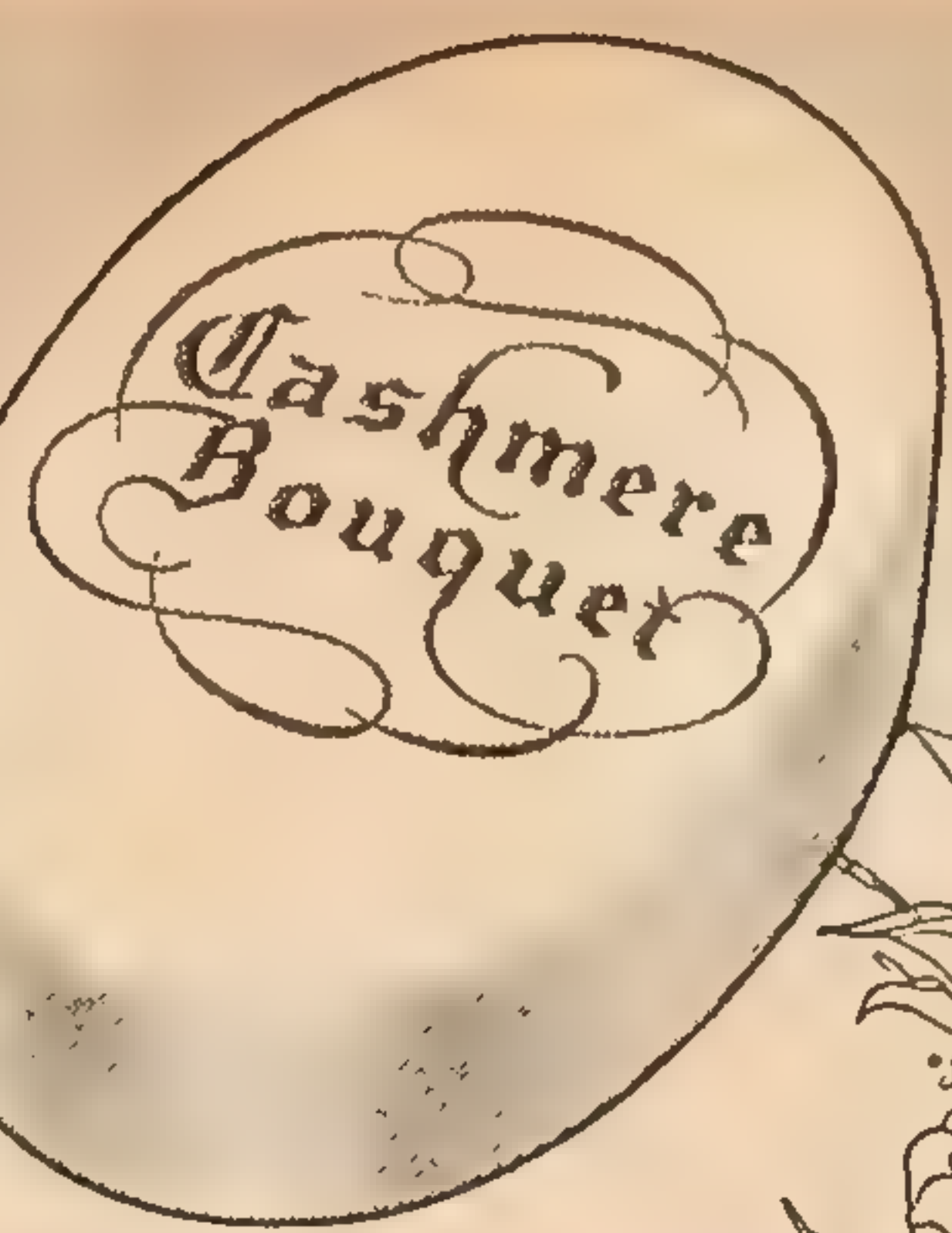
"I played some leads, but I wasn't overly eager. I supposed that if I weren't very good I'd marry and go out of the business."

Which was precisely what she did do. She fell in love abruptly with John Gilbert, the turbulent romantic lover of the silent screen. She quit work entirely and attempted to suit her peaceful nature to his fiery and unpredictable sophistication. Her daughter Susan was born, but after two years of strange disharmony she moved back to her parents and Metro asked her to resume with them.

"Great luck, of course. I started to pay some attention to acting. Robert Young and I rehearsed with Oliver Hinsdale in the studio's schoolroom and learned con-



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THE LOVELIER SOAP

WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

siderable. Then I studied diction and expression under Samuel Kayser, who's coached so many players.

"But if I've improved as an actress," asserted Virginia emphatically, "I owe it all to my husband." Such giving of credit where it is due!

She was the most courted young woman in Hollywood when, again suddenly, she fell in love with director J. Walter Ruben, who has since been upped to a producer at Metro. John Gilbert had died. The fond glances of eligible boys like Jimmy Stewart had failed to touch her heart. Too elementally feminine to do otherwise, she waited until lightning hit anew. Now she contends the inspiration she has received from her second love has not only brought her happiness but direct help in her work.

"I think my husband is the finest director in Hollywood, and he helps me with every scene I do. We rehearse at night; he goes over all my next day's lines with me. Last week I did a radio drama. At the dress rehearsal I wasn't so hot. Because I hadn't had a chance to discuss my rôle at home! But I was so much better on the following day, when we broadcasted, that they couldn't get over it. If you print this they'll know why.

"While I'm at it I'll confess further—I'm the lazy type. Ernst Lubitsch, who labored with me at Paramount when I began, addresses me as 'Lazy' still. But that's the way many of us women actually are, if we'll be honest about it. We have to be emotionally stimulated to Make Steps. Mother had to practically shove me back into pictures, after my first marriage failed. Now I'd go out of my mind if I couldn't be in them. I love the work. But I know why—because my husband loves pictures so! He's advancing so remarkably, he's so intrigued with the future of the screen, that now I am, too. Now I seriously want to be good.

"Yet I never have fought for better parts and I don't think I'll start now. I quaked when I had to do that Ziegfeld girl. But when it was satisfactory I decided the men who run these film companies are a whole lot smarter about casting than I am. Mother wanted me to fight for the lead in 'Idiot's Delight,' but I couldn't! If some people force themselves to try to be what they aren't they lose what personality spark they have, and I'm one of those people. I've come to the conclusion the less you stew and stew, the better.

"I have all the true feminine traits. I haven't a logical mind. I don't follow A Plan. I'm usually late. I'm stubborn about the little things; they seem more important to me at the time. I've never bargained for a raise in salary, I don't mind being loaned out to another studio; but I do like a nice dressing-room and I like it to be clean. I don't study everything under the sun because I don't think life's enough fun if we go around making every minute count. I am one who is not taking singing lessons. I haven't sung in a picture for two years; if they want me to sing, and will give me six weeks to get in voice, I'll know they think I can sing and I'll do something about that matter.

"I have," she maintained firmly, "no poise. I'm thrown into absolute confusion by something unexpected. I have been the kind you want to slap down on the screen; but I don't like to argue in reality. I'd rather give in than fuss. I haven't been jealous to date; but I'll bet I could be. I've always wanted to be grown up, so I know we don't always get what we want most for I'm not all grown up—yet. I never can stop and think before I speak.

"Yes, I am so tactless! Except with my husband. He says I'm an entirely different person with him. But with others I'm so anxious to have them like me that I spurt



Coming in to see a preview, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper enter the Hollywood Theatre.

out some most uncalled-for comment. David Selznick told me the other evening I was the most tactless woman in Hollywood! Yes, I know it's a fault, that I should be diplomatic, that I'm supposed to use my head all the time. But I start out with the best of intentions, and forget. I make a silly remark, I know it's sounded silly, and then I go on and on until I just run down." She smiled. "Which may take a good two hours!

"Much as I liked New York when I was there, I have never been back. Six years have passed and I don't long to go back. I'm hopelessly inconsistent 'just like a woman!' I'm very happy when I stay put. I have fun enough after I start to travel, but the thought of traveling bores me. I have no desire to act in a play, ever. I'll take the simple life instead of the night life. I want another baby. I'd rather lean on my husband than be independent.

"I am more domestic than you'd guess a Hollywood girl would be. Not that I can cook worth a hoot. But when I maneuvered time to shop for my furnishings for my new home the one thing I spent the most time on was the electric ironer. I convinced my husband we'd certainly save money by buying it. I entertain very little, but I like to go to other women's parties and I love to dance. All my life I was content with gold jewelry; now that I'm earning more money, however, and can afford more elaborate jewelry I'm off the gold standard."

The assistant director interrupted. She rose. "In short," she summed herself up, "simplicity is my keynote. Don't be too clever or you'll wreck your life with complications!" The trio of stellar attendants appeared like magic to inspect her once more. "And don't forget," Virginia tossed over her shoulder as she walked into her next scene, "to mention my good luck!"

She indulged in no nonsense about getting into the mood, stepping right into the required action. But she has no nerves because she lives placidly and naturally. She would rather be calm than crisp, and she wisely lets who will be clever. Astonishingly unspoiled, very human, personally sought-after because of her good disposition, she's worked up from the bottom to the top. Where—being lucky—I think she's going to stay for quite awhile!

She's Scarlett O'Hara

Continued from page 27

next month the letter-writing public had changed to Margaret Sullavan, next month it was Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins. Mr. Selznick had a sinking feeling about his heart. No matter whom he chose to play *Scarlett* great masses of people were going to be as mad as wet hens. He might just as well be bold about it and revert to his first decision.

And his first decision had been to get an unknown girl to play *Scarlett*! When he read the book he knew that *Scarlett* was a great acting part and whoever played the rôle would very likely become one of the leading stars in Hollywood. Now, to let you in on a bit of inside information, every producer wants to discover star material, for that's where the money lies, but, quite naturally, he wants to discover it for himself, and not for his competitor. Why should he spend thousands of dollars publicizing a girl under contract to another studio? After his picture she would return to the studio she was under contract to and they, not he, would benefit from her success. Look what happened to Hedy Lamarr! Metro had her under contract at a very small salary, and were planning to drop her when option time came around. In the meantime, Walter Wanger, in desperation, borrowed Hedy, an unknown, from Metro and put her in "Algiers" in which, as you well know, she was nothing short of sensational. But did it benefit Mr. Wanger any? Heavens no, Metro grabbed her back in a flash, lined up pictures for her, and are all prepared to enjoy a star made for them by a competing studio. Mr. Wanger can't even borrow her now! Nope, Mr. Selznick didn't care to make any stars for any other studios to grow rich on, not if he could help it.

And so the great search for an unknown *Scarlett* was launched. She must look like *Scarlett* (so the public wouldn't scalp her), and she must be some one he could put under a long-term contract (so Selznick-International could reap the rewards). After all, picture-making is a business, and you can't blame Mr. Selznick for having his eye on the exchequer. However, in all due fairness to him, I must say that if you letter-writing fans had agreed on any one big star from another studio Mr. Selznick would have moved heaven and earth to get her. But you didn't agree.

You did agree on Gable for *Rhett Butler*, though. And what a lot of trouble that caused Mr. Selznick. Metro wasn't at all enthused about loaning out their top star to another studio. They themselves had plenty of pictures on hand for Mr. Gable and they weren't feeling at all charitable to the studio down the road. Mr. Selznick pleaded. Mr. Mayer said no. That went on for some time, the letters were piling up, and Mr. Selznick was getting desperate. So Mr. Mayer, also with his eye on the exchequer said, "I will give you Gable if you will release 'Gone With the Wind' through Metro so we can share in the profits." (This is inside stuff, kids, but I thought you'd like to know how movies are cast.) Now Mr. Selznick had a contract with United Artists to release eight pictures through them. If he suddenly turned on them and released "Gone With the Wind" through Metro they could sue the living daylights out of him. But he had to have Gable. So what? So he had to make his eight pictures to be released through United Artists before he could release a picture through Metro. He has recently completed his eight-picture con-

tract deal with United Artists—and "Gone With the Wind" will be released by Metro! See, folks, what a lot of trouble you put your Uncle David to, simply by insisting upon Clark Gable for *Rhett*!

And that, in a nutshell, is the mystery of the long delay on the filming of "GWTW." It wasn't the search for *Scarlett* that held up production. It wasn't a play for publicity. It wasn't just stalling until everyone got bored. It was those eight pictures he had to make.

But to return to the search for *Scarlett*. Knowing that it would be 1939 before he could make the picture Mr. Selznick took his time and made a thorough job of it. He sent George Cukor, the director of the picture, on a long tour through the South, with emphasis on Atlanta, in quest of an embryonic star. Cukor interviewed hundreds of girls, many of whom he tested. The tests were run off in the projection room at the studio and Selznick, Cukor and the company executives mulled over them. If a girl looked like *Scarlett* it was a cinch she couldn't act. If she could act, she didn't look like *Scarlett*, not by the widest imagination. It was pretty discouraging. He checked over the ready-made stars again. Cukor wanted Katharine Hepburn who happens to be one of his best friends. But Hepburn didn't look like *Scarlett*. Norma Shearer was announced for the part, but there was such an avalanche of threatening letters that she quickly withdrew. Joan Bennett was tested. So was Jean Arthur. And thirty-five other actresses, or would-be actresses. Paulette Goddard took test after test. But she wasn't *Scarlett*. However, if Vivien Leigh hadn't appeared when she did Paulette would probably have gotten the part for the chief reason that she is under contract to Selznick. If he made a star out of her the profits would remain in the company. Poor Paulette, she has been very sporting about it, you have to give her a big hand for that, but in the quiet of the night I bet she wishes that Miss Vivien Leigh had never discovered America.

The whole thing happened quite by accident, as most important things do. Laurence Olivier decided to accept the rôle of *Heathcliff* in "Wuthering Heights" and came to Hollywood from London to co-star with Merle Oberon in the Sam Goldwyn picture. He had met Vivien Leigh in an English picture called "Fire Over England" and had become quite interested in her. At his insistence Vivien decided to come to Hollywood for two weeks (she had a play waiting for her in England) to visit the



Honeymooners! Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, and his bride were married in Yuma, Ariz.

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English colony here, have herself a social whirl, and then back to England and work. Though not a "big" star she is rather well-known in England, where she is under contract to Korda, and her agent there is none other than Harry Ham, the London representative of the Myron Selznick agency. So, naturally, when Vivien arrived Myron gave her a ring and suggested that she take the test for *Scarlett* as everyone else had so why should she be different? David Selznick is Myron's brother so Myron took her out to meet brother David the night that they were burning Atlanta on the back lot at Selznick International. When the producer met Vivien he had quite a start. Here, for a change, was someone who actually looked like *Scarlett*. If she could only act! The first test was terribly, terribly British, and Mr. Selznick was despondent again. After all, you can't have a belle of the Old South talking like a Noel Coward drawing-room comedy. And then, when the starting date was drawing near and Paulette was just about to be announced, Vivien took another test—and was damned good. It seems that the first test was more or less a joke with her as she had every intention of returning to England, but then in spite of herself she got interested. She read the book, and she adored *Scarlett*. And she likes to act. The third test was perfect. And then the matter of contract. Mr. Korda, as luck would have it, was in Hollywood attending the United Artists board meetings. He and Mr. Selznick had lunch together and before either of them could reach for the check it was decided that Vivien Leigh could sign a contract with Selznick, with the provision that she make one picture a year for Korda. Selznick had practically what he had made up his mind to get way back in the summer of 1936—an unknown girl, at least unknown in America, whom he could place on a long term contract, and who looked and acted like *Scarlett O'Hara*. Another one of those one-minute-to-play miracles.

I have met Vivien Leigh, and although I arrived prepared not to like her, I was completely captivated. More than any of the other contestants she really looks like *Scarlett*. On page one Margaret Mitchell wrote, "*Scarlett O'Hara* was not beautiful,

but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia white skin—"

And on page 76, "And as for her waist—there was no one in Fayetteville, Jonesboro or in three counties, for that matter, who had so small a waist." I'm telling you it's all there. Vivien's eyes are green with black lashes slanting upward, her waist is seventeen inches, and what's more she is of French and Irish descent.

And what about this girl who has won the most coveted rôle in screen history? What was her life before she came to Hollywood? She was born on November 5, 1913, in the resort town of Darjeeling, India, in the Himalayas. Her father, Ernest Richard Hartley, was a stock broker in Calcutta at the time. At the age of five Vivien was taken to London to enter the Sacred Heart Convent. At the age of eight she was given her first taste of acting in a school production of "A Midsummer's Night Dream." Maureen O'Sullivan was a school mate of Vivien's and recalls that once when she asked Vivien, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Vivien promptly and emphatically answered, "An actress."

When she was fourteen she left London to study in a French convent in Italy, followed by a year's study at Mlle. Manileve's school for young ladies in Paris, where she was able to study dramatics under a famous actress of the Comedie Francaise. Then came finishing school days at the Baroness von Roeder's school in Bavaria. After graduation she visited Connemara, in Ireland's peat bog country, to visit her mother's family. She confided her ambition to be an actress to her parents, and with their consent she became a student at the Academy of Dramatic Art in London. On December 20th, just after her nineteenth birthday, she married Leigh Holman, a prominent lawyer in England (from whom she is now separated), and in 1934 became the mother of a little girl whom she named Suzanne.

Her first appearance on the stage was in "The Green Sash" and she became an overnight sensation in London. Other important plays followed, and naturally the movie offers came thick and fast. "Fire Over England" in which she had a rôle as lady-in-waiting was her first picture of any note. She has played in one American picture, "The Yank at Oxford," which was made in England, as you know, with Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan. She has had several American movie offers before, but never had the slightest intention of ever accepting one. She'd rather act than eat. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 103 pounds, and her hair is brown with a reddish tint. She's very very happy about *Scarlett*.

If Margaret Mitchell, the author, doesn't object to an English girl playing *Scarlett* I see no reason why we should. "Research," Miss Mitchell has said in an interview, "has revealed that cultured Georgians of the War Between the States era were more English than our present day Georgians. They had great respect and admiration for the English and when they went on vacations they did not go North but to England. Many had been in this country but a few years and others were first or second generation Georgians, only a few years removed from England."

Miss Mitchell sent Vivien a wire when she was announced for *Scarlett* which is Vivien's proudest possession.



Vivien Leigh, now SCARLETT O'HARA, with Laurence Olivier in scene from one of the British pictures they made together.

Bob Hope's Souvenirs

Continued from page 67

Broadway, and later Rudy took it up. He shoots pictures of everyone who goes on his shows. He shot a picture of me, once, just as I was shooting one of him. Everybody took up the fad and it still rages. I don't wonder. There's a great satisfaction in it.

"This is a shot of Gypsy Rose Lee before she became famous, at a luncheon of the Ziegfeld Girls' Club. I stood on a platform to get that. That's why the two end figures aren't all flattened out, as they would be if you shoot straight on. You wouldn't recognize Gypsy? Well, here's one of Sally Rand with clothes on, taken at the Casa Manana. I like that shot, specially. It was at a rehearsal where they just had rehearsal lights, and it looks unposed and informal, the way such a picture should look.

"I adore angle shots. I hang over transoms, I lie down on the floor, and I peep out from railings to get shots. I think I was standing on a chair when I got this shot of the chorus girls backstage in 'Red, Hot and Blue.' This is the sort of picture you see in an artist's sketch. So maybe now and then I'm arty. But it's accidental.

"This is a shot I made at my first big dinner as a speaker. Up to that time, I'd appeared on the stage and on platforms as master of ceremonies and so on, but this Baseball Writers' Dinner was the first time I'd ever been asked to act as entertainer at a really important affair. I was scared at first. I worked out a monologue about baseball, with a lot of stories in it, and the thing went off very well. Anyway, people laughed and clapped, so I was relieved. The minute I was through, I thought to myself: 'Maybe nobody will ever ask



Autograph, please! Henry Fonda obliges, as Mrs. Fonda—with gay striped chapeau—waits.

me to a thing like this again!" So I grabbed my camera and said: 'Let me take a picture!'—Another for the days of the pipe and the old armchair. Judge Landis and Ford Frick stood up and let me shoot them. Everybody was very nice. You know, I was just a fan!

"I like taking action shots, too. This one of Ozzie Nelson (Harriet Hilliard's husband—I mean, she's his wife)—boxing at the New York Athletic Club, is one of mine.

"I wonder now how Madison Square Garden ever let me in with my camera, when they usually bar cameras, but nobody said a word to me. I'd wander in, lugging my Graflex, and looking sort of wide-eyed, and then sit in a good seat and go click, click, click. Nobody stopped me. I suppose they thought: 'His pictures never get anywhere!' and went on.

"Whenever I've been in a show, I've taken pictures. Here's Mitzi Green in the show in 1937, posing for me. Good picture of her, too. Nice balance, don't you think? See how professional I am. And here's a shot of Sonja Henie, with her mother and brother, at dinner during her Madison Square Garden appearance. Am I a news-cameraman, I ask you?

"I'll tell you the things you should watch for, if you make pictures. Take the cover off your lens, if you have one on your camera. I once shot a roll of film without removing the cover. And they would have been the best pictures I ever took, too.

"Don't be in a hurry. I learned that from watching the cameramen around this lot. They are sure it's OK before they shoot—they fuss around with the lighting, the focus, the expression, the background, the balance—gee, they *have* to be right! They can't show up at the darkroom next day and say: 'Gee, that's too bad, but the folks were in such a hurry I just grabbed what I could get.' They see it's all right, hurry or not.

"Naturally some shots must be grabbed, if a horse is racing or a ball flying or something, but in most cases a little time won't matter. Look in your finder, because if it isn't there, it won't be on the finished print.

"I get a lot of stuff with my home movie camera because I needn't disturb people by making them pose. I have some grand scenic stuff on it, too. But Palm Springs—! Gee, there's a tough spot to make pictures! The light's terrific. No dust in the air, they tell me, but my camera was full of dust. None of my shots were good. And I used filters, too. I should have used a light meter for that brilliant light."

As I started away, he hurried after me: "Look," he said, "I'm not really making a picture called: 'Put It on Ice.' The name of my picture is 'NEVER SAY DIE.' Get it in, will you?"

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Has Hollywood Changed Him? Continued from page 34

have the privilege of doing stage plays. Robinson has never done a play since he first came to Hollywood. Muni went back east, did one play, returned to the west coast and promptly sank into the desuetude of Hollywood life. When Robert Montgomery signed a new contract with M-G-M it carried a provision enabling him to do stage plays. He has never availed himself of the clause. Spencer Tracy used to moan that Robinson and Muni had the only worthwhile contracts in the film industry, because they had the privilege of doing stage plays. Yet, when he left the Fox company he promptly signed with M-G-M—signed without even a backward glance at the legitimate theatre.

All this was pointed out to John Gar-

dropped a forkful of egg on his new gray slacks. "You're going to start that again, eh?" he muttered, cleaning himself off. "I haven't changed!"

"You're bound to have changed some," I insisted. "You don't need to have changed for the worse but you're bound to have changed somehow."

"I haven't!" he yelled and added defensively, "ask Robbie."

"Robbie," I put it up to his wife, "you tell me."

"I don't think he has changed," she replied. "When we came out here he didn't care about night clubs. He still doesn't. We've only been to one in all the time we've been here. He didn't care about parties—and he still doesn't. He's only been to



Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, Georgianna Young, and Loretta Young, Hollywood's most famous quartette of off-screen sisters, appear together in "Alexander Graham Bell."

field. He shook his head stubbornly. "I don't give a darn about your Hollywood life," he argued. "Your sunkist climate doesn't mean a thing to me. I love the hustle and bustle of New York. It's my home. And the theatre is my life. I don't care about your Hollywood gold. A lot of money isn't important to me. It isn't important to my wife. She never wanted me to come here in the first place. I'll stay as long as they give me good parts. When they start shoving me around into B pictures that don't mean anything I'm getting out."

Strong words. But we had all heard salty language before. Almost every writer who interviewed him made a date to interview him a year hence—to interview the new John—the Hollywood version of Garfield. Well, the year is up. I've been in almost constant touch with John for months and I am obliged to state I have not been able to detect a change in him. But after more years than I like to remember of watching people go Hollywood, it didn't stand to reason John could have escaped entirely unscathed. I went out to his home one morning before he was wide awake—before he had had time to collect his wits—thinking to catch him off guard.

"Have some coffee," John invited, prying his eyes open with a knife and fork and interestedly contemplating the pair of eggs smiling up at him with big, yellow eyes.

"Hey, Jack," I burst out, "how do you think you've changed since you've been out here?"

John cast a startled glance at me and

one Hollywood party and that was one night when he'd worked late and his director made him go along. He didn't care anything about clothes. He's still the worst-dressed man in Hollywood. He still doesn't pay over \$5 for shoes or \$2.00 for a shirt."

I glanced down at John's feet. He had on a pair of sandals such as I have never seen anywhere but in Hollywood—and hope I never do, either.

"Haven't changed, eh?" I chortled. "What about those shoes? They're not Hollywood—not much."

"You're crazy," John shouted. "I bought these in New York three years ago. Only in New York you can only wear them in summer. Out here you can wear them all year round." He turned to the cook: "More eggs, please," he suggested politely.

I watched him down a breakfast consisting of orange juice, four eggs, six slices of toast, jelly and two cups of coffee.

"Did he always eat this much in New York?" I asked hopefully.

"No," Robbie said promptly. "We never had enough money for him to eat this much."

"Well, then he's changed that way," I exulted. "Why, he's eating you out of house and home."

"He always ate us out of house and home," she retorted. "I only said we didn't have as much in the house in New York."

"You won't get anything out of her," John warned me. "She knows better than to talk."

"Don't goad me too much," Robbie cau-

tioned him. "I'm likely to surprise you."

"If I thought you meant that," John grinned, making a playful pass at her chin.

"Oh, a wife-beater, eh?" I sneered. "Hollywood does that to everyone. I bet he never beat you in New York."

"Always," she averred calmly. "We were constantly having to move because the neighbors complained of the noise he'd make doing it. Of course," she qualified, "it wasn't only that. The gas and lights were always being cut off because we couldn't pay the bills—until he'd start working again."

"Your car!" I shouted desperately. "You *couldn't* have had a big car like that in New York."

"We did," she rejoined. "At least, a friend of ours did and we helped pay on it so we could use it. Listen, you mugg," she smiled, "John was getting \$300 a week in 'Having Wonderful Time' and playing the lead. He left the show in the middle of the run to play a bit part in 'Golden Boy' for \$50 a week because he thought it was a better part and I was proud of him. *He hasn't changed.*"

"What about all those wonderful plans for going back to New York and doing more plays?" I twitted them. "I told you Hollywood would get you."

"I told you," John retorted, "that I'd stay here as long as they gave me good parts, and that when they quit, I'd go back to New York. Well, the part in 'Four Daughters' was a good part. Then they gave me 'Blackwell's Island' which I didn't like—and told them so. Then they gave me 'They Made Me a Criminal.' The part was all right but I don't think the picture means anything. Now I'm working in 'Juarez.' It's a good part but I've found there aren't enough good parts. After this week they won't need me for another two weeks. So do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Probably take two weeks to buy a string of polo ponies or a yacht, or look for a house with a swimming pool," I jibed.

"Fathead!" said John. "I'm going to New York. I'm going partly because my father is sick and I want to see him but I'm also going partly to see if I can't find a good play to do. And if I find one, I am handing in my sixty days' notice as soon as I get back. And if I do that play and it flops I'll do another. What do you think of that, wise guy?"

I baited John. "Where are you going to stop?" I asked guilelessly, "at the Waldorf Towers or the Ritz?"

"None of them," he said. "My agent wanted me to stop at the Waldorf but I don't go for all that chi-chi. I wanted to stop at the same little hole in Greenwich Village where Robbie and I used to *stay* but the studio asked me not to, so I'm going to the Warwick—but I'm *not* having a suite," he finished hastily. "I'm having the most unpretentious room in the place—if it isn't already taken."

Four days later I drove John to the airport to catch a plane for New York. It was his first plane ride and he was as excited as any kid. He inspected every detail with the keenest interest. Until recently, John has never had any luxuries in his life. Everything is new to him and one of the things I like best about him is his simplicity. He doesn't pretend it isn't all new.

The starter called "All aboard" and John grasped my hand. "So long, pal," he smiled. "I'll be seeing you soon."

I watched the plane take off, caught one last fleeting glimpse of John's happy, flushed face, and started back to Hollywood—and a Hollywood party.

"No," I mused, "I don't believe Hollywood will ever change him. Or if it does," I added to myself, "I hope I'm not here to see it. He's pretty swell the way he is."

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Rise Above It!

Continued from page 33

ing before he got back to the place where he had been before. Or he could rise above it. He maintained a typically masculine, noncommittal exterior. But he was frantic for many days. Then, resentful at his unhappiness, he began to react constructively. He told himself it wasn't his inability but his self-consciousness that had cost him that rôle. And refusing to entertain any longer the idea that he was through, he proceeded to look for another job.

Then and there Fred was on his way to the fame and wealth and married happiness which he knows today. The play in which he next was given a part proved a success and ran for a long time, to give him importance in the New York theatre and to make him an actor for whom movie producers began bidding greedily. While, ironically enough, the play in which Florence continued and from which he was fired closed almost immediately.

Had Glenda Farrell shown the white feather some years ago there wouldn't have been a mother in the land who would have counted it against her—but she wouldn't be where she is today and neither would her son, Tommy. When Tommy was four Glenda had to decide whether she would go to New York and leave Tommy in California with her parents or whether she would stay beside him and deny him the advantages which her career in the theatre would buy. Going away wasn't easy. Staying away was slow torture. The letters Glenda's parents sent twice a week, the crosses for kisses which Tommy made around the margin, and the snapshots sometimes enclosed were things Glenda looked forward to even while they made her ill with loneliness and longing.

Glenda shared a little flat with two other girls in show business. She had to scrimp plenty to pay her share of the expenses and to send money home. Nevertheless she sometimes managed telephone calls to California. And these calls, as well as the snapshots, told her that Tommy, while she was away from him, was turning from a baby into a little boy.

We sat in Glenda's dressing-room-on-the-set, Glenda and I. A towel fastened about her hairline, Glenda freshened her make-up after luncheon. "Sometimes it isn't the first hundred years that are hardest," she said, "it's the second hundred! The first Christmas I spent away from Tommy was no picnic, except by comparison with the second Christmas. The second Christmas I knew what I was in for, so I lived through it twice—first in dread, then in reality. I knew the sickly let-down that would come when the California box was packed and gone. I knew how lonely it would be in the chain restaurant where I ate dinner, with practically everybody else in the world with their families. I knew the empty feeling I would have inside of me when I walked along the streets alone at dusk. I thought I couldn't stand it all over again. I came close to quitting my show—the show that eventually took me back to California and helped me get into pictures. I decided I loved Tommy too much to stay away from him. Then I came to. I loved Tommy too much to jeopardize the career that would protect his future and give him an education and I knew it."

Nine Christmases have come and gone since that last Christmas Glenda stayed away and they have been good days, all of them, with Glenda and Tommy together, and the house full of food and presents and relatives. And two years ago this June when Tommy graduated from the California Preparatory School it was very dif-

ferent than it would have been if Glenda had not refused to admit her love knew any selfish breaking-point. After the exercises Tommy and Glenda walked down the school steps hand in hand, with Tommy towering way over her, proving by every inch of him that he is worth the care and education he has enjoyed, and with Glenda positively shameless in her pride.

I come now to Bette Davis. When Bette started out to get where she is today she didn't find the going easy. There were plenty of discouragements and handicaps over which she had to rise; but greatest of all was her voice. At luncheon in Bette's dressing-room, while I was charmed as always by the rich, vibrant tones that are such an important part of Bette's magnetism today, she told me she once had talked with a New England twang. "People used to look at me pityingly when, at sixteen, I talked of going into the theatre," she explained. "And I knew too that my high, little, squeaky voice stood in my way. But I never looked upon this as a barrier, only as something that had to be overcome."

Surmounting this obstacle Bette encountered other obstacles. While she attended a New York dramatic school she had to skimp along and practice one unbelievable economy after another. And while she was in the process of attaining the tones and diction which distinguished her today she had to take a lot of hard kidding because she talked in a much deeper voice and pronounced many words in an exaggerated manner. But she stuck to her guns. She didn't call quits. And now look at her!

Often enough it's little things—like the need to wear an old gown, as Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode had to do—that it is hardest to rise above. Big events have drama so they offer a greater challenge. However, it's by riding high over little setbacks and disappointments that a colorful and courageous personality is formed. And such a personality will carry us to popularity and success—and to happiness too. Besides, frequently, the immediate reward for surmounting a little obstacle is great. Take the case of Marjorie Gateson. Although Marjorie had been a bright favorite on Broadway she found it difficult to get started in Hollywood. And the rapidity with which her money began to disappear petrified her. One day a girl Marjorie knew offered to bring an important director to dinner. This director was casting his next picture and he needed someone of Mar-



Rosemary Lane and John Garfield are the romantic leads in "Blackwell's Island."

jorie's type. Delighted at the opportunity this meeting offered, Marjorie planned a dinner for six with care.

"I had filet mignons," she says. "They're just about worth their weight in gold in California. But you know how it is, you always feel impelled to serve food like that when you're poor. You probably hope it will act as a smoke screen."

Marjorie had no maid so she prepared the dinner. And things were further complicated by the fact that they were going to the Hollywood Bowl afterwards and Marjorie had to wear a semi-formal gown which had a long skirt and flowing sleeves. The table was laid at one end of the living-room. It was charming with crystal, roses, and candles. Sherry was served first, dry yellow sherry. In a polite way it was all very pleasant but Marjorie realized that she and her friend, their beaux, and the director and his girl were unfortunately restrained. It was almost a relief when she had to go into the kitchen to attend to the last minute details. She arranged the filets carefully on a large silver platter and grouped the vegetables around them. Then into the living-room she whisked, bearing her platter aloft, trying desperately to be gay and casual.

Her flowing sleeve caught on a chair! The filets and the vegetables cascaded to the floor, a small and colorful Niagara. The three men were sympathetic. That brought Marjorie close to tears. The girls laughed. That saved her. For *that* made her furious. She picked up the food and rearranged the platter. "We'll eat it!" she announced. And there was healthy anger in her voice and in her eyes. The men liked Marjorie's spirit. They roared with laughter. And at last she laughed with them. That accident, which might have ruined everything, saved the party. Because Marjorie rose above her concern and her embarrassment. And she got the job!

Sometimes to support a conviction or an ideal it's necessary to rise above a number of immediate needs. That's Pat O'Brien's story. Once upon a time Pat had to rise above his lover's urgency and impatience and fears. Eloise Taylor, now Eloise O'Brien, and Pat were engaged for four and a half years; if you start counting, as Pat did, from the sixth day after they met. Why Eloise should stick to him was more than he could see. He knew he was no great shakes. He was as poor as only an unestablished actor can be. And Eloise, he knew, could have any man she smiled on. Sometimes Pat would wake up in the night and be frightened for fear some rich, handsome devil already had stolen Eloise away from him and she had not yet found the courage to tell him. Then and there he would decide to take his last dollar and go to Hollywood, in spite of the fact that it was Pat's deep Irish hunch that he should not go into the movies until he was sent for. With daylight, however, his fears would recede a little and he would decide to wait a little longer.

Pat lived in a room, which he describes as the size of a flower-pot, next door to the Lamb's Club. Eloise had a little basement suite further uptown. Usually they had dinner at her place. Pat brought in the food and she cooked it. "There were plenty of nights," Pat says, grinning, "when we dined on tuna fish and rice. And there were more nights when tuna fish and rice was what we wished we had."

Once, after Eloise had been playing in Duluth, Minnesota, for months and Pat had nearly died for a sight of her, they went to Coney Island on a spree. "I've got one dollar to spend," Pat told Eloise. "What will it be? The roller coaster, or a ride in a wheelchair with a bag of popcorn between us?"

They decided on the ride and the popcorn. And while the darky pushed them

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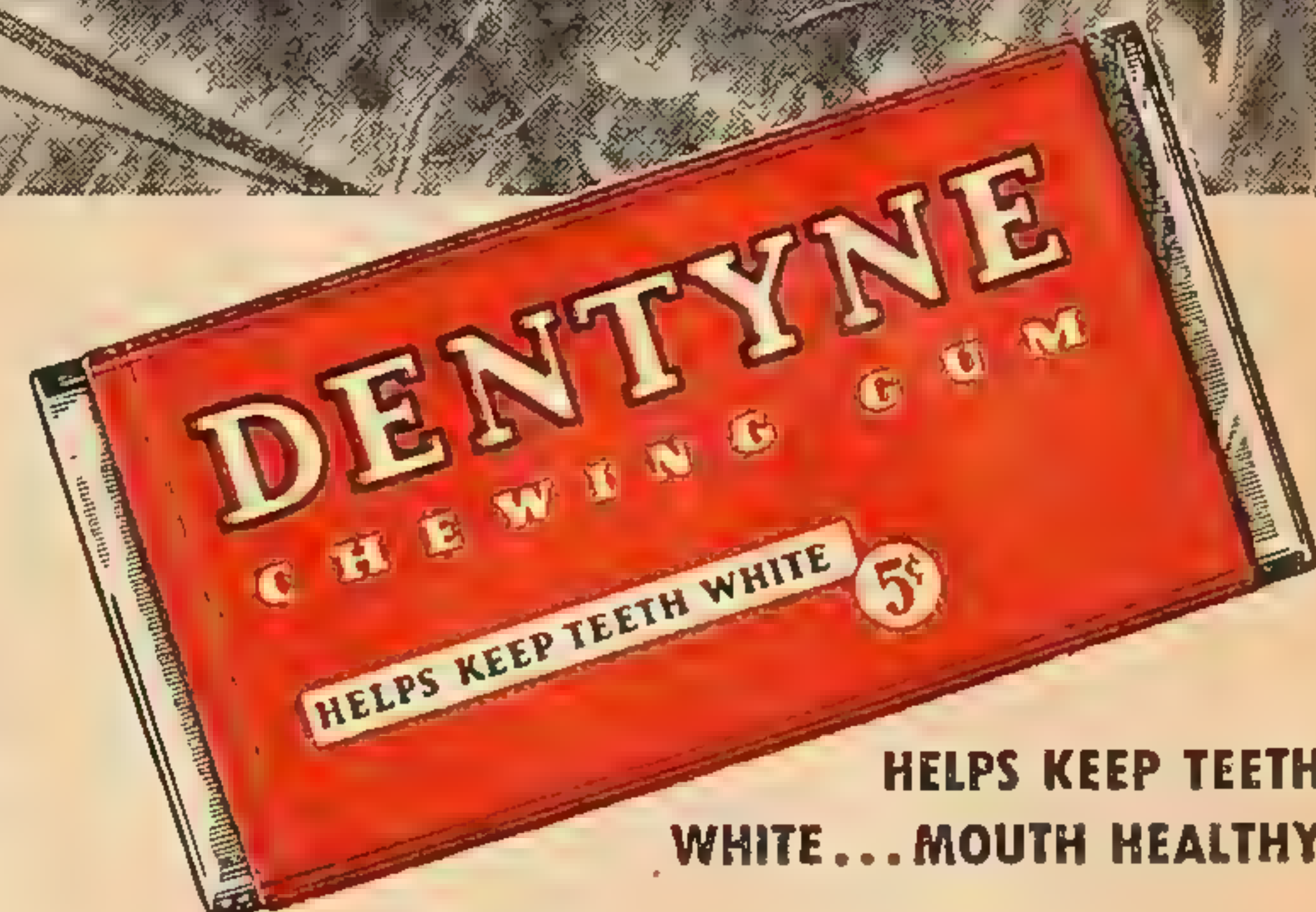


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along they tried not to remember that the time they had together was short; that Eloise would be leaving the week following for an Albany engagement. The boardwalk was crowded. The darky blew his whistle to clear the path. A girl and her beau jumped clear of the chair. "Make way for the rich!" they called after Pat and Eloise bitterly. That gave Pat and Eloise a laugh, but it was a laugh that taught them laughter is risky business when underneath you're close to tears.

"It was then, unable to endure the idea of being separated from Eloise again," Pat says, "that I came closest to chucking my proud conviction that I should wait for Hollywood to send for me. And I doubt actually that I would have held out if I hadn't been able to lean a little on Eloise's courage too. Thank good fortune I did! For it wasn't long after this that they sent for me to play the lead in 'Front Page.' They bought my contract from Gilbert Mil-



Here's one of many star skating stunts Bess Ehrhardt performs in "Ice Follies."

ler for ten thousand dollars; speaking of sudden fame and riches! And they paid me the fabulous sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars—not a year, a week! They also agreed to pay Eloise's fare to the coast so we could be married."

It's fun to travel three thousand miles across the continent when the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow waits you at the end of your journey but you have to eat. So Pat asked for an advance. And both he and Eloise still remember Kansas for the caviar, big as hens' eggs, with which they celebrated at this stage of their journey. And other states hold other gustatory memories.

Whoever you are, whatever you do, the road to success, almost always, has a way of turning into an obstacle race. But those who jump the hurdles as they come along are those who make the grade and find their dream. Whatever besets you, **RISE ABOVE IT!**

Wayne Morris Really Talks About His Marriage

Continued from page 25

I wish you could have heard that "yep." Ugly little word that it usually is, it became, on his lips, a lover's litany, a prose poem, a passionate proclamation couched in the one-syllable, casual slang-vernacular of the modern (Kid) Galahad.

"I believe in early marriage," he stated, then.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "because of the children."

Well, I thought, patiently, he has to say *something*. He knows that he has to say something to me and so he is catching at words because his senses are so tangled up in the moon and the stars of Tomorrow. I couldn't expect him to talk rationally, a bridegroom-so-very-soon-to-be. At that, he did very well indeed, considering.

He said again, "because of the children—" and so matter-of-factly did he voice his consideration for "the children" that I looked about me, half expecting to hear the Patter of Little Feet. He was kidding me, perhaps? He was delirious? He was punch-drunk? He was slap-happy? But no, his eyes were entirely serious.

I said to myself, "He's in love, you dope, that's delirium." "Oh," I said, aloud, "I see."

"So that we can grow up together, you know," Wayne was expounding, "go to football games together, play tennis together, Bubbles, the kids, and I. Kids don't want an old dodderer for a Dad." (Wayne was born February 17th, 1914).

I said, then, persuasively, I hoped, "Won't you tell me all about it?" Perhaps, I thought, this question will provide an outlet safer than cat-walks and mortal combats.

"Well, I was out on a personal appearance tour, you know, just about three months ago, that was. I was working hard. I wasn't even thinking about girls or dates. I flew into New York from Chicago. When I got in Minna Wallis, she's sister to Hal Wallis, the producer on our lot, you know, called me on the phone. She asked me to have dinner with her and with the Schinasi family, her friends. She said she thought we'd get along swell. She must be a seeress or something. She knows so many people in New York. I'd met so many girls. Yet it was *this* girl, that night . . .

"So I went. I kind of had a drumming in my ears that night. I thought it came from the plane. Maybe it did. But I once read a story about 'The Drums of Fate' and how you hear them rat-a-tatting in your heart. Well, anyway, I can't say that it was 'Love at First Sight' like you read about. I guess it was, all right, but I didn't know it. I mean, I didn't take one look at Bubbles and say to myself, 'This is the girl I am going to marry.' I wasn't that much of a Smart Guy, I'm sorry to say. Nope, it took me *two solid weeks* to say that to myself and—to her.

"But we clicked right off. We were friends at first glance, that's certain. She was easier to talk to than any girl I'd ever met. We seemed to have so much to say to each other, right off. We spoke exactly the same language. And in just about ten minutes after I met her, she did something I liked. We'd gone to one of those snazzy places in New York for dinner and dancing. *They put me out*. What I mean is, they wouldn't let me dance. I didn't have on a Tux and it was the kind of place where you can't dance unless you are formally dressed. And no exceptions made. So we got out of there pretty fast. At the door the autograph gang ganged up on me. Bubbles stayed right at my elbow and waited. Now, most girls would have streaked away and waited for me in the taxi. But

not Bubbles. She stood right by me, quietly, all unused to that sort of thing as she is, until we got away. I liked that an awful lot. It may seem a little thing but to me it had big implications. Gave me a sort of a warm feeling of a woman by my side, the way a woman is supposed to be. I know now that I fell in love with her then."

"You are just a touch old-fashioned about women, aren't you?" I asked. "I mean, you're glad Bubbles is not a professional, aren't you?"

The cigarette smoke, still making a frantic smoke-screen over those candid blue eyes, did not effectually conceal the answer of the heart, which was: "I am glad that Bubbles is everything she is, not anything she isn't!" But what he said was, "Old-fashioned? Who, me? Not on your life! Of course, I wouldn't want my wife to *work*."

"Of course not," I said. I hoped that I didn't sound as though I were humoring him. Then I realized that he wouldn't have the haziest notion *how* I sounded.

"Then, we feel the same about everything," he was saying, "we like all the same things. Like if I say, 'I don't feel like going dancing for two months,' she says, 'I don't either.' Or if I say, 'I'd like to go to the fights tonight,' she says, 'So would I.' Matter of fact, we're going to the fights this very night."

"Tonight?" I said, "the—the night before—?"

"Sure, big fight tonight, yeah, we're going tonight. But as I was saying, I mean, as I am saying now, it isn't that she is the clinging-vine type, subservient to me or anything like that. She has more spirit than a girl raised in the jungle. She doesn't take me seriously at all, darn it! Well, anyway, she doesn't show it, if she does. Except by marrying me. She isn't doing that *unseriously*. But she kids me all the time. She'll say to me 'on the screen, you have sex appeal!' She told me that she got up and walked out of 'Valley of The Giants.' She'd seen all my pictures but she'd never started any fan club for me. No, it isn't that she is a little yes-girl. If she didn't agree with me, she'd say so. The funny, beautiful, sort of wonderful part of it is that we just do agree, about everything.

"We like all the same things, like I said. We both like to go to the movies. We both like golf and tennis. I hate people who bum cigarettes, people who say 'guess who?' over the telephone, exhibitionists of any kind. I hate girls who talk about dieting. I like to go to football and hockey games. I like police dogs and horses. And cokes. I like all kinds of flowers except orchids which look to me like old, dead faces. I like to drive myself, pretty fast, in a small open car. And she is right along with me in all these little likes and dislikes. Maybe you'll think they are too little to matter. I don't. I think it's the little things like these that cement people together with adhesive tape.

"Well, we met that first evening and every evening after that we were together. Every single evening for the two weeks I was in New York. After that first meeting, we never had another date with anyone else, either of us. I'd work until eleven o'clock and then Bubbles would pick me up at the theatre and we'd go out to supper. Sometimes we'd go places and dance. Sometimes we'd just drive around Central Park—or wherever it was. By the end of that two weeks, I *knew*. I knew for certain and forever. Then I did say to myself, 'This is the girl I am going to marry—I hope.' I don't remember the words I

used when I proposed to her. I'm not sure that I did propose. Nowadays, there's none of this getting down on your knee and saying 'will ya be mine?' We don't do like that anymore. By the time we get around to asking that question, *we don't have to ask it*. Maybe it's because young people are more honest with each other these days. I don't know. I only know that when popping the question is indicated you know that she is yours and you are hers and it's all understood without words. That's the way it was with us. And so I don't remember the words I used, if any. Even if I did remember, I wouldn't tell. Those words (if any) belong to her now. No, I don't even remember where we were."

I said, "There must have been—" "A moon," he said. That wasn't what I had intended to say but I let it pass.

"There was so little time," I said. "Aw, TIME" said Wayne, "what's time?"

Time's only good to add to your age. It only takes a splintered fraction of a second for a heart-beat, doesn't it? Well, a couple of heart-beats in perfect swing-time and you *know*, all right. I don't believe in long engagements. When a man and a girl meet—well, as I say, what's Time?

"But we didn't make any definite plans in New York. We figured it out, very wisely, I suppose. It's a lot of bologney to be 'wise' about something that's older than wisdom, and wiser than wisdom, but there are a few old saws and maxims we thought we'd better try out. So we decided that I should come on back to the Coast and then we'd see how we felt. Maybe it was Magic, we said. Magic is pretty wonderful, we said, but once you take the rabbit out of the hat, what have you got? An empty hat. Well, we didn't want to take propinquity out of our hearts only to find that all we had left was two empty hearts. We wanted to be sure that absence would



Merle Oberon as CATHY and Laurence Olivier as HEATHCLIFF in "Wuthering Heights."

not make our hearts grow fonder of—two other people.

"So I came back home. Then Bubbles came out here." Wayne laughed now, a laugh that was good to hear, a laugh that laughed away the old saws, the old maxims, the old do-does who would put love in the test-tubes of "absence," who would chain Cupid's fleet wings with a cautious "Wait!" who say to Love, as they cannot say to Birth and Death, "Are you sure?"

"So we bought a house," Wayne was saying, "almost right away. Right this moment, I've never seen the house in the daytime. We went out one night and looked at it and the next day we bought it. It's

a sort of Bermudian house and we have five and three quarters acres of land. Know what we've named it? Hellzapoppin! Guess maybe we should have named it Heavensapoppin, that would be more like it! Because everything is rosy. Everybody has reacted simply swell to our marriage. Her folks. My folks. The studio. I think, I *know* that my marriage will help my career. Why, just while we were engaged I got a new contract at the studio, more radio shows than I ever had before—I gave her a pearl for her engagement ring. Diamonds are too hard for her, she's too young and sort of soft—she has the same coloring as Hedy Lamarr, you know, black hair, green eyes—she calls herself 'the spit of Hedy Lamarr!'—and so, tomorrow we're getting married—less than three months from the night we first met."

I said, "Will you be nervous?" (It seemed to me that Wayne's finger-nails had been longer once upon a time!)

"I'm going to take one of the prop men from the studio to prop me up!" he laughed.

"How about Bubbles? Will she be nervous, too, do you think?"

"She'd better be or I'll bat her ears down," Wayne laughed again, laughter not altogether steady. He added, "Brides are supposed to be nervous, aren't they? Say," he said, "here's a hot one—I'm getting married twice tomorrow—no foolin'—I'm getting married to Jane Wyman in the picture, and I'm getting married to Bubbles in real life. The marriage in the picture will be my rehearsal. The marriage to Bubbles will be—" there was a little pause and in that pause and in that silence I could hear his heart beat—"the real thing," he said. He added, with a laugh that sounded sort of thin and shaky, "Tomorrow is my wedding day!"

3 Simple Steps to Beauty



1 EYE SHADOW - THEN EYEBROW PENCIL - THEN MASCARA

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"Follow These Steps"—a thrilling drama in three acts—and you are the leading lady. It's no trick at all with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Just see the difference! A few seconds and you're a fascinating new personality.

First use Maybelline Eye Shadow in a shade most becoming to you. Blend lightly over your eyelids. This makes your eyes look much larger—more luminous.

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JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

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Teething Lotion

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Made at HOME

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Comb this colorless liquid as directed into gray, faded or streaked hair and see how easily it is transformed in appearance into a lustrous, natural-looking shade that will not wash out or rub off. BARBO does not stain the scalp or affect permanents or waves. Leaves the hair soft and glossy. Used with satisfaction over 25 years by blonds and brunettes. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.

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Morning Rarin' to Go**

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A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

headboard. Two single box-springs and mattresses mounted on legs are attached to this by means of hinges so they can be swung outward to give ample room for making them up. The paper in the connecting bath also emphasizes morning glories, although the paper in the bedroom itself is white with a satin stripe. This room is used oftener as a powder room than as a guest room.

Opposite is the combination library and den. During the racing season this is the most-used room in the place as, in addition to two radios, it features a loud speaker connected directly with Santa Anita and the Hollywood Turf Club so that one hears Joe Hernandez calling the races as they are being run. The changing odds on the horses before they go to the post also come over the wire. It is here, too, at the end of the day, that the nurse's reports on the doings of Gary and the Twins is heard and justice (?) meted out.

The furnishings? The walls are California redwood. There are a sofa and two large easy chairs, all upholstered in leaf green. One chair is in leather, the rest in a rough-textured modern weave. In this room, too, is a cupboard in which are prominently displayed Bing's trophies. These consist of cups won in various golf tournaments, copper and gold-plated horses and various other knick-knacks picked up at various times as tributes to his prowess in the field of sports.

His desk looks suspiciously like a converted Georgian square piano. No one is allowed to touch anything on this desk or in the cupboard behind it. Bing dusts it himself when he gets around to it—about once or twice a year—and this end of the room is the despair of all connected with the household.

Two of the walls are lined solidly with books which indicate a catholic taste in literature. A well-worn set of Dickens rubs bindings with Mulbach, O'Henry and Stoddard. A complete set of Burns Mantle's "Best Plays," "Gone With the Wind," and "Anthony Adverse" are also "among those present." It is a tribute to Bing and Dixie that among the several hundred volumes there isn't one they haven't read.

The smallness of the room makes for—er—intimacy. Guests practically sit on top of each other so there is always a shoulder to weep on—when the returns from the track come over the wire.

Adjoining this room is the spacious play-room. Harold Grieve, the decorator, has done a swell job here. It is more of an informal living room than a play-room. The wide board floor is covered with a braided rug. The walls are of pickled pine, and the drapes are white linen with a hand-blocked woven border in vermillion. The upholstery on the built-in seats is a rough-textured vermillion material. Grieve has cleverly arranged the furnishings so there is a bridge group in one corner, a table with chairs for other games in another corner, still another group consisting of sofa, chairs and table for conversational purposes along one wall, a small spinet piano in another corner and in the fourth corner is the BAR.

Directly behind the bar and facing the (non-paying) guests are glass shelves on which are arranged a variety of glasses that will accommodate the thirst of anyone from a teetotaler to an abandoned sot. At night, when Ted, the combination house-boy, butler and chauffeur is on duty, you do all right for yourself. During the day when Ted is on duty elsewhere and Wilma, the cook, is bartendress, it is a different story. Wilma cautions you, as you give your order, that she can serve you a "neat"

drink or she can mix highballs. If you want a "fancy drink" you're on your own.

Adjoining the bar is a tiny hallway. The walls are lined solidly with pictures of horses—Bing's horses. Only those that have won a race are represented. Every time a horse wins a race a new picture goes up. It gives them something to work for; even though, to date, they seem strangely apathetic.

"What'll you do when this space is filled?" I inquired anxiously of Bing.

"The back of yon door is virgin territory," he replied quietly, gallantly masking his feelings.

The walls of the room proper are covered with lithographs of various English Derby winners.

It is here that dinner is served in the evening, unless there is a large or notable gathering. And here, too, are served the luncheons that Dixie dispenses with prodigal hospitality. The guests gather at 12:00 sharp in order that the food may be consumed and the gossip dispensed before the first race at Santa Anita. After that? Well, on a full stomach you can't take on too much because *Sweet Leilani* runs last when you have a fin on her nose.

"The only two formal rooms in the house," Harold Grieve, President of the Southern California Chapter of the American Institute of Decorators, explains carefully, "are the living room and dining room."

The large dining room is something to make you gasp. The table and most of the chairs are authentic antiques, although on account of the number of chairs required a few reproductions were necessary. So cleverly are the latter done, however, that only an expert can distinguish between them and the originals. An Adam gilt mirror hangs over the fireplace. A mirrored screen hides the door to the butler's pantry, its lower half covered with blue-green damask panels. The walls are a soft blue-gray in a special paper designed to harmonize with the walls. The linen drapes, especially printed, fit in well with the general scheme. Two small tables at one side of the room boast crystal candelabra and on each sits an antique tobacco urn used as flower vases.

The butler's pantry, kitchen and breakfast room are regulation, the only distinguishing feature being their spaciousness.

Upstairs there is the master bedroom, the guest room, and the children's quarters. The first mentioned is of gargantuan proportions. The house, being Southern colonial, somewhere in the scheme of things, magnolias would have to make an appearance (I hope to tell you they would—and none of these sissy California magnolias, either). So, the magnolias appear here—on the wall paper. The drapes and bedspreads are of heavy, hand-blocked sateen, quilted, with a lace pattern. The furniture is all authentic 18th century English. The lamp shades are of real lace and are the pride of Mrs. Crosby's heart. The little portrait of an 18th century lady, over the mantel, is a gem. The chair is Hepplewhite and the chaise-longue is Duncan-Phyfe.

Adjoining this room is a small sitting room (never used) and off this is a door leading to Bing's bath and dressing room. The bath bears mute evidence of Bing's struggle with his old enemy—*Em-bon-point*. A rubbing table, a steam cabinet and a rowing machine occupy most of the space. His shaving and dressing are done in the most approved grab-as-grab-can manner. (You grab a seat or a razor whenever you find room).

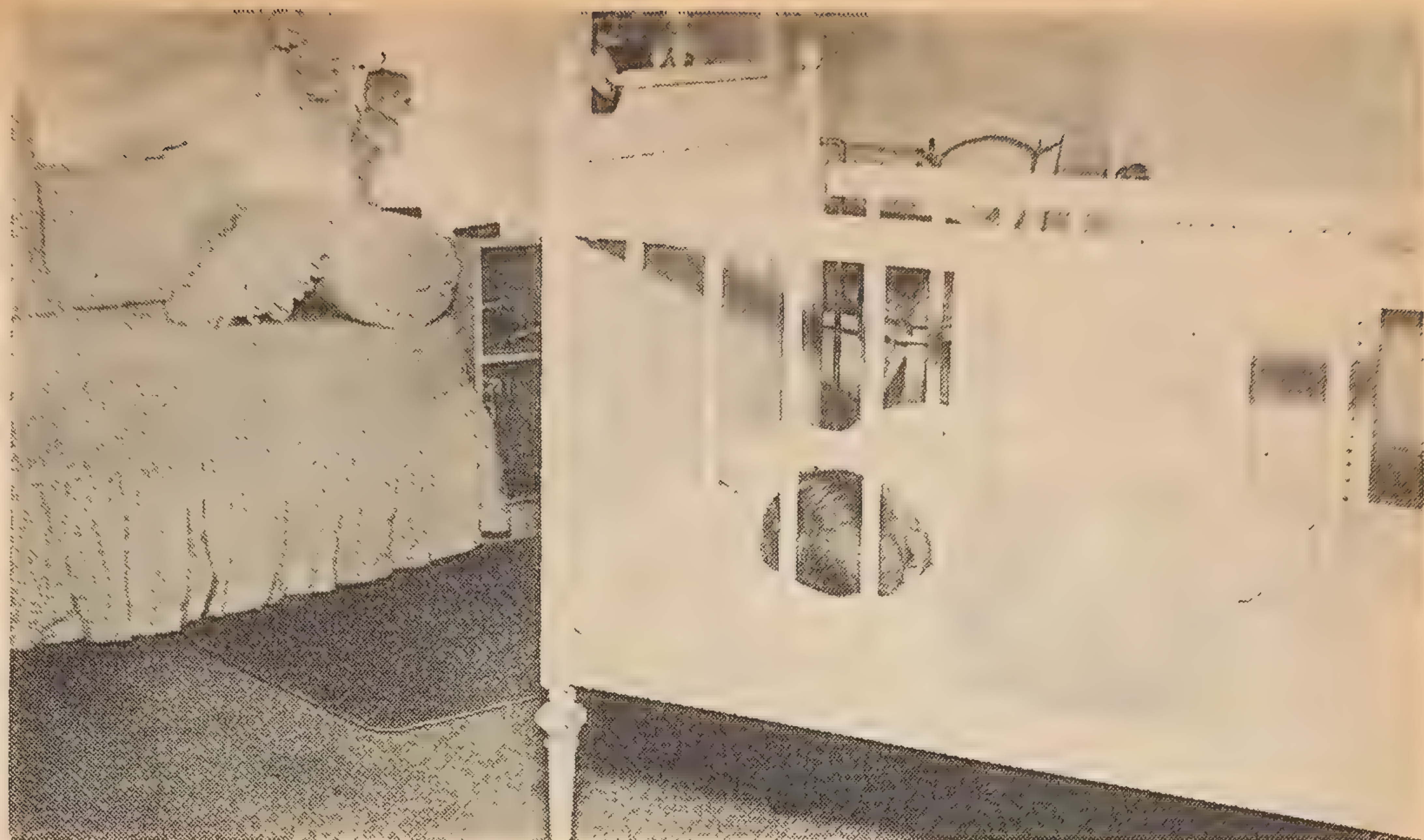
The guest room features a slant-top

Georgian, burled mahogany desk and a hand-woven rag carpet. The drapes, early American in feeling, are bright reds and blues on a white background. On the mantel are small figures of *Uncle Tom* and *Little Eva*, made about the time of the Civil War as part of the propaganda against slavery. The plates that adorn the walls, also display scenes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Two blue Bristol vases ornament the mantel. The chair at the foot of the bed is American Chippendale.

The twins' room is undistinguishable save that it emphasizes the dual note—twin chests of drawers, twin beds, twin lamps and even twin windows. In the bathroom the same idea is carried out—there are two of everything.

There is a community kitchen and dining room adjoining and then we come to His Lordship Gary's quarters. This eldest of Bing's four sons has his own bath and bedroom. Gary feels (and rightly) that having been on the scene longer than the twins and the baby some deference should be paid his lengthy service. After all, he's known his parents a year longer than the twins, hasn't he? Accordingly, no sooner had Mr. Grieve handed over the keys to the house and taken his departure than Gary set about arranging his quarters to suit himself. The picture gives you an idea of what he thinks an eligible young bachelor's apartment should look like. Mr. Grieve might not see eye to eye with Gary on this subject but, after all, Gary lives here.

Outside, the pool lies between the tennis court and the bath-house. Off to one side are the gardens and beyond these the chicken runs. It was to the latter place, last Easter, that Bing brought his young hopefuls. A hen clucked proudly amidst her brood of newly hatched chicks. "I'm going to get me one of those," Gary announced



Len Weissman Photo

The youngest of the Crosby household just can't be bothered with cameramen or reporters, and takes his nap in his own comfortable crib, come who cares to.

firmly and with his accustomed conviction.

"Go to it," Bing encouraged him.

As Gary stepped inside and reached for a chick the angry mother flew at him with outstretched wings, clucking in a furious tone that sent Gary scuttling back to the safety of his father's side. A few minutes later he noticed one of the chicks had wandered far off to one side of the run. Cautiously he stole in and stooped to capture the errant fledgeling. Just as his hand closed about the chick, the hen let out a squawk and flew at Gary. In a panic Gary straightened up and reached for the roost

overhead. He pulled himself clear of the infuriated mother and then the roost broke. As he dropped with a thud he frightened the hen almost as much as himself. He picked himself up, mustered what dignity he could and turned defiantly to the fowl. "I'm glad I broke your blamed trapeze," he announced as he strode from the chicken run.

The foregoing may explain, in part, why invitations to the Crosby menage are at a premium for, aside from the friendly surroundings, life has never a dull moment in these environs.

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VANISHING CREAM. IT SMOOTHS
AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES
IN ONE APPLICATION — NOW
THE "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN POND'S
IS ANOTHER REASON WHY
IT GETS MY VOTE!

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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47 lbs. Results were most satisfactory." Mrs. J. Fuls, Honey Creek, Ia., writes: "Lost 34 lbs. Delighted." Mrs. Porter Tyler of Crandon, Wis., writes: "Reduced 67 lbs., felt better from the start." Miss Dorothy Lawrence of Detroit, reports reducing 36 lbs. Violet Haskett, Registered Nurse, San Francisco, writes: "Lost 27 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS; felt fine ever since. Recommend them to my friends."

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A New Beauty Is Born

Continued from page 73

now? Some of each. Skin welcomes this change as much as the body welcomes change in diet. Or try other types of cleansers, like the saturated pads or lotions. They are wonderful for quick cleansings, and there's nothing like an immaculate skin to prevent large pores, eruptions and other annoyances. Four cleansings a day are not too many. Very thorough ones at night and morning, quicker ones at noon and five o'clock, especially if you are a business girl. And why not a good cream masque at least once a week for general beauty and before big evenings?

Why not go in for beauty baths? They improve body skin immensely and give you a luxurious sense of being pampered. Some of the nicest I know are quite inexpensive in the forms of softeners, perfumes, bubbles baths and so on. If your upper arms and back are spotty, roughened or broken out, use a bath brush and scrub these areas with plenty of soap and warm water, rinsing with cold; for roughened skin, then apply cream; for eruptions, use a drying up lotion, as you would for your face.

Why not decide upon a daring shape in a hat, appropriate, of course, for your needs? A brand new costume color, too? Such feminine foibles, as the girls all know, are a great tonic. We both look and feel better after such a purchase.

Formula for Success

Continued from page 59

were, we lost none of that closeness, that sense of security in being together that all children need. You couldn't have found a more domestic family anywhere than we were. Our summers were invariably spent in our big, rambling country house where we all went native for our vacations and did exactly what we wanted to do. When I played in New York I had dinner with my children before leaving for the theatre and when I came home after the performance I always found a goodnight note from each of them on my pillow. And when we went on tour they always went with us.

"We travelled all over the world with 'Damaged Goods,' that controversial drama of its day, denounced by some and praised just as vehemently by others. My former husband Richard Bennett was the star and I played the part of the girl of the streets, and I often used to wonder what those people it shocked the most would think if they could have gotten a glimpse of us off-stage! There we were, domestic enough to please the most Victorian, traveling with three children, a nurse and governess, a crib and perambulator, dolls and doll carriages, dogs and birds.

"The stage held no glamor for my three girls. They hated it. Of course it disappointed me coming from an old stage family as I did, but I had made up my mind that if my children had any talent in any way they would be allowed to develop it along their own lines. I never tried to make actresses of them. Even when they got up their own little plays that Joan always wrote and directed I never tried to use their interest in this make believe playing as a springboard for the theatre itself. It was hard, for I couldn't help seeing even then they had a real acting talent.

"Most people think Constance and Joan have inherited their acting ability entirely from their father. With that I disagree. For, great actor though he is, a great deal of it comes to them from my mother, Rose Woods, one of the best known actresses of her day who came from a long line of

actors. My daughters are the eighth generation of the Woods family to be on the stage and before there was such a thing as a theatre, the family had its beginning as strolling players, as clowns and pantomimists. An early member of the family was one of the first managers of the famous Drury Lane in London and all of them have given their hearts to the theatre.

"My mother made her stage debut at the age of eight and I at the age of 13. Richard Bennett was a one-generation actor as was my father Lewis Morrison, who was the stage idol of his day. They had a great talent, a great aptitude for the theatre, but it was not bred in their very bones and sinews as it was in my mother's family. Naturally I wanted to see my daughters carry on the traditions of the Woods family. But I held my own council and I've been grateful for it ever since. For if I had tried to influence them I know I would have defeated my purpose. I would have given them such inhibitions that their natural instinct for acting would never have been developed.

"Mothers should never choose their children's vocation! As a matter of fact it is difficult for anyone to know what career a talented child is best suited for. There are so many facets to a gifted personality. Constance wanted to be an artist when she was a child and Barbara a musician, and Joan's great ambition was to own an interior decorating shop. They all showed unusual talent along these lines and when they wanted to develop them I encouraged them to do it.

"The arts are really so closely allied, it's difficult to know which a talented child will choose as her vocation. So often a child who spends all her spare time drawing will turn to writing in adult years and another who spends every moment she can either scribbling or telling stories will turn out to be an artist. It's so important for people to love the work they're doing. And they should choose it themselves. Parents should be guides not dictators. Parents must gain their children's confidence and to do this you must treat them with the same deference and respect you treat your adult friends. They should be allowed a voice when they have something to say and they should be listened to with the same respect you show an adult.

"It's fun having talented children but it has its drawbacks too. Their very talents urging them from within make them less tractable than unimaginative, more phlegmatic children. There is an originality about them that attracts people to them. And their very imagination will often interest them in friends that an adult mind recognizes as disturbing and injurious influences.

"I never forbade my children any playmate I disapproved of. Instead I urged them to bring all their friends to our home, and it's amazing to see how much better judge a child is of her associates when she sees them against a home background. If they asked my opinion of any of their friends I always told them exactly how I felt. But I never volunteered criticism.

"Constance was always a natural leader with other children. She was the hoyden of the family, and liked to fight. Let any of their playmates as much as look askance at either Barbara or Joan and Constance would be there ready to defend them with her fists if necessary. Barbara was a roly-poly little girl and in a quarrel Constance could call her 'a big fat slob' and think nothing of it. But let anyone else dare to whisper that Barbara was even a wee bit plump and Constance would mow into them with everything she had.

"She never gave a thought to clothes or the way she looked. She'd pull her hair back over her ears and she'd have other amazing ways of turning her natural pretti-

ness into downright homeliness. It was difficult to interest her in clothes. But I did. Every woman owes it to other people as well as to herself to look as pleasing as she can. Untidiness and lack of taste in clothes is an eyesore to everyone. And the instinct to look her best will help a woman in any profession she may choose.

"I don't think children should be *too* clothes-conscious, and the mother who is forever dressing up her little girls is inviting her to become a too vain woman. But children should learn neatness and be able to pick out things becoming to them. Judicious praise on the child's appearance will invariably turn the trick. A critical attitude will defeat it.

"The same theory holds true in teaching girls a knowledge of housekeeping. No matter how many servants a woman may have her house will not be well run unless she understands housekeeping herself. I am thankful all my girls grew up with a real interest in their homes. Joan is a demon housekeeper, almost spinsterlike in her fanaticism for neatness and system. I've seen her come home from a hard day at the studio and without waiting to take off her hat slip her glasses over her ears, she is so awfully near-sighted, you know, and look into the ice-box to see what left-overs and other food there was and then sit down and write out the marketing list and the menus for the next day.

"Now a child on her way to becoming an entity can be trying I know. But a child must be encouraged to become an individual. Only in being patient can a mother help her progress. A questioning child can be both tedious and disturbing, but welcome those questions instead of discouraging them. Curiosity in a child is a sign of an active brain. I was frank with my children no matter how embarrassing the questions they asked. I told them what they should



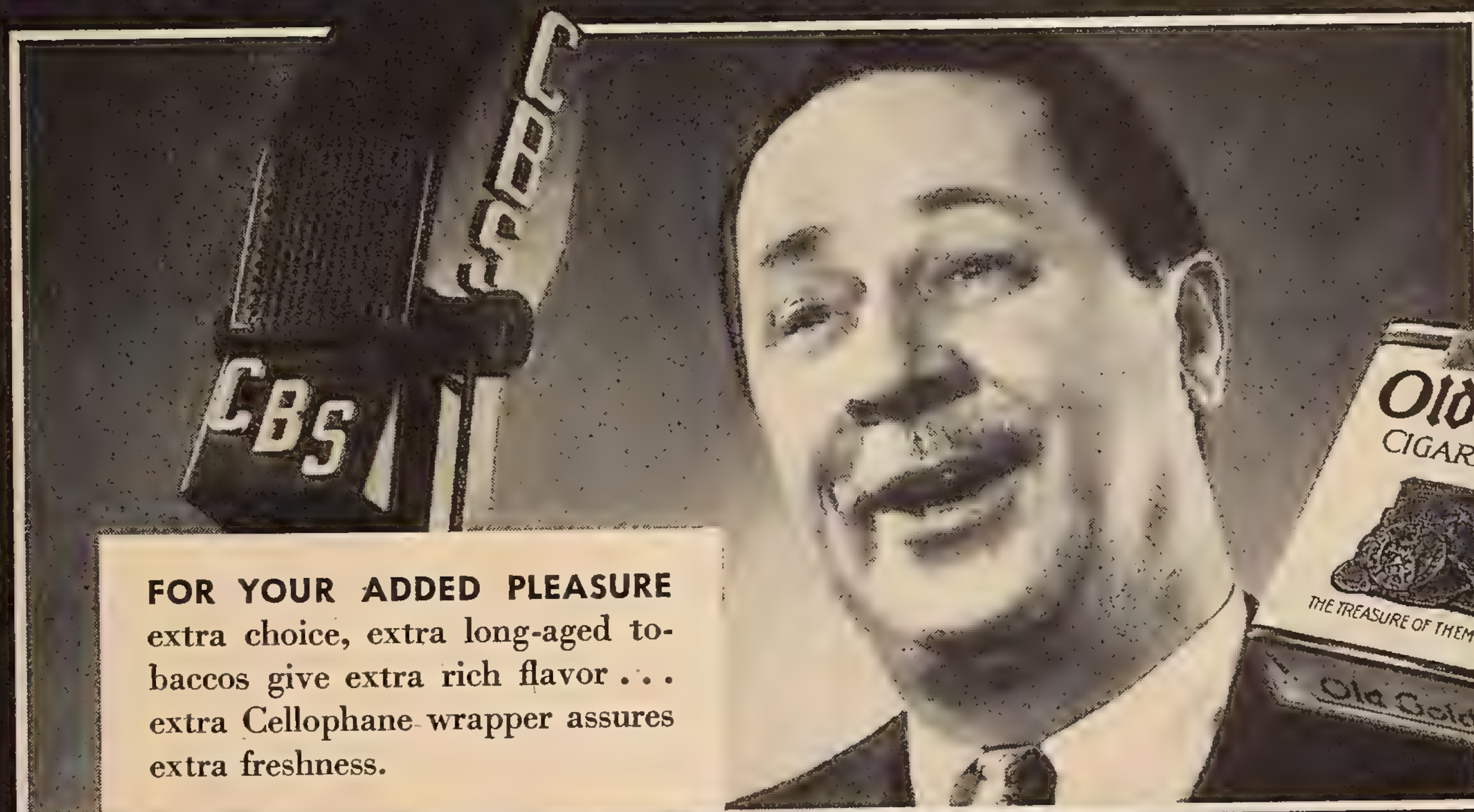
Romancing for the first time on the screen together are Nelson Eddy and Virginia Bruce, seen above in a close-up from Nelson's newest film, "Let Freedom Ring."

know about sex when they were so young that they were unable to really assimilate it. In this way they had no sense of shock. They grew up absorbing knowledge little by little so that they looked upon it in an entirely normal, healthy way. When they went to school their teacher wrote me a note congratulating me upon the method I had chosen. She said it was a pleasure to hear my children refuting the sensational,

exaggerated ideas on sex the uninformed children had tried to tell them.

"It's the most fascinating thing in the world watching the development of any child and the unusual child is doubly fascinating. And now that they are grown it's interesting to look back upon the childhood of my three girls and then look at them as they are today, each so different and yet so much alike too.

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"Barbara, who left a promising career as dancer to become Morton Downey's wife and the mother of their five children, is as successful in her own way as are Constance and Joan. Constance and Joan have had their share of unhappiness in their marriages. But I feel it's almost an impossibility for any marriage to succeed in Hollywood. The life is too strenuous, too hectic. I've always felt that every Hollywood marriage is balanced on a waiting volcano.

"I don't think there is a mother in the world prouder of her daughters than I am of mine. And the greatest happiness they have given me is the fact that I feel they all have made successes of themselves as human beings and as individuals as well as in the careers they have chosen for themselves. No mother could ask for more. But every mother can ask for as much!

"If any mother asked my advice on bringing up a small girl or boy I would tell them:

"Never lose sight of fundamentals in irritating trifles. Take the broad aspect of child training rather than fuss over details. Don't nag, ever! Continuous fault-finding has never accomplished any purpose.

"Don't be afraid to praise your children. Tell them they please you instead of boring your friends with a *sotto voce* monologue of your children's virtues. Children usually do what is expected of them. If they are told they are good they will do their best to live up to it. In short, think of your own reaction to other people's opinion of you. Children, even the smallest of them, aren't fundamentally any different from grown-ups. And don't you like to please those who think well of you?"



Obliging chap, the horse—he blinks his eyes when he sees a love scene coming on between George Raft and Ellen Drew in "The Gambler and the Lady," George's latest starring vehicle.

"Don't Feel Too Sorry For Me!" Continued from page 51

himself solidly in the affections of his fans. By the same token, his career doesn't have to end. His training and record will enable him to pass from the limited field of the young into character parts, where he can go on forever. Far from being "Poor Bob," he's one of the most enviable young men in the movie game. Not the least enviable feature of his good fortune is the fact that he's aware of it. In discussing it, he veers from grave to gay.

"You know," he said, "there's always the danger of appearing smug and complacent, from which God defend me. The fact remains that, ever since I can remember, pleasant things have happened to me. Maybe I'm one of those simpletons that the Lord looks after. When I was a kid and the family was going through a series of lean spells, it never bothered me. I always knew I'd work out of it somehow, though I hadn't the faintest notion how. It's like seeing a movie for the second time. You know it'll end right, because you've seen it before. That's how sure I was.

"I suppose lots of kids have the same feeling. For lots of them, it doesn't work out. Mine would have been a more typical case, if it hadn't worked out for me. That's why I say I'm a lucky stiff. I got interested in dramatics in high school, but never thought of it as a life work. When I graduated, I had to find a job, and took what I could get. Someone told me about the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and I got started there, still without any hope

of becoming a professional actor. Then another fellow and I decided to see if we could save six hundred dollars apiece. We were going to New York, live on fifty dollars a month and give ourselves a year's trial. It never happened because, much to my amazement, an agent got hold of me, took me round to the studios, and first thing I knew, I had a contract with M-G-M. When I read and hear about other people's struggles, I have an impulse to hide my head and blush."

This resumé doesn't take into account the years during which he worked by day and slaved by night at the Playhouse for sheer love of the theatre. It doesn't take into account the fact that Metro didn't sign the young unknown to a contract, because they had a contract handy and nothing else to do that day. He had played opposite a girl they were testing, but when the tests were run it was Bob, not the girl, whom they signed. No one had ballyhooed him, no scout had discovered him, he was signed on the strength of the acting ability he had sweated to acquire and on nothing else.

"I married the only girl I ever wanted to marry," he continued, "and in a way, that was luck too. After leaving high school, we'd rather lost sight of each other. She was busy at college, I was busy working. I got myself engaged to another girl, she got herself engaged to another man. My engagement was broken, and Betty sent for me one day to ask my advice about marrying the other man. It was only then,

when I had to put on a big brother act, that I realized I'd never wanted to marry anyone but Betty. I had to keep my mouth shut till she'd made up her mind about the other fellow. Even now I break out into beads of perspiration when I think she might have decided the wrong way—for me.

"We've stayed married because—well, I don't know any clearer way of putting it than because we love each other. Maybe that sounds naïve. If it does, just put it down that we're naïve, and let it go at that! I know we're living in an age when such expressions of affection are considered a trifle provincial—with many people they come under the head of what the *New Yorker* calls the Raised Eyebrows Department. However that may be, the feeling is still a pleasant one. I'm not trying to minimize the snares by the wayside, of which there are plenty—especially in Hollywood. We haven't been blind to them, which is maybe one reason we've been able to step around them. We've had our differences. But they've never affected the fundamentals. I can't imagine anything that *would* affect the fundamentals. In other words," he concluded, a very nice expression in his very nice eyes, "I can't imagine a life worth living without Betty."

Let us say, then, that he's lucky to have Betty. One might argue, of course, that it wasn't all luck, since he had the good sense to pick the girl. Similarly, he considers himself fortunate in his friends. The fact that many of them are much older than himself, tried and seasoned by life, reveals a quality characteristic of Bob. He reveres character. In a town of skeptics, he remains an idealist.

"Here's another instance of what I mean when I say pleasant things have always happened to me. When I was a boy, Lewis Stone was my screen hero. My feeling for



Sweets for the glamorous! Captain Philip Astley offers his wife, Madeleine Carroll, a dainty morsel at a party in honor of the famous blonde star.

him was little short of idolatry. He seemed to me all that a fine actor and a fine gentleman should be. Of course I never dreamed I'd meet him. Now he's my friend. I don't want to be over-modest and I don't want to brag either, but the simple truth is that I swell with pride every time he accepts an invitation to our house. Now that I know him, my feeling is still little short of idolatry. Most of one's gods have clay feet. While he's human and sane, still he has all

the qualities I expected to find in him. He's a kind of gracious embodiment of what you'd like to be yourself and never will. But to my mind, any man's lucky who sets up an ideal in his youth and finds later on that it clicks with reality."

"Money? Well, of course, the normal reaction would be that any movie actor who didn't consider himself lucky in the pocket should be kicked high, wide and handsome out of the nearest window. There's some-

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Ella Craig

Gains 11 lbs. New Pep. Now Has All The Dates She Wants

"When you're skinny, pale and sickly-looking, the fellows hardly look at you. I tried everything, but no good until I got Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt a lot peppier. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Now I have all the dates I want."

Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

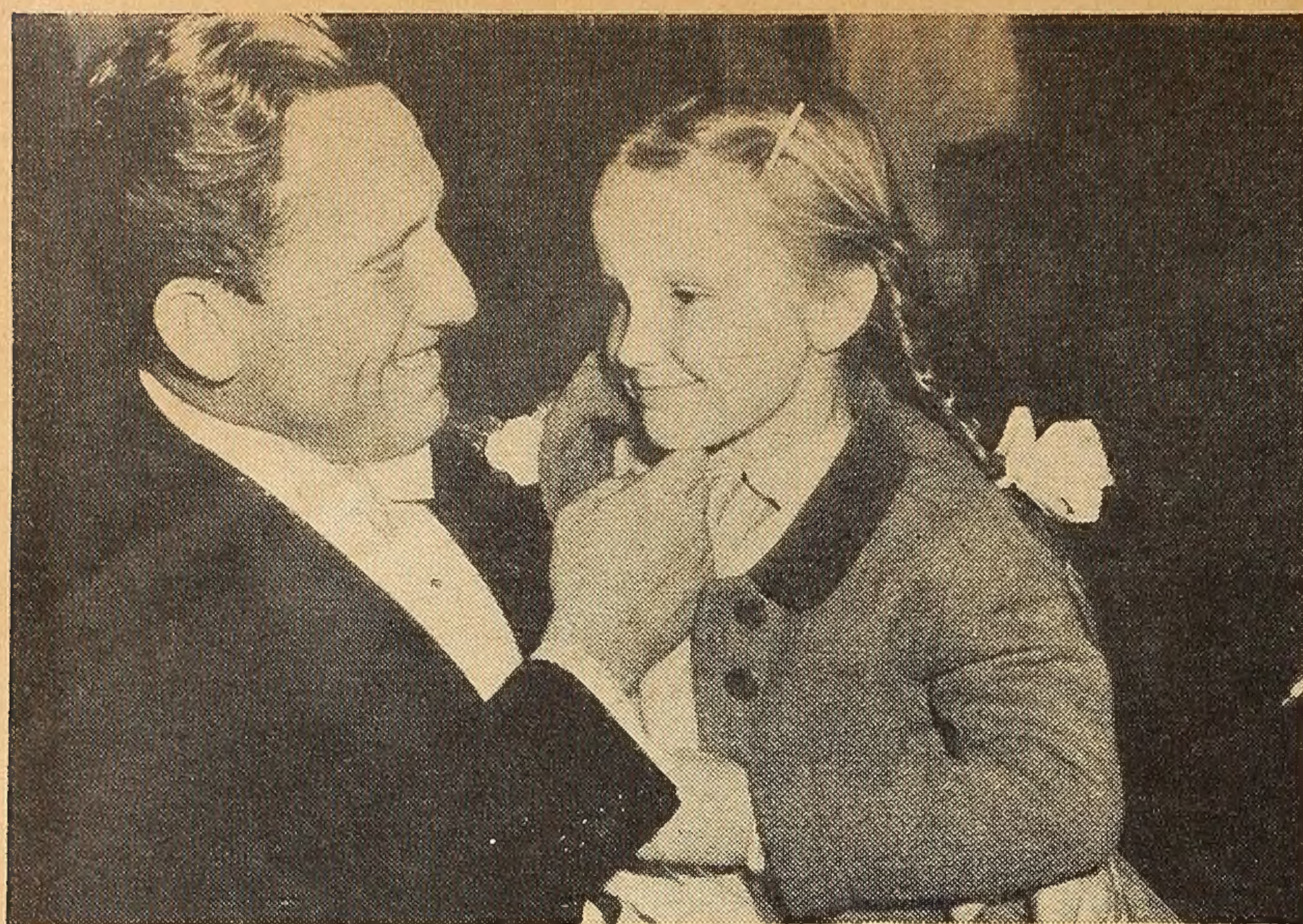


Irvin Echard

No Longer a Scorned Scarecrow. Gains 14 lbs. in 5 Weeks

"It's no fun to have everybody laughing at you and calling you scarecrow. I was so skinny I didn't want to go out. Finally, I tried IRONIZED YEAST. In five weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and have good times."

Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.



Coaxing a smile for the camera, Spencer Tracy applies his expert knowledge to make his daughter steal a scene made by a still camera at the M-G-M studio.

thing in the idea. There's also something against it. Money goes to your head and, if you don't watch yourself, you're likely to get drunk on it. It acts like wine in another way too—the less you're accustomed to it, the greater the danger. Even beginners in the movies usually make a hundred and fifty and two hundred a week—that's ten thousand a year, more than most of us could earn after years in any other profession. It seems limitless. You catch yourself thinking, 'I'll buy this, I'll buy that.' After a while, you make more. What used to seem staggering no longer does. Where a thousand dollars once sounded like the savings of a lifetime, it now becomes part of your checking account. You say, 'It's a week's salary, so what, I've got forty more coming.' At least," he grinned, "that's what I'm sometimes inclined to say. Betty isn't. I've as much respect for the dollar as she has, but less perspicacity. I'll bicker more violently over two bucks than I will over two hundred. She has a better sense of balance. 'Who are you,' says my wife, 'to be giving out with that, it's only two hundred? Two hundred is also quite a piece of change.'

"Once in a while I go berserk. I wanted a Cord. Don't ask me why—the actor coming out in me, maybe. Betty sniffed, said she'd rather have it in the bank than rolling around on wheels. So I bought it, and by the time I got through feeling self-conscious about it, I'd begun to feel panicky. I had to starve myself to feed it gas. Also it's off the market and has no turn-in value. So I'm what is commonly known as stuck with it. Betty doesn't say a word—just groans sweetly when she pays the gas bill. That was a bagatelle, however, compared with the time when I took it into my head that I was going to buy an oil well. How it came about God only knows, and He's in doubt. Normally, I'm nobody's financial wizard, but by the same token, I'm nobody's sucker either. Still, some guy got hold of me, painted a beautiful picture, and I fell. It meant borrowing to the eyebrows. Betty argued, she pleaded, she all but wept. 'What's the matter?' I said, 'don't you think I've got any business sense?' 'No,' she said. I ignored that. I waved my arms around. 'Here's a gold mine going begging,' I said, 'and you turn it down. How do you suppose Carnegie and Morgan got rich?' I said, 'By sticking their money in the bank at two percent?'

"My lawyer seemed to think maybe Betty was right, which made it me against the world. Finally he said: 'Would you be willing to gamble three hundred dollars for an absolute guarantee? Call it insurance.' 'What do you mean?' 'That'll cover my plane fare. I'll go down and investigate.' Even in my state, that sounded reasonable. He came back in a week with a briefcase full of clippings and statistics, proving beyond any shadow of a doubt that I'd been

on the point of making a spectacular jack-ass of myself. I was sick. Betty didn't say anything that time either. I beat her to it."

They've lived in the same house since before Carol Ann was born. It has its inconveniences, but they've grown attached to it, inconveniences and all. Chief among these is the fact that the neighbors are too close. They rattle dishes on one side and play badminton on the other.

"We realize," says Bob, "that dishes have to rattle. We even realize that badminton has to be played. But the blow fell when they reported a party of ours to the police one night. I assure you it wasn't a loud party—not nearly so loud as the shrieks they shriek when they hit or miss the ball. Our faith in the good neighbor policy was shattered. We even talked of moving. We even looked. We'll look at anything, but we won't buy it. It's not the neighbors alone. Every once in a while I get the agrarian yen. I go around, muttering, 'Elbow room! View! Trees! Grass!' Betty turns on that mournful look. 'I love the house so, Bob. Couldn't we stick it down in the middle of a field and stick a fence around it?' That's as far as we get."

He gazed thoughtfully into the middle distance, then shook his head. "To strike a reasonable average, I'm trying to think of something I want that I haven't got. But I can't. I like my wife, I like my job, I like my house, I like my friends, I like my mother-in-law, I like my children. Wait a minute, though—maybe we've got something there. I did want a son the second time. The first time I didn't care. I was too worried about Betty and the baby. That's the irony of it. Carol Ann came along without any trouble. So we took it for granted the second would come the same way, and rode blithely down to the hospital, wishing for a boy."

Bob's wife almost died when Barbara was born. He and her mother waited in the hospital corridor hour after hour, while the doctor went to and fro with nothing more comforting to give them than a grave, "I'm doing my best." It was Bob who collapsed and clung sobbing to Betty's mother, while she murmured from between white lips, "It's started, son. It's got to be finished."

When the agony was over, he'd forgotten he ever wanted a boy. "Anyway, we've got the nearest thing to it—a tomboy at the age of one. Her hair's short, and her shoulders look as if she were going to be a football tackle. People who stop and pat babies on the head always ask, 'How old is he?' The nurse gets furious. Carol Ann was always a feminine youngster. She hated dirt. If you put a new dress or a bonnet on her, she'd go sit in her buggy like a little old lady, sort of inviting the world to admire her. Put a bonnet on this one, and she'll rip it off. Dress her up in something clean, and five minutes later, one sock's up and the

other one's down, she's got holes in her knees, dirt on her face and thunder in her eye. She smashes everything within reaching distance. The other day she got my collection of pipes on the floor and stamped the daylights out of 'em. Then she turns this heavenly smile on you, and you're sunk. What do I need a boy for? He couldn't raise an unholy racket.

"Now if you'd come to me two weeks ago and asked me about my suppressed desires—let's call 'em unsuppressed, because I generally talk about them loud and often—if you'd come two weeks ago, as I say, I could have obliged. I've always wanted a dressing-room of my own at home. No, I didn't have one—contrary to the general impression of the luxury Hollywood lives in.

"When we first moved in, there was a clothes closet in our bedroom that was destined to be a dressing-room for me. But Carol Ann was born, we had no nursery, so we took out the clothes and put her in there to sleep. Reasons: it had a window, protected by some wide bars, and a door. We could open the window, give her fresh air, and us a sense of security. We could close the door, so if she woke up in the night and yelled, we wouldn't hear her quite so soon. If she yelled loud enough and long enough, indicating a reasonable need, we'd hear her and take delayed action.

"We finally got a nursery built and Carol Ann moved out, but other important domestic paraphernalia moved in. My clothes were all over the house, I was given a drawer here, a shelf there, a couple of hangers somewhere else. I was a dependent on the bounty of my wife and daughters for wardrobe space, I was a lost soul chasing frantically round the house for a pair of socks. But two weeks ago I got a dressing-room. After years of exile, all my clothes are all together in the same place. I spend hours gloating over 'em, and I can't think of another thing I want."

He may not get the girl nor the fattest rôles in the most expensive pictures. But he's got the only girl who counts and, viewed from within, the best of all possible parts. So don't be sorry for him. He'd hand you back your sorrow on a silver platter, bowing politely, smiling his cheerful smile, saying: "Thanks a lot, ladies, but I really wouldn't know what to do with the thing!"

Pete Smith Explains

Continued from page 65

fingered hand and a poor memory for names"

"But—"

"That's your fifth 'but' by actual count. All right, go ahead; but what?"

"I've forgotten what I wanted to ask," I bleated, miserably.

"That's fine. Now I'll talk some more. What were we talking about, outside of 'buts'? Well, no matter. We'll think of something more interesting. D'you know, I'm as happy as an ant on a picnic sandwich when audiences like one of my shorts. But I'm as low as a worm's ankle when they don't. I'm excitable and nervous, but I don't beat my wife. I'm an insomniac, and keep myself awake counting sheep, kangaroos, and my losses at a silly card game called 'Hearts.'"

As I got to the door of Pete's office on my way out, his voice drifted across the room. "I'd have given you a better story, if you'd have let me get a word in edgewise."

With a grin, and a wave of the hand, Pete went back to work. The last glimpse I caught of him as he began to talk into a poor, defenseless dictaphone, which, presumably, couldn't talk back, even to the extent of a "but."

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